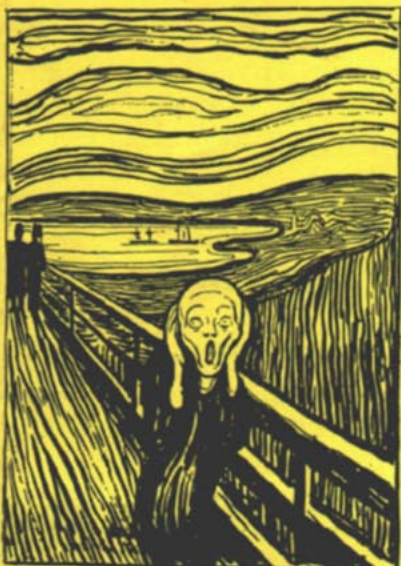


Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER & MELVIN J. LASKY



EDVARD MUNCH *The Scream*

JOHN STRACHEY
✕ **THE
STRANGLER
CRY**



LUDWIG MEIDNER *Prophet*

SIMON RAVEN
BOYS WILL BE BOYS

DAVID RIESMAN: **Youth**

NIGEL DENNIS: **Theatre**

VIRGIL THOMSON: **Music**

✕ FRANK KERMODE: **Waugh**

BERNARD WILLIAMS: **Hampshire**

STEPHEN SPENDER: **T.L.S.**

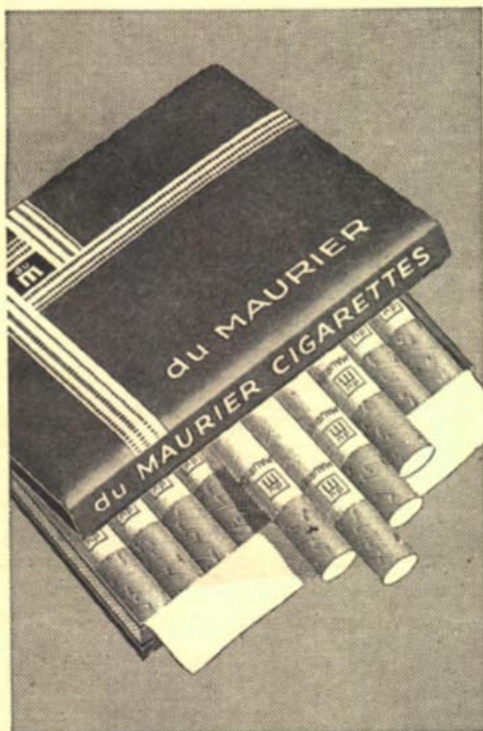
ANTHONY CARSON
HOW I DRIFTED TO SOHO

NOVEMBER 1960

86

MONTHLY 3s. 6d.

ask for
du MAURIER
 in the
 famous red box
 and you will get
 the finest
 filter tip cigarettes



Twenty Exceptional
 Virginia Cigarettes for 4/1

LESSON 1



GUINNESS

Sports & Pastimes

CRICKET is a sport that is played only by the British Umpire. You cannot have a fowl at cricket, only a duck.

SOCCER & RUGGER are played in a muddy field or football pool. In Rugger you use your hands as well as your feet, but if you use your teeth it causes a scrimmage. It is always advisable to kick off with a Guinness.



Down in one at the 19th.



Polo is only played by chukka sahibs

THE ETON WALL GAME is a Public School sport, it is played with a pancake in a muddy field.

DARTS on the other hand, is a Public House sport. You always finish on a double Guinness. You use a jack at bowls just as you do in MOTORING.



Dart Meet in Devon

HOCKEY is played in a muddy field. Often by girls. You are not allowed to raise your elbow at Hockey so Guinness drinkers have to do this after the game is over.

Wherever you go you get

GUINNESS

It's a wonderful country!

G.E.3478.A

Encounter

edited by STEPHEN SPENDER and MELVIN J. LASKY

NOVEMBER 1960 VOL. XV NO. 5

Published monthly at 25 Haymarket London SW1.

All issues 3s. 6d. per copy (USA and Canada 75c.). Postage: 6d.

Annual subscription (inc. postage): 45s.: USA and Canada \$7.50: India 12 rupees.

Six months: 24s.: \$3.75: 6 rupees.

US and Canadian subscriptions may be entered with British Publications Inc.

30 East 60th Street New York 22 or Eastern News Distributors Inc.

306 West 11th Street New York 14. Second-class mail privileges

authorised at New York, N.Y. © 1960 by Encounter Ltd.

THE STRANGLED CRY	3	<i>John Strachey</i>
BOYS WILL BE BOYS	19	<i>Simon Raven</i>
THE UNCOMMITTED GENERATION	25	<i>David Riesman</i>
HOW I DRIFTED TO SOHO	31	<i>Anthony Carson</i>
MEN & IDEAS		
MAN AS AGENT	38	<i>Bernard Williams</i>
POETRY		
LUNIK	37	<i>Harry Fainlight</i>
POEMS FROM THE POLISH	43	<i>Burns Singer and Jerzy Peterkiewicz</i>
BEING ALONE	54	<i>Oliver Bernard</i>
MUSIC		
LOOKING BACK ON A DECADE	47	<i>Virgil Thomson</i>
THEATRE		
THE VIGOROUS FANCY	51	<i>Nigel Dennis</i>
NOTES AND TOPICS		
THE LAWRENCE LEGEND	55	<i>Constantine FitzGibbon</i>
BRITISH CULTURE & CO.	56	<i>Stephen Spender</i>
MORE AND THE DEAD MEN	61	<i>Robert Bolt</i>
BOOKS		
MR. WAUGH'S CITIES	63	<i>Frank Kermode</i>
THE JEWS	70	<i>Arland Ussher</i>
ARTISTS AT ODDS	74	<i>Philip Toynbee</i>
THE MESSIANIC HERESY	76	<i>George Arnold</i>
A NON-COMMUNIST MANIFESTO	79	<i>Hugh Seton-Watson</i>
LETTERS	83	
AUTHORS	88	

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

Nigeria

THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC
BACKGROUND

**Prepared by the Royal Institute
of International Affairs**

Authoritative information about
Nigeria's history, people, social
and constitutional development,
and economic resources. *Paper
covers 6s net*

Eritrea

A COLONY IN TRANSITION
1941-1952

G. K. N. Trevaskis describes how
during the British occupation new
ideas and policies, the workings
of power politics, and racial and
religious hatreds, all contributed
to shatter the unity which Italy
had given to the country. *21s net*

Independent Iraq 1932-1958

A STUDY IN IRAQI POLITICS

Majid Khadduri has obtained,
for this new edition, further
material on the events of 1938
and 1941 from the captured
German archives. *Second edition
45s net*

A Short Introduction to the Economy of Latin America

F. Benham and H. A. Holley
'contains a mass of information,
well chosen and neatly arranged.'
ECONOMIST 18s net

Survey of International Affairs 1955-1956

**Geoffrey Barraclough and
Rachel F. Wall 50s net**

Chatham House Periodicals

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

The October issue,
now on sale,
is devoted to

AFRICA

Contributors include:

SIR ANDREW COHEN,
DR B. T. G. CHIDZERO,
PROF. GWENDOLEN CARTER,
DR. L. P. MAIR,
PROF. S. H. FRANKEL,
PROF. C. E. CARRINGTON

*Quarterly 7s
27s 6d per year post free
(USA & CANADA \$4.50)*

THE WORLD TODAY

A monthly review with articles
on current political and
economic problems
*2s 6d per copy
30s per year post free
(USA & CANADA \$4.80)*

*Order from
your usual bookseller*

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
PRESS

AMEN HOUSE,
WARWICK SQUARE,
LONDON EC4

A Study of History

Arnold J. Toynbee

VOLUMES I-X ABRIDGED IN
ONE VOLUME by D. C. SOMERVELL
45s net (10 NOVEMBER)

Communism in South-East Asia

A POLITICAL ANALYSIS

J. H. Brimmell's account of the
impact of the world Communist
movement and its significance; he
also tries to show how Communism
appears to the inhabitants of
South-East Asia. *42s net*

The Communist International 1919-1943 Documents

VOLUME II: 1923-1928

*Selected and edited by Jane Degras
80s net*

Nationalism and the Right Wing in Japan

A STUDY OF POST-WAR TRENDS

I. I. Morris, in this first full-length
interpretative work on an important
subject, uses material from
primary Japanese sources. *50s net*

Ecuador

COUNTRY OF CONTRASTS

Lilo Linke's factual, up-to-date
account of the country and way
of life of its people. *Third edition
25s net*

Documents on International Affairs 1957

*Edited by Noble Frankland assisted
by Vera King 70s net*

John Strachey

The Strangled Cry

A Literature of Reaction

LITERATURE is neither the worse nor the better for being reactionary: that depends on what it is reacting against.

In this case, however, the reaction cuts deep. For the literature to be discussed is not only, and in the end not even principally, a reaction against the values of present-day Communism; it is also a reaction against five hundred years of rationalism and empiricism; against, in short, the enlightenment. That is its scandal, and its power.

The literature has exercised, and exercises, an immense influence. From one point of view it is the social and political literature of our day. It is voluminous; it appears in a score of languages; it ranges from books which on the surface have no connection with public affairs to works of overt political polemics. Indeed it has by now so formed the intellectual climate of the West that many people may regard the subject as closed. But to do so is still to suppose that what is at issue is merely a reaction against Communism. In fact what is at stake goes far deeper than that. I have chosen only four authors, and five books, as examples. So drastic a procedure

may serve to emphasise those aspects of the literature with which alone I am competent to deal. Since I am by trade a politician those are its specifically political aspects.

Such an approach involves a paradox at the outset. For this is an anti-political literature: it turns away from the public towards the private life. How then can it be said to have specifically political features? But the rejection of politics is itself a political programme. To despair is also to act.

I. Europe

IN THE spring of 1941, I was serving as the Adjutant, or maid-of-all-work, of No. 87 Fighter Squadron of the Royal Air Force, at that time stationed near Bath. One day a pilot opened the door of the Mess and said, with disinterest, "Someone to see the Adjutant." There entered the rumpled, battle-dressed figure of Private Koestler of the Pioneer Corps, surely one of the oddest men ever to dig a British latrine.

He was a member of that unpardonably brilliant Hungarian emigration which has peopled the universities, the publishing houses, the laboratories, and the authors' societies of the West. Why this particular little country should have become, as it were, radioactive and have thrown off these stimulating, if irritant, human particles is unknown. But it did so. For what Europe as a whole is to the world, namely something small, intelligent, aggravating, and indispensable, Central Europe is to Europe. In turn, what Central Europe is to Europe, Hungary is to Central Europe: and finally, perhaps, what Hungary is to Central Europe, Arthur Koestler is to Hungary.

Since his emigration, Koestler has wandered round the world, trailing an aura of novels,

These "Four Studies" are of Arthur Koestler, George Orwell, Whittaker Chambers, and Boris Pasternak. The author is not only, as he says, "a politician" (Labour M.P. for West Dundee and formerly Secretary of State for War) but also a well-known economist and critic. In the 'thirties he published (and with a considerable impact on a whole Anglo-American generation) THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR POWER and THE MENACE OF FASCISM. In the 'fifties two volumes of his major new work have appeared—CONTEMPORARY CAPITALISM and THE END OF EMPIRE.

equations, amours, alcohol, and quarrels. On the second time round, and after abandoning it on the first round in deep disgust, he has apparently re-settled in England. But he has not done so, we may be sure, because he has a high opinion of that country. It will be rather because he may have come to feel that just as Churchill characterised democracy as the "worst system of government in the world, except the others" so England is the worst country in the world to live in, except the others.

In the spring of 1941, Koestler's reputation, already considerable, had just been made worldwide by the publication of *Darkness at Noon*. It will also be recalled that the situation of Britain was at that time unrelaxed. We met as humble members of the armed forces of the only considerable power which was still withstanding Hitler, who was then in uneasy alliance with Russia. Although *Darkness at Noon* had been published some months before, I had only just read it. It might have been supposed that I should have been, at that time, in a receptive mood for the main anti-Communist manifesto of the day. (In some respects the book is a manifesto rather than a novel.) But it was not so; I still had strong inhibitions to reading this kind of book about Russia.

Even if I had read such books, I should not have believed them. I should probably have put them down without finishing them. I would have known that, in the war between Capitalism and Communism, books are weapons, and like all serviceable weapons, loaded... the fever with which I decided to read my first anti-Communist book. I mean fever quite literally; and furtiveness as if I was committing an unpardonable sin, as I was. For the fact that I had voluntarily opened the book could mean only one thing: I had begun to doubt. (*Whittaker Chambers*)

There was an element of all that in it, even a year after a break with Communism. However, in the ample leisure which is such a feature of life in the armed services in war-time, during the long hours of sitting in the Adjutant's office at the airfield from which 87 Squadron operated, I had nerved myself to read the book. Though I had not liked it, it had made a stunning impression. At that time only one thing about the book mattered: was it true? Were things in Russia really like this?

But eighteen years do strange things to a book. To re-read *Darkness at Noon* to-day is to appreciate the seismic change in all our points of view. Nobody can to-day be in the least interested in whether the book is true or not: of

course it is true. The murders, the tortures, the confessions, the starvation, all happened. Khrushchev has described them more authoritatively than Koestler. When it was published about twenty years ago, the book caused riots in Paris, broke friendships, split families, and was denounced by many people who were by no means Communists. To-day no one is likely to feel particularly strongly about it. As an accusation the book has become beside the point. If it is to survive it must be for other qualities.

WHAT then is left of Koestler's book, now that its main assertion has become a commonplace? A good deal is left as a matter of fact. This was the first book to begin to reveal the far-reaching consequences upon the mind and spirit of the West of the rejection of Communism. It revealed that Communism could not be rejected without re-emphasising just those aspects of life which had been least emphasised, and not only by Communism. And that might mean calling in question the whole rationalist tradition. The values which the book began to preach were subversive of much more than Communism. For these reasons the things which are left in it even now, when its main assertion is undisputed, are still highly important.

In the first place the book re-affirms defiantly those values which cluster round personal relations. There is, for example, the incident of "Little Loewy." Koestler here portrays a kind of Communist, half-vagabond half-saint, to be found in the Communist parties of the nineteen-twenties and 'thirties. These men and women really did give their lives, often with great simplicity, for Communism. Koestler makes "Little Loewy" a gentle, intelligent hunchback from south Germany, who has had to fly the country after a theft of arms. He drifts about in France and Belgium, harried by the police, shunted backwards and forwards over the border, and rejected by the local Communist parties because he has had to get out of Germany without his party papers. (And then there is the incident of catching the cats, which readers of the book will hardly forget.) In the end, Loewy establishes himself in a Belgian port. He promptly starts a Communist party branch amongst the dockers and because he has a warm, selfless nature, makes it an outstanding success.

It is now the period of the Abyssinian War. It is the task of all Communist parties of Western Europe to boycott and blockade the Fascist aggressor, especially in respect of his

most essential supply, namely oil. Little Loewy's dockers organise solidly against the handling of "black" petrol destined for Italy. Then Rubashov, Koestler's composite Trotsky-Bukharin hero, is sent to Belgium to prepare them for the fact that five Russian tankers are approaching their port loaded with petrol for the Fascists. If now, he must inform them, Russia were to stop supplying, other countries would "greedily spring into the breach." Such a substitution "would only hamper the development of Russian industry." In short the blockade and boycott must be raised for the Russian petrol. The dockers' branch is split and destroyed. All that Little Loewy has accomplished is ruined. So he hangs himself.

"What are you telling me this for?" Rubashov asks, when Little Loewy tells him his life story. "Because it is instructive," Loewy answers. "Because it is a typical example. . . . For years the best of us have been crushed in that way." And that is true. Stalinism passed across the naked bodies of all that was best—and it was very good—in the Communist movement. It either physically wrecked or intellectually and morally degraded just those potential and actual saints of which any church militant has so absolute a need. They were like wild flowers growing in the wasteland of the national Communist parties. They gave that sharp impression of beauty-set-in-desolation that one sometimes got, in the war decade, from the willow herb as it waved upon the bomb sites in London. Some of them were destroyed dramatically like Little Loewy in Koestler's book. Others were merely dried up from within. They gradually became automata who had so many times overridden, in their perfect obedience, every natural instinct in them that they had ceased to be human beings at all: all were destroyed.

KOESTLER DOES NOT FAIL to ask why Communism has thus stamped upon almost every spontaneous and natural expression of human personality. Why, in particular, did it destroy, or distort out of recognition, the very best and most attractive of its own, thus doing its cause enormous damage? It cannot have done so for the fun of the thing. There must have been a necessity which forced Communism to push the regimentation of its supporters (which, of course, every creed and every government must impose in some degree) to unprecedented lengths. The answer is simple. All this was done that Russia, the first socialist society in history, might be

preserved. The humanity of all the best of the Communists was trampled out of them, in the supposed interests of the safety and preservation of Russia. Nor did this seem to the men and women involved to be an unworthy cause for which to be destroyed. Right through the period Russia remained the promised land of the revolution. Every detail of what was happening there—or of what was supposed to be happening there—every success and every officially admitted setback (for they knew no other) was the impassioned concern of the faithful. Koestler perfectly conveys this attitude to Russia in his description of how Little Loewy's Belgian dock workers question Rubashov about Russian conditions:

They enquired about the development of production in the light metal industry, like children asking the exact size of the grapes of Canaan.

To such men and women the argument that literally everything was justified for the preservation of Russia, as the bastion of world socialism, appealed with compulsive force. For the sake of this, all the nightmarish qualities of the Stalinist period seemed indispensable to a truly believing Communist. *Darkness at Noon* does full justice to this argument. In general it is a formidable characteristic of this literature, that it puts the Communists' own case a great deal better than they have ever succeeded in putting it for themselves. There is no shirking of the ultimate issues at stake. These writers know, not merely with their minds but with their whole beings, the full force of the Communist world view, and they do not hesitate to express it.

In *Darkness at Noon* Gletkin, Rubashov's second interrogator, is the spokesman of Communist doctrine as it was in the nineteen-thirties. The Gletkin passages are the core of the book. They express adequately (and in 1940 this was new) the real Communist justification for what Stalin was doing. Gletkin induces Rubashov to sign his confession with this same argument that everything without exception must be sacrificed for the maintenance and security of "the bastion."

"You know what is at stake here," Gletkin went on. "For the first time in history, a revolution has not only conquered power, but also kept it. We have made our country a bastion of the new era. It covers a sixth of the world and contains a tenth of the world's population."

"The leader of the Party," Gletkin's voice went on, "had the wider perspective and more tenacious

tactics. He realised that everything depended on surviving the period of world reaction and keeping the bastion. He had realised that it might last ten, perhaps twenty, perhaps fifty years, until the world was ripe for a fresh wave of revolution. Until then we stand alone. Until then we have only one duty: not to perish."

"...Not to perish," sounded Gletkin's voice. "The bulwark must be held, at any price and with any sacrifice. The leader of the Party recognised this principle with unrivalled clear-sightedness, and has consistently applied it. The policy of the International had to be subordinated to our national policy. Whoever did not understand this necessity had to be destroyed. Whole sets of our best functionaries in Europe had to be physically liquidated. We did not recoil from crushing our own organisations abroad when the interests of the Bastion required it. We did not recoil from co-operation with the police of reactionary countries in order to suppress revolutionary movements which came at the wrong moment. We did not recoil from betraying our friends and compromising with our enemies in order to preserve the Bastion. That was the task which history had given us, the representatives of the victorious revolution. The short-sighted, the aesthetes, the moralists did not understand. But the leader of the Revolution understood that all depended on one thing: to be the better stayer."

For a Communist in the nineteen-thirties who was seized of that argument, the local or temporary state of things in Russia seemed a matter of secondary importance. In front of everybody's eyes the Marxist prognosis of the development of a latter-day capitalism was apparently fulfilling itself. Outside Russia, it *was* becoming more and more impossible to use anything like the whole of the productive apparatus; unemployment *was* consequently becoming endemic; the misery of the wage-earners and peasants *was* ever-increasing; the violence, hysteria, and general irrationality of the governing classes of the main capitalisms *was* mounting; attempts at gradualist reform by social democratic methods *had* failed; finally, Fascism was being established not only in such peripheral countries as Italy and Spain, but also, and decisively, in Germany, one of the major, advanced capitalisms. It was above all this apparition of evil incarnate in the form of Fascism which gave the Communist argument power. For that argument taught that Fascism was no accidental catastrophe but the logical and inevitable consequence of "capitalism-in-decay." Nazi Germany, with its psychopathic propensity for both internal violence and external aggression, was seen as the exemplar which each and every capitalist society must soon imitate if such societies were left in existence. Fascism, the argument continued, was

not the product of this or that national characteristic or circumstance, but was the form which all latter-day capitalisms must sooner rather than later assume. In general the capitalist world gave a convincing impression of having fallen into a pit of abomination from which there was no way out. How much did even the ugliest features of the new socialist society matter if it gave even the possibility of the re-building of civilisation upon a viable basis?

As a matter of fact Gletkin's arguments appealed very strongly, when once they were understood, to non-Communists also. I knew one man of first-rate powers, but without previous acquaintance with Communist doctrine, who as late as the nineteen-forties was definitely influenced in a *pro-Communist* direction by reading *Darkness at Noon*.

"But what *is* the answer to Gletkin?" he used to say. And the truth is that at that time there was no conclusive answer to Gletkin. If capitalist society had continued its many-sided decline into economic, social, cultural, and every other kind of decadence, then there would have been no proof that even Stalinist methods were unjustified in order to preserve a way out for mankind. All that could be said was that one was not prepared to accept those methods: to lie, cheat, murder, and in our case in Britain to betray one's country to Hitler, because there was no conclusive answer to an argument.

But now, of course, history itself has answered Gletkin, and has done so in two equally unexpected ways. In the first place, the apparently predestined curve of capitalist development has abruptly turned upwards again. The major capitalisms have unmistakably taken on a new lease of life. True they have had to undergo considerable changes in their social and economic structures in order to stage this revival. But it has been found that the job can apparently be done by means of measures which, relative to revolution, are very mild. By strengthening trade unionism here, by social security there, by government support for farm prices in the other place, and by a little Keynesian (or crypto-Keynesian) management all round (by, in short, the application of a now fairly well-tried list of household remedies), a new version of the old system can be made to work, not perfectly indeed, but surprisingly well, considering how human institutions do work. Fifteen years after the end of the Second World War, there are still no signs of the reappearance of those unmistak-

able symptoms of social decline which stigmatised capitalism twenty-five years ago. To allege that the American or the British wage-earners are now sinking into ever-increasing misery is merely funny. To deny the effectiveness, so far at least, of the democratic process in the key countries of the developed West to-day, is merely perverse. No one but a blind fanatic can possibly say that such societies as America, Britain, North-West Europe, or Japan, are to-day in obvious decline and offer no way of carrying on human civilisation.

Thus history's verdict on Russian Communism in its Stalinist form is not that all its outrages were too wicked to be borne; it is simply that they were unnecessary. It did not turn out to be the case that humanity had no other way out than this. Humanity is not confronted with the choice of going Communist or destroying civilisation. There are, it seems, a plurality of ways forward for human society, at the different stages of its development which have currently been reached in various parts of the world. Certainly Stalinist Communism is one of these ways; but it is neither the only nor an attractive way. No well-balanced man or woman is to-day likely to give it that absolute allegiance which it demands, and which it could often command a quarter-of-a-century ago.

BUT THAT IS ONLY one side of history's answer to Gletkin. Its other answer has been given by the character of Russia's own development. And this is the more subtle answer. For it is not that Stalin's methods have led to disaster. On the contrary, the bastion has been preserved all right. What we now experience are the consequences not of the failure but of the success of Stalinist policy. Russian conditions have not become more nightmarish: they have become much better—and much more ordinary. The bastion, in the very process of being preserved, has become another country in the process of industrialisation. True, her industrialisation has been rapid. But it is even a myth that it has been uniquely rapid. Russian development has been more rapid than Britain's but less rapid than Japan's, for instance. It is true that the peoples of all other countries as well as Russia went through, or are going through, agonies of one kind or another during the process of primary industrialisation. Russia's tortures during the Stalinist period can now be seen as merely one version of those agonies. But the fatal truth is that the end result, namely industrialised Russia as she

emerges, turns out to be familiar. The Russia of the nineteen-sixties is no longer a torture-chamber: it is a fine country in many respects. It has some notable advantages over other industrialised countries: its economy appears to be more stable and to have a more sustained rate of growth; it has less difficulty in devoting a really adequate proportion of its national income to longer-term objectives such as higher education, instead of to television sets and motor cars. These may well prove to be formidable advantages. If we in the non-Communist part of the world do not pull our social socks up we shall have some very unpleasant surprises. To-day, however, there is little danger of these Russian advantages being overlooked. On the contrary, after nearly half-a-century wasted in a denial that we had anything to learn from the Russian system, we are now in danger of being unnecessarily over-awed by its achievements. For Russian society has notable disadvantages also. It still lacks many of the most elementary civil liberties and has not developed even a rudimentary democratic control over its government. Again, in external affairs Russia behaves very much like all other powerful countries. The suppression of the Hungarian revolution was perhaps no worse than other such suppressions by other imperial powers: but only the wilfully blind can suppose it to have been any better. The fact is that the torture-chambers were filled, the springs of objective truth defiled and the socialist vision debased, and all in order to carry through the process of primary industrialisation in just about the time (forty years) which it usually takes nowadays.

Koestler, in the well-known "photograph" passage, describes the glory of the socialist vision of the founding fathers of the revolution:

A picture appeared in his mind's eye, a big photograph in a wooden frame: the delegates to the first congress of the Party. They sat at a long wooden table, some with their elbows propped on it, others with their hands on their knees; bearded and earnest, they gazed into the photographer's lens. Above each head was a small circle, enclosing a number corresponding to a name printed underneath. All were solemn, only the old man who was presiding had a sly and amused look in his slit Tartar eyes. Rubashov sat second to his right, with his pince-nez on his nose. No. 1 sat somewhere at the lower end of the table, four-square and heavy. They looked like the meeting of a provincial town council, and were preparing the greatest revolution in human history. They were at that time a handful of men of an entirely new species: militant philosophers.

They were as familiar with the prisons in the towns of Europe as commercial travellers with the hotels. They dreamed of power with the object of abolishing power; of ruling over the people to wean them from the habit of being ruled.

What has the resultant great power, which behaves in so familiar a way, have to do with all that? Stalinism degraded that socialist vision of a truly human society, which really was—and is—"the hope of the world:" and it did so merely in order to create one more modern, industrialised nation-state.

The means have been terrible, the result commonplace.

TWENTY years ago both sides of this extraordinary double twist in historical development were still hidden. Both worlds were still in apparently mortal crisis. Everyone who understood still felt that they had to make a desperate choice between the horrible world of Stalin and what Chambers was to call, as late as 1950, "the unsaveable society" of capitalism-in-decay. It is this which accounts for the characteristic shrillness of the literature of reaction. There is something hysterical, for example, about *Darkness at Noon*: everything is pushed not only as far, but a little farther, than it will go. But perhaps the book is none the worse for that: these were hysterical events in an hysterical period. The men who wrote them regarded them as agonised, half-strangled outcries against an advancing, and almost certainly invincible tyranny. Their very manuscripts had, in many cases, to be smuggled out of reach of the agents of this or that dictatorship. Or their authors felt themselves to be, and often were, in danger of persecution or assassination.

In Koestler's case it was not the Russian dictatorship from which he was in physical danger, but the advancing Nazis. The book was written partly in Paris, and partly in a French concentration camp, in 1939 and 1940, and the manuscript had to be smuggled out by his devoted translator and collaborator, Daphne Hardy. The desperation in these books is not put on: it is justified by the times and by the predicaments of their authors. Moreover, what force the literature gains from the fact that it has been written by men who worked and fought in the great struggles of our time: by men who collided with events and were shattered by them, and then somehow or other, and to some extent, put themselves together again. "Only a participant can be a profound observer," said Trotsky. Of

course we can hardly expect balanced, judicial verdicts from such men. Their own pasts stand in the way of that. "His whole past was sore, and festered at every touch," Koestler wrote, nominally of Rubashov. But at any rate their books are not chronicles of what they said to their mistresses and of what their mistresses said to them, a subject of more limited interest than is often supposed.

I RECOLLECT ASKING Koestler at that meeting in 1941 what he had meant by his title, *Darkness at Noon*. My mind was still so numb that the simple obvious meaning of an eclipse of human reason, just when the enlightenment should have reached its noontide, in the coming to power of the first government to be consciously based upon rationalism, had wholly escaped me. Far more remarkable, it had escaped the author himself. Koestler told me that the title had actually been thought of by Daphne Hardy and that he didn't quite know what it meant but that it seemed to have the right ring to it. Such are the clairvoyant powers of the unconscious of an author of high talent at a turning-point in history.

Darkness at Noon is the starting-point of the literature of reaction. The book reaches but does not develop what was to become the main theme of that literature, namely the retreat from rationalism. It is still mainly concerned with the intellectual and moral catastrophe to which Communism has led. For no one would have thought of the retreat from rationalism if they had not been stunned by the Communist catastrophe. But already the two themes are interlocked. A few minutes before his execution, Rubashov is made to reflect as follows:

Rubashov stared through the bars of the window at the patch of blue above the machine-gun tower. Looking back over his past, it seemed to him now that for forty years he had been running amuck—the running amuck of pure reason. Perhaps it did not suit man to be completely freed from old bonds, from the steadying brakes of "Thou shalt not" and "Thou mayst not," and to be allowed to tear along straight towards the goal.

What had he once written in his diary? "We have thrown overboard all conventions, our sole guiding principle is that of consequent logics; we are sailing without ethical ballast..."

Perhaps the heart of the evil lay there. Perhaps it did not suit mankind to sail without ballast. And perhaps reason alone was a defective compass, which led one on such a winding, twisted course that the goal finally disappeared in the mist...

Perhaps now would come the time of great darkness.

Koestler was to develop the critique of contemporary rationalism in many of his subsequent books. But the theme may be pursued in the works of other writers also.

II. England

ARTHUR KOESTLER, if you meet him in the street, is Central Europe. George Orwell, walking down the road, was England—not, of course, the England of convention, of John Bull: just the contrary. He was one of the least bluff or hearty men who ever lived. He was another England: subtle, retired, but very sharp. He was the England of the major eccentrics, the major satirists. Lean and long of body, cadaverous, ravaged in face, with shining quixotic eyes, you might easily have taken him for one more English idealist crank. And so he nearly was. But in the end he became, for good and ill, far more than that. He was a major writer, and by means of his pen, he became one of the most effective men of his generation.

ANIMAL FARM was his masterpiece. The contrast between it and *Darkness at Noon* could hardly be greater. At first glance, you might think that Orwell's little book hardly merited serious consideration in the context of world tragedy. *Animal Farm* is called on the title page "A Fairy Story;" and so it is. (I met some children the other day who were greatly enjoying it without the slightest idea of what it was about; they were enjoying it not otherwise than generations of children have enjoyed *Gulliver*.) The farm which the animals capture by their revolution is a real English farm, in real English country. The book is downright pretty! How can one compare this elegant fancy with the unrelenting reportage of *Darkness at Noon*? And yet a dismissal of Orwell would be hasty.

The most famous passage in the book touches a theme which was to preoccupy Orwell for the rest of his life. After the revolution the animals had written up the seven commandments of "Animalism" upon the barn wall. The sixth was "No animal shall kill any other animal," and the seventh was "All animals are equal." As time goes on, the animals notice, or half-notice, that some of these commandments don't look quite the same. For instance, after purges have begun the sixth commandment reads "No animal shall kill any other animal without cause." The

words "without cause" had not been noticed before. Finally, the animals find that all the commandments have disappeared except the last, and that this now reads "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others."

Thus the subject which, together with physical torture, was to make Orwell hag-ridden for the rest of his life, had appeared. This is the theme of the falsification of the past. Orwell was obsessed with the conviction that in the last resort it was forgery, even more than violence, which could destroy human reason. Of course it must be forgery upon what the Communists call "a world-historical scale." But already, in 1945, when *Animal Farm* was published, Orwell had before him the elimination of Trotsky, the second figure of the Russian Revolution, from the historical record, almost as if he had never existed. Orwell was here reaching for what was to become his final conviction, namely that Communist rationalism, which sought to be rationalism pushed to its utmost conclusion, abruptly turned into its opposite of total irrationalism. He had had the hair-raising thought that an all-powerful government might have power over the past as well as over the present. If so, he was to show, human consciousness might be made to diverge permanently from objective reality into a land of subjective nightmare.

THERE is a sort of catch or trap set somewhere in the character of Orwell's type of Englishman. On the surface everything is easy and charming. The great English satirists write fables and fairy stories and the children love them. How can their fond countrymen compare such books with the furious polemics of continental political controversy? But look a little below the surface. A cold repugnance and despair is hidden in the pretty pages. After all the charm of Lilliput we encounter the Yahoos—

... at three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Rotherhithe. My wife and children received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt... when I began to consider that by copulating with one of the Yahoo species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror. As soon as I entered the house my wife took me in her arms and kissed me; at which having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour.

The great repugnance was in Orwell too. And before his death it was to find overt expression.

ORWELL'S SECOND MAJOR political work was less perfect than *Animal Farm* just because it was so much more overt. Nevertheless *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a formidable book and it has been immensely influential. Orwell lent his powerful, detailed, concrete imagination to the task of describing a nightmare, in order, if possible, which he very much doubted, to avert it. The result is the most intolerable of all the pessimistic, inverted, Utopias. The condition of England in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* has become, down to the minutest detail, everything which Orwell most abominated and which most terrified him.

The main theme of the book is thought-control in general and control over the past in particular. In this field the particularity of Orwell's imagination is remarkable. At the first level, thought-control is exercised by two-way television sets in every room, by means of which the "Thought Police" can see and listen to, as well as, if they like, be seen by, every citizen at any time, day or night. At the next level the government is introducing a new language called "*Newspeak*," the object of which is nothing less than to make it impossible to express thoughts unwelcome to the authorities. The substitution of "*Newspeak*" for "*Oldspeak*" (or present-day English) is designed to effect nothing less than the destruction of human reason by linguistic means. I do not know if any of the contemporary school of linguistic philosophers have made a study of Orwell in this respect. To the layman his *tour de force* of imagination is extremely effective, producing a genuine realisation of the extent to which, precisely, "language, truth, and logic" are interdependent. A prime object of *Newspeak* is so drastically to cut down the vocabulary that the expression of heretical ideas, and with a few simple exceptions, ideas at all, becomes impossible.

All words grouping themselves round the concepts of liberty and equality, for instance, were contained in the single word "*Crimethink*," while all words grouping themselves round the concept of objectivity and rationalism were contained in the single word "*Oldthink*."

The book has a detailed and learned linguistic Appendix on the problems presented by this enterprise. This Appendix is in many respects much more alarming than the melodrama of the

latter part of the book. Moreover, more than the acquisition of the new language is required for the governors themselves, the members of the Inner Party. They must be provided with a philosophy. This need is met by *doublethink*, a philosophy based on a version of extreme subjectivism—indeed it is solipsism—which enables its practitioners sincerely to believe a proposition at one level and its opposite at a deeper level.

The horror of all this is focused for Winston Smith, Orwell's hero, in the party's procedure and apparatus for altering the past. When, for example, there is a "diplomatic revolution," and Oceania, the dictatorship of which England (now called Airstrip One) is a part, changes sides in the permanent triangular world war which is being waged, so that she is now fighting, say, Eurasia and is allied with Eastasia, the party at once blots out all record of the fact that up till then she has been fighting Eastasia and been allied to Eurasia. Any verbal allusion to or hint of the change is punished by instant death. Every file copy of every newspaper is suitably re-written and re-printed. Every record of every speech is amended. (Winston Smith is professionally employed by the Ministry of Truth on this quite skilled re-write job.) All other records are systematically destroyed by being dropped into great furnaces, down the "memory holes" with which the Ministry is equipped. The same procedure is used when there is occasion to shoot leading members of the Inner Party; a new incriminating past, amply documented from contemporary records, is manufactured for them, and all record of their actual past is eliminated. Smith is especially fascinated and terrified by this past-control procedure. In the end, under torture, his "Gletkin" (O'Brien) explains to him that to a man more adequately educated in *doublethink* than he is, the past really is altered. For all records, and in a little while all consciousness, of the old past are destroyed, and records and consciousness of a new past are provided. Therefore, as reality is wholly subjective, there is no problem. The party has power over the past also.

IN NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR the party has not yet achieved its objective of moulding human nature in a wholly suitable way. Members of the Outer Party are still subject to regrettable lapses, and a tense struggle by all means, from education, spying, torture, and shooting, has to be waged to keep them in line. Above all, personal private

life has to be eliminated to the maximum possible extent.

Winston Smith, though in his thoughts alone, has begun to deviate. He knows that such deviations, even if they remain forever unspoken, must lead to his death under torture; but he cannot, or will not, wholly control his thoughts. His downfall is simple and natural. The girls of the Outer Party are subjected to an intensely puritanical education, designed to make them incapable of any pleasure in the sexual act. Marital intercourse is permitted, but only so long as it is joyless. It is known as "our weekly party duty;" but all other sexual intercourse is punishable by death. Smith has noticed a girl who seems a particularly strident and horrible example of "the party norm." She screams particularly loudly in the "hate periods," volunteers for even more of the party work than is necessary, and appears odiously athletic, puritanical, and conformist. To his dismay this girl seems to be eyeing him. Has she sensed his deviations? He keeps running across her, too often for it to be chance. She is probably an agent of the Thought Police. He thinks he is done for. Then she slips a scrap of paper into his hand. He cannot at once look at it.

Whatever was written on the paper, it must have some kind of political meaning. So far as he could see there were two possibilities. One, much the more likely, was that the girl was an agent of the Thought Police, just as he had feared. He did not know why the Thought Police should choose to deliver their messages in such a fashion, but perhaps they had their reasons. The thing that was written on the paper might be a threat, a summons, an order to commit suicide, a trap of some description. But there was another, wilder possibility that kept raising its head, though he tried vainly to suppress it. This was, that the message did not come from the Thought Police at all, but from some kind of underground organisation.

At the first safe moment, he unrolls the screwed-up paper. On it is written the three words:

I LOVE YOU

The rest of the book is largely concerned with the resultant love-affair between Smith and Julia, and the innate subversiveness of love is well displayed. Here is a private passion, uncontrolled and unregulated by the party, a passion strong enough to make people act independently and spontaneously. No wonder the party sees the necessity of stamping it out.

Julia turns out to be by no means a romantic revolutionary, nor yet an intellectual. She just wants some hearty sex, normally mingled with tender emotion. Somehow she has preserved her power of natural joy against the conditioning of the party. She has secretly copulated with quite a few Outer Party members already. She simply wants Winston Smith as her man. But it is precisely this assertion of the human "norm" which must lead, Orwell demonstrates (he never asserts), to revolt against the party "norm." Winston and Julia begin, with infinite difficulty and circumspection, to create a secret private life for themselves. The preservation of Julia's sexual normality has led her to regard the whole party ideology as tosh. This is already intolerable because, though in Julia it does not even prompt her to any kind of action, yet in an intellectual like Winston Smith it leads directly to dreams of revolt.

SO FAR *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is magnificently achieved. But from the moment when Winston and Julia are, inevitably, caught and their interrogation and torture begins, the book deteriorates. It is not, to be sure, that Orwell's powers of imagination fail. On the contrary, the fanatical ingenuity with which both intellectual and physical tortures are described cannot be exaggerated. But the fact is that the subject of physical torture, though it was clearly another of his obsessions, was not one with which Orwell was equipped to deal. He had never been tortured, any more than most of the rest of us have been. And those who have no personal experience of this matter may be presumed to know nothing whatever about it.

Be that as it may, Orwell's preoccupation with torture and terror gives his book the agonised and frenzied note—the note of the strangled cry—which characterises this literature as a whole. In Orwell's case alone the cause of his frenzy is largely subjective. Both Koestler and Pasternak's actual manuscripts had to be smuggled away from authorities disposed to suppress them. Their authors were in danger of their lives from those authorities. Chambers also wrote his book in an atmosphere of seething melodrama, of papers hidden in pumpkins, of the Communist underground, of F.B.I. agents and the Hiss case. Orwell wrote *Nineteen Eighty-Four* in the relative stability of post-war Britain. What gives it its frenzy is probably that it is the work of a dying man: for when Orwell wrote it he was already in an advanced stage of tuberculosis.

The practical influence of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (and it was appreciable) was, in Britain, reactionary in the narrow political sense of that term. Many of those who for one reason or another felt that their interests were threatened by the British Labour Government, which was in its period of office when the book was published, managed to persuade themselves that the British brand of democratic socialism was taking the country along the road to *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. That almost pedantically libertarian government (which, for instance, made it possible, for the first time in British history for a subject to sue the government) was solemnly arraigned as intending or at any rate, tending to take us all into the Orwellian nightmare. But of course authors cannot be held responsible for the wilder distortions of their meaning which some readers will inevitably make. In fact it has been the fairly thorough overhaul of the British system, mainly (though by no means exclusively) carried out by the Labour Government, which has given a vigorous new lease of life to British democratic and libertarian institutions. This is an example of the tendency of this whole literature to damage the very forces which, by maintaining a tolerable social balance, can avert all that these writers so desperately, and so justly, fear.

ON THE central issue posed in these pages, namely the issue of the contemporary retreat from rationalism as a whole, *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is significant in another way. The European, the American, and even perhaps the Russian, authors whose works we are discussing, all consider, we shall find, that Communism is the culmination of the rationalist tradition. In this sense they consider that Communism is rationalism in its contemporary form. Hence when they depict what they consider to be the ghastly consequences of Communism and cry for its repudiation, they must perforce repudiate rationalism also. And to a varying degree this is what each of them does. Koestler considers that reason has run amok: that now it must be limited by the "Oceanic sense," which is his name for mystical experience. Chambers forthrightly declares that there is no alternative to Communism except an acceptance of the supernatural: that no one who does not accept one form or other of supernaturalism has really broken with Communism. Pasternak's message is, it is true, far more subtle. Nevertheless he devotes his masterpiece to showing how little those sides of life which, he considers, can alone

be dealt with rationally, matter as compared with those deeper elements in the human condition which can only be handled by super-rational methods.

Orwell, the Englishman, alone implies an opposite view. In *Nineteen Eighty-Four* Communism itself, now indistinguishable from Fascism, is depicted as patently irrational. It has lost almost all touch with objective reality and pursues psychopathic social objectives. Moreover, Orwell is here, of course, merely extrapolating into the year 1984 those tendencies of Communism which, he considered, were only too apparent in 1949. The lesson of his book is *not* that the catastrophe which Communism has suffered proves that reason carried to its logical conclusion leads to horror; that consequently we must retreat from reason into some form of mysticism or supernaturalism. On the contrary, what Orwell is saying is that the catastrophe of our times occurred precisely because the Communists (and, of course, still more the Fascists) deserted reason. He is saying that the Communists, without being aware of it, have lost touch with reality: that their doctrine has become, precisely, a mysticism, an authoritarian revelation.

Orwell nowhere argues all this. He nowhere makes it clear that he is denouncing both Fascism and Communism from a rational standpoint. It would not have occurred to him to do any such thing. His rationalism is of the rough-and-ready, highly empirical, English kind. He is undidactic, untheoretical. But nowhere, equally, does he suggest the alternative of mysticism or supernaturalism. Indeed his whole satire, in both books, is directed to demonstrating that once criticism has been suppressed, a society must inevitably come to depend upon authority, revelation, and mystery. His whole message is epigrammatically contained in his famous aphorism that the original proposition that "*all animals are equal*" will, in the absence of freedom to dissent, inevitably receive the addendum "*but some animals are more equal than others.*" In other words, without the liberty of prophesying, the subtleties of the dialectic will degenerate into the obscenities of *doublethink*. For him it is not that the Communists have discredited reason by pushing it to its logical conclusion. On the contrary, it is that they have betrayed reason by abandoning its living empirical methodology for an unchanging revelation. His whole satire was an exposure of the consequences of pathological unreason. Therefore,

though he did not say anything, or perhaps even think anything, about it, his books are at bottom a defence, all the more unquestioning for being tacit, of the assumptions of traditional English empiricism.

If Orwell had been a more systematic thinker he might perhaps have fused his brilliant linguistic insight with his general political outlook to form a social philosophy of a particularly concrete and applied character. He might have sorted out for us the question of why and how reason may at a certain point tumble over into "rationalism," in the narrow, rigid, and dogmatic sense of that word: into a kind of "rationalism" which is fully as authoritarian as the tenets of a revealed religion. He might have given social empiricism a firmer basis, and at the same time shown us how to do justice to those personal, æsthetic, and religious values about which we can as yet say so little—except that we can all now see that their neglect is fatal. I do not know whether, if he had lived, Orwell might have attempted something of the sort. This at least is the direction in which his work pointed.

The remainder of my essay is devoted to an American and a Russian who, in very different ways, have struggled with these issues.

III. America

KOESTLER'S and Orwell's books were fictional in form but factual in content. Whittaker Chambers' autobiography, *Witness*, is factual in form but is often considered to be fictional in content. This accusation is not, however, in my opinion well-founded. Mr. Chambers is a witness of truth: of truth as he sees it: of *his* truth. "That is my truth," said Zarathustra, "now tell me yours."

Again, Koestler and Orwell are two fastidious craftsmen in words. Chambers is a writer possessing major powers, but also capable of dreadful failures: of failures in taste, for example, so grave that many of his passages have the opposite effect from that intended. For this and other reasons, *Witness* is, in its own way, fully as intolerable a book as *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Moreover it is no fantasy about imaginary events of the future but an *ex parte* account of the most disastrous political trial in the history of America; of a trial which almost ruined American liberalism for a whole decade. As such it evoked (and evokes) a passionate resistance which no work of fiction could encounter. Indeed I have hardly

met an American liberal who was not outraged by the mere suggestion that this was a major work which it was impossible to ignore. Those few who do not regard it as too vile to read, point out the extraordinary atmosphere of lurid melodrama which pervades it: they excoriate its rhetoric, its bombast, its hysteria, and its sentimentality. Above all they dismiss it as the work of that most odious of men, an informer.

But melodrama, rhetoric, bombast, and sentimentality are by no means fatal defects in a book. If they were we should have to exclude from the canon half the major works of English literature from the Elizabethans to Dickens. If there is enough else in a book these defects have always been forgiven, as the near inevitable failures of a man who was at least attempting to scale the heights. Let us come at once to the final accusation, that anyhow this is the work of an informer, to be denounced on that score alone. For the very fact that it is the work of an informer is, in truth, one of the main reasons for placing *Witness* amongst the formative books of our time.

The question of whether or not an informer must be for ever a moral Ishmael has poignancy in contemporary America. For the McCarthyite persecutions (mild as they were by 20th-century standards) were bad enough to fix a horror of informing in the minds of all those American liberals, and they were very numerous, who had passed, to a greater or lesser degree, through the Communist experience. Men and women who have had no sympathy for Communism for many years are still outraged by those who, under the pressure of the Committee for Un-American Activities, informed on their friends, thus often ruining their careers. The refusal to inform was, and still is, their test of decency. Their especial hatred is reserved for Chambers who, by initiating the Hiss case, both ruined many lives and played an important part in American liberalism's ejection from office and power. Chambers is well aware of the consequences to himself of what he has done. He has several passages on informing which exhibit both the force and melodrama of his writing. One of them reads:

There is in men a very deep-rooted instinct that they may not inform against those whose kindness and affection they have shared, at whose tables they have eaten and under whose roofs they have slept, whose wives and children they have known as friends—and that regardless of who those others are or of what crimes they have committed. It is an absolute prohibition. It is

written in no book, but it is more binding than any code that exists. If of necessity a man must violate that prohibition, and it is part of the tragedy of history that, for the greater good, men sometimes must, the man who violates it must do so in the full consciousness that there is a penalty. That penalty is a kind of death, most deadly if a man must go on living. It is not violent. It is not even a deepening shadow. It is a simple loss of something as when a filter removes all colour from the light. I felt its foretouch. It was soon to be on me.

IT is an agonising issue. On the one hand there can be no doubt that the consequences of Chambers' denunciations were disastrous for the political and social life of America. For such denunciations were to spread far beyond the eradication of Communists from the actual government service, into a witch-hunt conducted against everyone holding radical opinions even if they occupied entirely non-governmental positions. It was imperative to fight the witch-hunters. And those American liberals who courageously refused to give the names of men and women in private life who were suspected of sympathy with Communism, or who had been, or even perhaps still were, Communists, were fully justified.

But what Chambers felt that he had to do was something different. He was concerned with men who were in high positions in the actual administrative apparatus of the government. He considered it his duty to inform, first privately, and then, when no attention was paid to that, publicly, upon these men. Was he or was he not right to do so? What was at stake was not really the supposed necessity of stopping the transmission of government secrets. Anyone who has had access to Cabinet papers knows that it is only an exaggeration to say that, except in periods of actual war, there are no such things as government secrets. It was much more a question of the unforeseeable consequences of leaving in policy-forming positions men whose motives and purposes—all the more formidable when they are quite free from considerations of personal gain—were to serve not their own government but another government. The answer even to this second question is not necessarily obvious, however. Looking back we may conclude that it would not have made all that difference if Hiss, White, and the others had remained in the American government service. The influence of Communism in America (once appreciable) was in such rapid decline that they would probably have been impotent. Any residual harm they

might have done in American policy-making would probably have been much less extensive than was the damage to the fabric of American society which the consequences, direct and indirect, of their removal were to cause.

What is really at issue is not the impossible task of weighing the terrible and known consequences of Chambers speaking out against the unknown but possibly unimportant consequences of his silence. In the final analysis, what is at issue is the necessity of a society, like an individual, to face reality. And the conspiratorial aspects of Communism were part of social reality during the decades in question. They were not the only, nor the most important, aspects of Communism. But they existed, and exist. Moreover, in the America of the third and fourth decades of this century, they were sufficiently real to make it inevitable that someone, be it Chambers or another, should make them explicit and public.

American society, however, was unprepared for the revelation of the existence of a real, though not very large or powerful, conspiracy within it. At first this horribly unwelcome, and to many people grotesque, revelation was simply rejected. Chambers had the utmost difficulty in establishing his facts. Then when he did establish them, when he was believed, an avalanche of fear, anger, hatred, and revenge was unloosed. Ridden by the politicians of the Right, as the one way in which American liberalism could be broken, this avalanche of reaction rolled on until it reached its loathsome climax in the person of Senator McCarthy. When at last it was over, it was seen to have done enormous damage, not so much to the concrete political and economic achievements of the New Deal—these have survived well on the whole—but to the vigour, freedom, and boldness of American thought and culture.

Such were the consequences of the unpreparedness of American society to deal with the terrifying apparition within it of the conspiratorial aspects of Communism. Chambers cannot be held to have been more than a trigger-mechanism. He did what he had to do. In the confusion and misapprehensions of social reality from which not he alone, but almost everyone else also, suffered, he had to inform. The individual cannot take upon himself to judge whether a particular piece of a conspiracy of which he happens to have knowledge is sufficiently significant for his government to deal with drastically and publicly. A wise and self-

confident government may conclude that the dropping of a few men from a few committees and the unexpectedly early retirement from government service of a few others is all that is needed: that to do more than this will do much more harm than good. But that must be the government's responsibility. The individual must supply it with the facts. Only men and women who have never taken Communism seriously, however closely they may have been associated with it, can doubt that it is the duty of an ex-Communist to inform his government of activities, such as espionage, or the penetration of its armed forces or administrative apparatus, by party members, or by anyone working under party direction. The failure of many American liberals, however amiable, to comprehend this fact of contemporary political life is a symptom of their failure to comprehend what have been the tragic necessities of the first half of our century. Perhaps they will not be the necessities of the second half: but precisely in order that they may not be it is indispensable to comprehend them. And Chambers, for all the repulsion of his book, can do more than any other American writer to enable them to do so.

BOTH the American and the British intellectual "establishments" may dismiss the idea that they have anything to learn either from Chambers' book or, for that matter, from any further discussion of the Communist issue, such as this essay attempts. The British intellectual establishment, with few exceptions, never did take Communism seriously. The corresponding American circles once did so, but now regard the whole question as closed. In one sense no doubt it is. No well-balanced thinker is likely to accept the seamless robe of Marxism-Leninism again. The objective evidence against doing so is too strong. But it will go hardly with the West if its intellectuals now sink back into a smug disregard of either the Communist faith or the Communist fact. Unless we feel in ourselves the relentless but potentially fruitful tension between Communist values and our own we shall make little sense of the contemporary world. To fail to take Communism with the utmost seriousness is still almost as disastrous a mistake as to take Communism hysterically, as Chambers did and still does. The one misappreciation leads headlong to the other. It is true that Communism as a faith (though not as a national power) is now in evident decline:

but those who complacently write it off will receive unpleasant surprises. There is still enough dynamic in Communism—and, of course, more than enough sheer power in Russia and China—for that. And when these unpleasant surprises come, those who have refused to take Communism seriously will be sure to rush to the other extreme and take it hysterically. Communism is not, as all Communists, and many anti-Communists, supposed in the first half of the century, the *only* thing that matters. But woe betide the lazy philistines who think that Communism does not now matter at all, or that the moral and intellectual dilemmas which it poses are not real and agonising. For even this waning faith could prove irresistible if it were met by a wholly faithless generation: by a generation whose sole silly ambition was to get rich quick.

To put the matter bluntly, *Witness* is an American book about the life and death issues of our day, which is not superficial. It is not superficial because almost alone of fully articulate Americans, Chambers has had a Marxist training. And whatever else a Marxist training may do to a man—and it often ruins him—it is a sovereign remedy for superficiality. It is, no doubt, one of the many irritating characteristics of all those who have been, to any considerable degree, through the Communist experience that they, at heart, consider that all those who have not are in some degree superficial. Perhaps it may be possible to forgive this intellectual arrogance when it is recalled how much damage of other kinds that experience usually inflicts upon them. But the characteristic is there.

Chambers' book, however, is the proof that there has been another America: a tragic America, opposite in almost every respect from the glossy, unthinking America of appearances: an America of terrible and searing conflicts, an America which makes our little Britain seem still a haven of tranquillity. It will be by facing and then transcending those conflicts of their own immediate past that Americans of the second half of the century will be able to avoid their repetition. For this purpose, Chambers' book is of primary importance. It is important precisely because it and its author have had such disastrous effects. For this immensely gifted man was fated to make mistakes in judgment so terrible that in both his Communist, and then in his anti-Communist, periods he has done fearful harm. To understand how all that happened: to see how this man of some genius both suffered and inflicted these disasters, is imperative. For

we have to live with the fruits of what he and his generation did and suffered.

FIRST of all we may dispose summarily of the issue which inevitably preoccupied the readers of the book when it originally appeared, almost to the exclusion of all other issues. This was the issue of the guilt or innocence of Mr. Alger Hiss and the others accused of conspiracy and espionage by Chambers. Eight years later everyone can see that, just as in the case of Koestler's indictment of Stalinism, there can be no doubt of the general correctness of the accusations. Precisely what these particular accused men did or did not do may remain to some extent in doubt. But that Communist Party members behaved in this way, as a duty, only the wilfully ignorant can now deny. They would have been intolerably bad Communists, indeed they would not have been Communists at all, if they had not. This issue out of the way, we should examine *Witness* simply as a major document of our time.

In this book also the Communist case is much better put than its own protagonists have ever managed to do. In a short chapter called *The Outrage and Hope of the World* Chambers splendidly conveys what Communism meant to those who received its message during the first half of the 20th century. Chambers writes that men in the West are moved to Communism by "just two challenges, the problem of war and the problem of economic crisis," and that "both crises are aspects of a greater crisis of history for which Communism offers a plausible explanation and which it promises to end."

... his decision to become a Communist seems to the man who makes it as a choice between a world that is dying and a world that is coming to birth, as an effort to save by political surgery whatever is sound in the foredoomed body of a civilisation which nothing less drastic can save—a civilisation foredoomed first of all by its reluctance to face the fact that the crisis exists or to face it with the force and clarity necessary to overcome it.

Thus the Communist Party presents itself as the one organisation of the will to survive the crisis in a civilisation where that will is elsewhere divided, wavering, or absent. It is in the name of that will to survive the crisis, which is not theoretical but closes in from all sides, that the Communists first justified the use of terror and tyranny, which are repugnant to most men by nature and which the whole tradition of the West specifically repudiates.

It is in the name of that will to survive that

Communism turns to the working class as a source of unspoiled energy which may salvage the crumbling of the West. For the revolution is never stronger than the failure of civilisation. Communism is never stronger than the failure of other faiths.

It is clear that this still seemed an extremely powerful argument to Chambers, writing in 1950 or 1951. To-day, ten years later, we notice at once that it is no longer fully applicable. One of the two challenges, that of economic crisis, is for the present at least not there any longer. The other challenge, that of war, is. But it has changed its character: there is no longer any high probability of war between "rival capitalist powers." The threat which preoccupies us is of war between the Capitalist and Communist worlds. Hence the adoption of Communism cannot any longer appear to a man as the effort to transcend war by means of international revolutionary action. On the contrary, to adopt Communism to-day is merely to change sides in a threatened conflict.

IT IS A STRENGTH of Chambers' book that, like the other writers of this literature, he does justice to the intense idealism, mixed in the most extraordinary way with the basest passions, which pervaded the Communist movement of his time. For instance he writes of a Communist veteran with whom he came in contact: "In her worked the revolutionary will to overcome ignorance and prejudice in the name of militant compassion and intelligent human unity." Even more strikingly he speaks of "the appeal of Communism ... whenever it coincides with humanity and compassion, especially when the outside world denies them." He illustrates this with an account of the effects of his own treatment (obligatory, as he notes, for a Communist) of the Chambers' negro maid, Edith Murray, in Baltimore:

To those who wonder what the appeal of Communism is, this episode may be worth pondering upon.... When Edith Murray first sat down to table with us—and we were the first white people who had ever asked her to sit at the same table with them—she showed fear, then embarrassment. I will not presume to say what her final feeling was. In any case, what we had to give her was not a place at our table. What we had to give her was something that belonged to her by right, but which had been taken from her, and which we were merely giving back. It was her human dignity. Thus, by insisting on acting as Communists must, we found ourselves unwittingly acting as Christians should. I submit that that cuts to the heart of one aspect of the Communist appeal.

Some years afterwards at the second Hiss trial, Edith Murray, summoned to identify Chambers, was the only person willing to say, not merely that what Chambers said was true, but "he was a good man."

It is all the stranger that in spite of these passages, and of much other evidence of his clear appreciation of the positive sides of Communism, Chambers should repeatedly assert that Communism is "absolutely evil." This is no doubt part of the whole mystical or metaphysical position which Chambers has adopted, and which we must consider. But at the level of simple common sense, could self-contradiction be more complete? A dozen times he writes that Communism always was, is now, and always will be, "absolutely evil;" and a dozen times he explains with wonderful eloquence that Communism often coincided with humanity and compassion and made Communists behave as Christians should. The un-metaphysical mind can make nothing of this. The tragedy of Communism lies precisely in the fact that it had the most glorious aspirations of any political movement in history. That is why Communism is still worthy of the most serious and searching criticism. It is barely worth while to spend time and trouble in denouncing the abominations of Fascism any longer. But we must continue to subject Communism to strict appraisal. For it fell from the highest pinnacles of human aspiration. It was not, is not, and will never be "absolutely evil;" for that very reason Communism must be adjudged the graver matter by far. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

IF CHAMBERS cannot assess the ethics of Communism without self-contradiction, he also disastrously misjudges the resilience and flexibility of the non-Communist society in which he lives. Writing in the early 'fifties he was still convinced that Communism was almost certain to defeat the West: and he implies strongly that the only hope for the survival of the West is world war at an early date. The West is "the unsavable society." "We have joined the losing side," he tells his wife when he breaks with the Communists. "The world economic and military crisis closes in from every side." He is still convinced that as far as this world is concerned the Communists alone really know what they are about: that they can only be opposed in a mood of metaphysical defiance and despair, because, though almost certain to

triumph, they are absolutely evil. Above all it is disastrous even to attempt to modify and reform Western society on New Deal or social democratic lines, because this plays into the hands of the Communists.

Could political folly go farther? The exact opposite of almost every one of the above propositions has proved correct. How *could* a man of Chambers' immense political learning and ability make such fantastic errors? How little intellectual ability and knowledge count, as against emotional stability, for the purpose of reaching wise political decisions! For no doubt it was Chambers' emotional instability which led him to mis-read history just as grossly after he had left the Communist Party as before.

At any rate, any fool can now see that far from it proving impossible to make our Western economies work by means of rather limited reforms, it has turned out to be comparatively easy to do so. And as to war, the survival of the West (and the East for that matter) rests precisely in staving off a third world war by every prudent means. Again, Communism, though the official doctrine of two of the most powerful states in the world, is obviously a waning force, less and less capable of inspiring the minds and hearts of men. As such it is virtually extinct in Eastern Europe, and steadily relaxing its hold in Russia. It is still really alive only in China and in a section (but only a section) of the revolutionary intelligentsia of the undeveloped world. In such a situation the one immediate danger for the West would be a failure to carry through and carry on the continuing process of the modification of their economic structures, which has so far given such remarkably favourable results. (The longer term danger would no doubt be a failure to find a satisfying faith by which the people of an affluent society may live. This is indeed an acute danger, and here a study of Chambers' book, with all its inconsistencies, can be immensely valuable.)

Chambers was doomed seriously to damage the one force, reforming American liberalism, which could falsify his prophecies of catastrophe. Fortunately, by the time of the Hiss case, the New Deal had done its essential work. The three indispensable modifications of the American economy had taken place. Mass Trade Unionism had been firmly established. The farmers had been compulsorily cartelised and subsidised under statute. The traditions of meeting the onset of depression with higher, instead of lower, government expenditure, and with lower, in-

stead of higher taxation, had been established (in practice although not overtly). Accordingly, the crisis ceased "to close in from every side." Humanly enough Chambers simply did not notice.

THE central contention of Chambers' book has still to be considered. Chambers is at heart concerned with none of the things which have been so far discussed. They are important to him, but incidental to his main purpose, which is to assert that the catastrophe of Communism is merely a part of the catastrophe of the rational, empirical approach to the universe as a whole: that there is no alternative to Communism except a belief in one or other form of supernaturalism.

Chambers repeatedly makes this assertion; for example, he thus describes his conversion from Communism:

What I had been fell from me like dirty rags. The rags that fell from me were not only Communism. What fell was the whole web of the materialist modern mind—the luminous shroud which it has spun about the spirit of man, paralysing in the name of rationalism the instinct of his soul for God, denying in the name of knowledge the reality of the soul and its birthright in that mystery on which mere knowledge falters and shatters at every step. If I had rejected only Communism, I would have rejected only one political expression of the modern mind, the most logical because the most brutal in enforcing the myth of man's material perfectibility, the most persuasive because the least hypocritical in announcing its purpose and forcibly removing the obstacles to it.

The book is full of such passages. For example: "...man's occasional lapses from God end inevitably in intolerable shallowness of thought combined with incalculable mischief in action." Or again, we are told that the conflict between "the two great camps of men—those who reject and those who worship God—becomes irrepressible. Those camps are not only outside, but also within nations. The most conspicuously menacing form of that rejection is Communism. But there are other forms of the same rejection, which in any case Communism did not originate, but merely adopted and adapted.... For if my story is worth telling, it is because I rejected in turn each of the characteristic endings of life in our time—the revolutionary ending and the success ending. I chose a third ending." (Chambers makes it clear that he means a religious ending.)

These passages make *Witness* the most explicit example of the literature which we are examining. It will be better to postpone comment until the evidence of a Russian witness also has been heard. But let us note one characteristic of Chambers' testimony. For him the lack of a religious sense (of which lack Communism is merely, he writes, a manifestation) leads to "intolerable shallowness of thought" and, through that, to "incalculable mischief in action." And he implies that this shallowness of thought and mischief in action are characteristic of the two "endings of life in our time—the revolutionary ending and the success ending."

The negative aspect of this conclusion at least is profoundly important. It is the most important single truth of our time that neither the revolutionary ideal nor the personal-success ideal will suffice. The revolutionary ideal is seen to be necessary and good at certain times and places where intolerable and otherwise immovable institutional obstacles stand in the way of elementary social justice and decency. But when that is manifestly no longer the case, the revolutionary ideal becomes simply irrelevant. At such times and places it becomes grotesque to ask men not only to die, but to lie and forge and spy and deceive, for the sake of an irrelevance. Nevertheless it is precisely at such times and places that the emptiness of the alternative ideal of personal success—usually in its simplest form of personal self-enrichment—stands revealed. As Chambers, quoting Dante, puts it, those "that were neither for God nor Satan, but were for themselves," will never make a world worth living in. Chambers is a thousand times right in his pessimistic rejection of both these contemporary ideals. It is because of this that his book should be studied above all perhaps by his fellow countrymen: when they have faced its dilemmas they will have faced the contemporary world.

There remains the question of whether Chambers is right also in his positive assertion that the sole remaining ideal is the religious. And what specifically does he mean by the religious ideal, or "ending" as he calls it? Chambers did not, like so many ex-Communists, enter the Roman Catholic Church and accept the full panoply of religious dogma. Instead he turned to the Society of Friends, the least dogmatic, and the least superstitious, of all organised religious bodies.

(The concluding section will appear in our next number)

Simon Raven

Boys Will Be Boys

The Male Prostitute in London

IT IS no concern of mine in this article to discuss the morality of sexual deviation. I do not propose, on the one hand, to consider homosexuality as "a problem" whether moral, social, medical, or forensic, any more than I wish to exploit it, on the other, as a source of titillation or low comedy. I merely start with the familiar and dreary truth that in London as in other large cities there is a substantial demand for the services of the male prostitute; and I hope to be able to explain, in the simplest and most concrete terms, how and in what circumstances this demand is satisfied—to explain, that is, how the boys and men concerned are procured, where they come from, in what manner and in what places they carry on their business, whether and for how long they prosper, and what fate will finally overtake them. If I have to state the point of view from which I write, I should say that my interest was *functional*. As a novelist of sorts, I simply like to know how, on a purely practical level, human affairs are conducted—in one word, how they *work*. Here is a branch, by no means inconsiderable and currently much canvassed, of human activity: how, one asks oneself, does it wag along? What happens, and where?

To start with, then, I suggest that there are some five kinds of male prostitute at present working in London. To a certain extent the categories melt into one another, but the distinctions, in the main, are clear. (Since these examples are based upon people whom I know and who have been generous with their time and information, both courtesy and necessity dictate that I should use, in all cases, a considerable element of personal disguise. I can only assert my belief that this handicap has not rendered my presentation either false or misleading in any essential respect.)

IN MY *first* category come young men of the armed services who are either stationed or on leave in London. Prominent among these are, of course, the members of whatever units of Household Troops are currently serving in the capital, centuries of city life having endowed these regiments with a traditional knowledge of and a notorious capacity for all sexual activities of a venal nature. If a young guardsman wishes to augment his modest pay, and if he has no objection to hiring out his person to this end, then he need only "ask about," as a guardsman whom I shall call Tom once put it to me, and some older man (occasionally a N.C.O.) will tell him which pubs or bars to frequent, or which street corners to wait on, and will sometimes offer to accompany him in order to see fair play.

"I knew all about it happening," said Tom, "but I didn't mean to go myself, see? Then one week-end I was going home to see my girl, and most of my pay was owed, and on the Friday I reckoned I was at least two quid light on what I needed. So I went to a bloke I knew used to go with queers..." He was told to try several pubs in Kensington and the West End, and if still unsuccessful at closing time to take up a stance in the region of Grosvenor Gardens. Tom was not to accept less than thirty shillings in any case, he was told, and he must ask for at least three pounds if his client requested and he himself allowed the "taking of a real liberty," by which euphemism one connotes the practice of buggery as opposed to the very much more usual manual or oral caresses. The upshot was Tom returned from his first outing without "a real liberty" having been taken (he was not at all anxious, he informed me, for this to happen) and the better off by some two pounds ten in cash and several sophisticated items of informa-

tion. His subsequent week-end with his girl was a success, having got off to a round start when he presented her with an unlooked-for pair of stockings which the odd ten shillings of his wages of sin had enabled him to buy.

Thereafter, having discovered so easy a way out of his financial afflictions, Tom found himself "on the streets" with increasing frequency. But, I enquired, did not these expeditions do violence to his proper sexual nature? Apparently not. Tom's explanation was that he regarded "what happened" as a form of masturbation: he would close his eyes and think about "girls and things" while his partner provided the necessary mechanical stimulus—a service which Tom performed unthinkingly, with an almost automatic movement of the hand, in return. Thus Tom was able to persuade himself that he was not at all "queer" by nature, and that what occurred was of no sexual significance. However, it is evident that a person who is not at least slightly homosexual in taste could never begin to tolerate such a situation; and I strongly suspect that Tom, along with most soldiers who behave like him, has a definite if narrow homosexual streak. He is, in fact, bisexual—a judgment which, in its general implications, is confirmed by some remarks once made to me by a young Lance-Serjeant (also of the Brigade).

"Some of us get quite fond of the blokes we see regularly," he said. "You go to their flats and have some drinks and talk a bit—they're nice fellows, some of them, and interesting to listen to. And as for the sex bit, well, some of the younger ones aren't bad looking and I've had some real thrills off them in my time..."

But it would be unjust to burden Her Majesty's Guard with an unrelieved onus of obloquy. Provincial regiments which from time to time replace Household Troops in the performance of "public duties" in London are quick enough, after a few weeks of sniffing the air, to rival the iniquity of their predecessors. Not all country boys, one must suppose, have the integrity which is popularly premised of them: show them the chance to make a little easy money, and their response is regrettably easy to predict... I should also remark, as a final comment on H.M. Forces in this connection, that soldiers and sailors, particularly the latter for some reason, who are to be in London on leave often discover from friends the address of a "Club" or "Bar" where they are likely to be picked up by well-to-do homosexuals, and are sometimes told by friends to ring up "So-

and-So, who said to send my mates to him. He's very rich with a smashing flat, and he'll give you a fair old time if you don't mind being fiddled with now and again." By this time, however, activities are within spitting distance of being amateur, and we had best proceed to the second category.

THIS consists of boys and young men who have full-time and respectable jobs of a more or less "refined" nature (hairdressers, shopwalkers, low-grade couturiers, or interior decorators) but who are not above improving their incomes by an occasional evening "on the game." The point is, of course, that their occupations reveal to these boys certain standards of elegance and sophistication which they may have the natural taste to admire but seldom the money to afford. Furthermore, such occupations have always had a strong appeal for men of an effeminate or homosexual type. Given, then, that a boy who goes in for, say, ladies' hairdressing is quite liable to be homosexual in any case, and given also that his association with a wealthy hairdressing establishment may lead him to covet luxuries which he cannot pay for, what is more likely than that he will be tempted to earn the rent overdue on too sumptuously furnished an apartment by the exploitation of his unorthodox sexual leanings?

In the words of Rodney, a "beauty shop" apprentice of seventeen-and-a-half, "I don't like going to bars and getting picked up because I've got my own special friend of my own age. I like to save myself for him. But I've got my room to pay for, and the instalments on the gramophone to keep up, and I like nice things. So that if I can get three or four pounds extra for my trouble, it comes in very handy."

Whereas Tom the guardsman merely wanted two pounds to go home to his girl-friend, Master Rodney wants twice that to spend on agreeable luxuries. But in fact they have a great deal in common: each of them is after a "fuller and better life" as he conceives it—a life to which each assumes without question he is entitled. Neither considers his casual contacts of much significance (Tom considers sexual reality as being his experiences with his girl, Rodney as his connection with his "special friend.") And in neither of them could I discern the faintest trace of uneasy conscience—Rodney's complaint about wishing to save himself for his friend having sprung from a desire to be sexually fresh for enjoyment, not from a distaste for infidelity.

Tom and Rodney, the young soldier and the young hairdresser, have simply realised, with commendable clarity, that to obtain pleasurable "extras" it is sometimes necessary to use one's available talents in a mildly irksome or invidious fashion.

IN MY third category we find a type of boy who is far less prepossessing and yet would probably be found, by the moralist, to be far more easily excusable.

This is the boy of poor intelligence and low town background who has neither the ability to get a good job nor the application to stay with it if he should, but drifts round doing a series of dull, heavy, and ill-paid casual tasks (some of them verging on the illicit) when and as they can be found. Disgruntled, slow-witted, bored, such a boy is dimly aware that there are better things to be had from life and that many people are having them. It does not occur to him that his lack is in any way his own fault (that others work hard to acquire skills and establish a definite position) and still less does he have any clear idea what he is lacking. He simply knows that the world is in some manner "doing him out of" all the things which seem to make it tolerable for others. He finally decides, making the nearest thing he can to a mental effort, that these things are obtainable only by means of something which he calls "luck," a nebulous concept which in the end amounts to the sudden and apparently effortless possession of lots of money. If only he had "a bit of luck," then he would (automatically) have a pot of money, and so would be as good as and probably much better than "all of them." But just what the money would be spent on is not specified, other than by vague and gloating references to cars, suits, and street women.

"You can say what you like," said Len (a temporarily unemployed and half-Irish warehouse hand, whose actual dialect I make no attempt to reproduce), "but it all comes down to luck. If that Macmillan had had my luck he'd be no better off than me, and if I'd had his I wouldn't waste my time reading to people in churches." I do not propose here to analyse this statement into its component elements—the resentment at privilege and excellence, the half-baked notions of natural equality, the idea that everyone, no matter what his abilities, will emerge triumphant if only he gets "a proper chance;" I merely remark that at the bottom of this underdog philosophy is nothing more

nor less than a desire for easy money, and that one day such a lad will be told by a friend, in the crudest possible terms, of one method of making some.

"My friend told me," said Len, "that I could get some money by flogging myself to some rich geyser that liked boys. After he explained a bit, I caught on—and here I am." ("Here" being a dim and dirty bar of a kind I shall describe in detail later and in which Len, being of recent importation, was still receiving the attention accorded to novelty in such circles.) I need hardly add that Len's resentment at "the rich geysers," however well they treated him, was extreme (they had had all the "luck," all the "chances," etc., etc.), and I was not surprised to hear, a few weeks later, that he had beaten up a rich client and stolen both clothes and money from his flat. In such cases, if a "geyser" applies to the police, he will probably be well supported. In any event, so it was here, and Len has now vanished from the scene.

ALL MY categories so far have consisted of "part-time" prostitutes. So it is with the fourth kind of boy, if only because he is prepared to turn his hand to anything at all other than a legitimate job (however cushy), from which he seems to recoil with instinctive aversion. This is the classical type of "lay-about," who has somehow got it into his head that the only money worth making is to be made from shady enterprises of whatever kind. These range from petty theft, dope-passing, running for low bookmakers, through hired violence and crude confidence tricks, to ordinary male prostitution which may be combined, on certain occasions, with one or more of his other activities. Micky, a typical boy of this kind, differs from Len, in that while Len was stupid and essentially sluggish, Micky is quick and inventive, a man of many parts, and has the sense to know that money does not just appear by "luck" but must be sought with effort. Micky's trouble is that as soon as he gets a little money he suspends any attempt to make more while he either drinks, frolics, or gambles the lot away. (When well off, Micky spends a lot on female prostitutes, though his sexual flexibility is such that he has been known to produce a very young "fancy boy" of his own.) The result of all this is that his life varies from one of soft beds and relative splendour to one of park benches and fast-moving shifts—one of which will ultimately prove disastrous, if only because his fecklessness

makes his need for money so sudden and so absolute that his shifts, though often ingenious, are not always as carefully thought out as they should be. "I spend the lot and then look around," he said to me once. "But wherever I look I see steamers [homosexuals prepared to pay boys money] and suckers, so I don't have to look for long." Perhaps not; but if he does not take to looking with rather more care, I anticipate a round misapplication of his talents.

THE FIFTH CATEGORY is that of the full-time professional male prostitute, who lives solely by his sexual trade, is anxious to improve his art and his clientele, is sometimes to be found living in very good circumstances indeed, and can often persuade a rich man, if not to set him up, at least to take him on luxurious foreign holidays. I mention this class of boy last because he is extremely rare. Among male prostitutes, "part-time" is the rule: the full-blown courtesan is not only an exception but is in many ways radically different, in outlook and accomplishment, from all the rest, save perhaps for the hairdresser, Rodney, who rather shoddily resembles him in manners and taste.

Conrad, one of the very few full-time male prostitutes I know, is a finished article. Polished, witty, by no means unread; highly vocal and even knowledgeable about current plays, exhibitions, and scandals; a good cook, a light but sophisticated drinker; above all, to judge from his conversation, a person of inexhaustible resource in matters of sexual technique, Conrad might well be mistaken for an amusingly epicene member of an exacting cosmopolitan set—were it not for two misfortunes: he speaks no language other than English; and this he speaks with a slight lilt, of which, try how he may, he cannot rid himself and which is quite undeniably Welsh.

SO MUCH for the boys themselves. Their family backgrounds, I think, are important only in so far as it is true to say, in all cases, that they were in some sense unwanted in their own homes—redundant nuisances, unloved and therefore unloving. Thus Tom, the easy-going soldier, came, as might be, from a farm-worker's family in the North: his father drank the money and required Tom to contribute further to his drinking, whereat the disgusted Tom went off to follow the Drum. Rodney, the soft little hairdresser, was the son of a respectable small shopkeeper in the Midlands: he disliked

the grim routine of money-grubbing and chapel-going (though plainly he inherited his father's money-mindedness), was consciously out of place because of his "refined" attitudes, and left unlamented for the big city. Len, grovelling stupidly after his share of the world, was just one of a swollen slum-family. Micky came from nowhere, whither he will doubtless return. As for Conrad, his background was Welsh and he attended a minor university: but his parents and his teachers were a preying menace and he left home for much the same reasons as Rodney—alienated from his own people by his own natural elegance. All are flotsam; rootless, or having wilfully severed coarse and ungainly roots.

MORE TO OUR PURPOSE is to enquire how these boys came to take up the practice of prostitution and how they get on when they have done so. The answer to the first part of the question is easier than many people would care to admit. Boys take up prostitution, as other boys of a better class might take up the Law or the Navy, because someone they know tells them about it, first of all painting the affair in general and congenial colours, later explaining the elementary points of application and procedure. Tom learnt from his comrades; Rodney from the whispered gossip over tea at eleven o'clock; Len from a similarly situated friend, while Micky, one may well suppose, gathered his information from the very mists and stones of the city. All "heard;" all decided, for motives which varied from utter listlessness to deliberate career-planning, that "it" would be both lucrative and undemanding; and so all set off, one evening and for the first time, to sell their bodies for money.

WHERE did they go? They went on the street, or to one of a number of well-known pubs, "clubs" (these latter of the 3-to-11 p.m. variety), or coffee bars. (From time to time a place gets a bad name and the police make trouble, closing it, if possible, for some technical infringement of licence; but there are always new places and people always know of them.) Once arrived, all the neophyte has to do is wait. If he is on a well-known street, he will be asked for "a light" or "the time." If in a pub or bar, he will be asked to have a drink, the convention being that if he accepts he is open to negotiation. The pub could be any pub—but it isn't because it is a "known"

pub, a place where it is safe to ask people "to have a drink." As for the bar or "club," it is on the first floor in a tumble-down back-street: there is a juke-box, an air of camaraderie, quite wholesome drinks at just over the average prices, an obliging proprietor, a cigarette machine, and several informally but well-dressed men, some of whom have an unmistakeably officer-like manner. One of these men has invited the new boy (after a whispered conference with the proprietor, who says that the boy is "all right" because "Dennis told him to come") to have first one drink and then another; and now suggests, since it is nearly eleven o'clock, that they should both go back "to my place for another drink." Brashly or shyly, the boy agrees. Tom might add that he is "a little short;" his older friend in the sports coat nods reassuringly. Rodney remarks that he will be needing "four pounds for the chair-covers;" Len that it will have to be "worth his time." Micky (who can never, surely, have been a new boy) is there that night, but is flush and with a woman; while Conrad, who even at the start of his career avoids such places if he can, is waiting in his flat, which is just off the Edgware Road, for an expected telephone call.

So off they go, Tom, Rodney, and Len, three years on the game or three minutes (and it makes no difference now), to the nicely furnished bachelor apartment or the small house in the pretty mews. There they find drinks, a gramophone, carpets, comfort, and ease. For it is all made very easy. "Perhaps you would like a bath?" Rodney has already had one that evening; but Tom wouldn't mind if he did, and Len ungraciously accepts, on the off-chance of being able to palm a razor or a comb. "That's better.... You're really looking very nice.... And now...."

An hour later or so it is time to go. ("All night" is rare, save possibly at week-ends, and unpopular; clients have charwomen who arrive early, while soldiers have parades for which they must prepare, and hairdressers must be at Madame's by eight-thirty....) Tom's friend, gruff and middle-aged, crams thirty shillings into Tom's hand, asks him to come to his address at midnight the following Saturday, and says good-night briefly but with courtesy. Rodney's companion puts on his spectacles, points meaningly to the mantel (where there is a five-pound note under an ash-tray), and reluctantly hands Rodney the novel he had promised to lend him while they were drinking Crème de

Menthe earlier on. Len's partner is youngish, and wishes to impress himself and his friends by being able to say, "My dears, he adored it and didn't ask for a penny." To lend some colour of truth to this notion, he hands Len five shillings with a kindly look, and remarks that this should see him home; but then he catches a glimpse of Len's scowling face, hastily adds a pound note and then yet another, and manages to hurry the slow-witted Len out of the door before worse befalls. Len, who will have his revenge on mankind soon but not quite yet, lopes away down the street with the money clasped in his hand (still dirty despite the bath), a purloined nail-brush in his trouser pocket, and some thirty loose cigarettes, scooped out of the open and opulent box, already crumbling to pieces in the rotting lining of his jacket.

Meanwhile, Micky has taken his improbably blonde girl to a hotel behind Victoria, reflecting, without rancour or anxiety, that by tomorrow lunch-time he will be skint; and Conrad's expected guest has arrived at the flat off the Edgware Road, bringing with him a bald head, no money but a sound cheque book, and a nicely bound volume of very curious pictures.

And what happens the next night?

The same happens the next night and for many nights. (Unless, of course, the police step in; but this is something like a motor accident: it can happen to anyone at any time and is therefore left entirely out of the reckoning.) But just as the pubs and the bars change, so do Tom, Rodney, and Len change—change and disappear. Micky and Conrad last rather longer, because they are tough and clever; indeed Conrad, if he chooses his clientele and his lotions with care, may last until he is forty, when he will have saved enough to buy a little shop in a country town. But in this world, change is the rule: clients would soon get bored even if the boys kept their looks, and they are far from doing that. Boys will be boys indeed; but not for long.

WHAT finally becomes of them?

Tom comes out all right. While serving in Germany, he hears that his girl is pregnant, and being a decent fellow at heart he gets compassionate leave to come home and marry her. Thereafter he settles down to soldier steadily on, until finally and with a little luck he becomes a Colour-Serjeant, liked and respected by all, and even after many years

occasionally to be heard giving good-natured advice, over the counter of the Company Stores, as to where "to get the richest of them if you want something to pay for them shirts you lost."

Rodney's fate is sadder. The attraction of his dark and sissified looks is of brief duration, and though he begins to earn more money at Madame's, he is hard put to it to pay for the little extravagances he covets. To make things worse his "special friend" will leave him fairly soon. He begins to be resentful at what he knows he is missing and will always miss (the elegant, cultured, *rich* life of which he has received such tantalising hints); he haunts the shadier bars more often now, and knows he is beaten on the night when he himself pays (which he can ill afford to do) to take home a boy who in a year-and-a-half will be as *passé* as himself. Still there are several like him; they make the best of one another and in some sort survive. Rodney scrapes along on his earnings, gives chattery little tea parties for his cronies on Sunday afternoons, and often wanders by himself along the Serpentine casting furtive, longing, and somehow reproachful looks at the younger bathers.

Len has already gone to prison for robbery with violence. The "luck" was always against him. After all, it was these blokes corrupted him, wasn't it? But it's him in prison, mate. Why? Because the rich blokes get all the "chances," that's why.

Micky may go to prison too, sent there by his own carelessness. Or he may get too interested in some of the drugs he is sometimes paid to carry about. Or he may just disappear—into a ditch or off to Tipperary, and no one will

give a jot. Not even the police, because Micky is a very small man and even along the dope line never met anyone of the slightest importance. I shall miss him—but not much. The best one can hope is that a queer bookmaker will take a fancy to him and make him stick steadily to the business of laying small bets in the Silver Ring. The Silver Ring is about Micky's mark in life: you need quick wits, there is some entertaining bustle and enough shady practice to keep Micky happy, and he will be following his favourite game—taking the money of fools.

Conrad will be content selling fancy brassware in Barchester. He will be able to afford a week or two at Cannes every year, remember past glories in present independence, and perhaps learn a little French at last. Having earned and deserved all he has, he is careful, in the Welsh way of his Welsh fathers, to keep it.

AND the clients of these young men? From the point of view of this article, which seeks to describe the mechanics of a trade, the clients wear one face only, a face which can never change. For it is the face of a currency note, always as beautiful, however faded and wrinkled, as when dew-fresh from the Mint. All that can happen to clients is that they get richer or poorer. At this time and in this country they are getting along very nicely. Wolfenden may suggest this, the Church may propose that, Mr. John Gordon deplore the other thing: but the law of supply and demand is engraven in brass, and is not to be erased by the abstract and irrelevant indignation of catch-penny public moralists.

Christmas Forethought

Somewhere in this issue you should find a leaflet giving details of ENCOUNTER's Christmas Gift Offer, which enables you to send a subscription to your friends at greatly reduced rates. If the leaflet is missing, simply send the names and addresses of your friends (who should not, as far as you know, already be buying the magazine), with 20s. (six months) or 35s. (one year) for each, to ENCOUNTER, 25 Haymarket, London S.W.1. American donors should send \$3.25 or \$6.50. Your gifts will start with the January issue (out just before Christmas) and an announcement card will be sent to each recipient. This offer applies to the Christmas 1960 season only.

David Riesman

The Uncommitted Generation

"Junior Organisation Men" in America

IN A recent lecture, addressing myself primarily to students, already a highly self-conscious group, I was reluctant simply to list once more the labels the older generation has already pinned on them: apathy, conformity, security-mindedness, "coolness," "beatness," and so on. Such labels do have a certain truth, and I shall try to delineate what it is; but they also conceal about as much as they reveal. They conceal the fact that the college generations of the 1920's and 1930's, now nostalgically admired, were on the whole far less responsive, serious, and decent than students in comparable institutions to-day. They conceal the fact that the apparently negative qualities of apathy and conformity must be seen as an aspect of the high intelligence and sensitivity of this generation of students, who know more than their elders did and who have, justly, more to be afraid of.

In my lecture, I was able to count on a discussion period in which I might partially clarify the misunderstandings so loaded a theme was bound to generate, and in which the students could (and did) talk back. Furthermore, I could respond to some alumni who attacked the "softness" and lack of political and civic responsibility of the students, first by reminding them of how ancient and inevitable was the theme of parents' complaints against the "softening" of the children whom they had themselves indulged, and second by emphasising the difficulties sensitive and concerned young people face to-day precisely because the manifest hardships with which earlier Americans coped have been, for millions, eliminated, while new challenges, appropriate to an age of abundance, still remain to be confronted.

My principal theme, however, was not to defend students against the common ethnocentrism of their elders but to help explain them to themselves, and to show how some of the students' attitudes towards the world, as shaped in school and college, are not so much a reaction to that world as it is, but a "reaction-formation" in the psychoanalytic sense: that is, a defence which has become unrealistically overgeneralised. College students to-day often act as if they believed that work in large organisations and, beyond that, work in general, could not be basically or humanly satisfying (or at times even honest), but was primarily a way to earn a living, to find a place in the social order, and to meet nice or not-so-nice people. This is a conclusion which, I shall suggest, is partly projected upon the occupational scene as the result of their experience with the curriculum in college and university—and as the result of experience also with college and university as organisations which are viewed as bureaucratic, monolithic, and unchangeable, at least by many students.

I do not think it is the primary task of education to prepare students for their later occupational roles, or indeed any narrowly specialised roles, nor to teach them to enjoy work regardless of its quality and meaning. Rather, the relation of education to later life should be a dialectical and critical one. If, however, one result of going to college is to become alienated from work *per se* and defeatist about the possibility of altering one's relation to it, then it seems to me one ought to re-examine academic institutions themselves and see whether anything in them or in one's own attitudes or both might be changed.

Professor David Riesman, now at Harvard, formerly at Chicago, is the author of "THE LONELY CROWD" and other works.

SOME time ago several hundred interviews were done (at the behest of *Time* magazine) with seniors at twenty colleges throughout the country, most of them colleges of some or of great distinction. The seniors were supposed to

be reasonably representative, but what this was taken to mean and how it was applied at various colleges and universities varied greatly. A good many student leaders were chosen, a good many bright people, but hardly any women got in (a questionnaire circulated by *Mademoiselle* gave me somewhat comparable data concerning college women). When I first examined the interviews, and now again when I have once more gone over them, I have been struck by what appears to be a not quite conscious ambivalence towards work in large organisations. On the other hand, the majority are planning to enter large organisations in pursuit of their careers: big corporations, big governments, big law offices, and so on. Only a few seek independence in their work, either in terms of old-fashioned ideals of entrepreneurship or in terms of the desire to become a foreign correspondent, to enter politics, or to follow some other individualistic or exotic calling. (Moreover, hardly anyone expresses resentment against his prospective Army service on the ground that the Army is a large organisation: there is no eagerness for service, but rather resignation to it as one of the givens of life.)

And yet, when these young people are asked about their lives outside of work, a very different picture emerges. There, bigness and scale are definitely *not* valued. Only a tiny fraction want to head for the metropolis, even if their careers might make such a location convenient. They want the suburbs—not later, after some bachelor start has been made in the big city, but now, on graduation. The great majority either are already married or plan to get married soon (even if there is no special one in mind at the moment); they plan to start having children at once, and to begin building a community-centred life in the suburbs. They envisage a two-car but usually not a two-career family, in which the prospective wife will be active in the Parent-Teachers' Association, with subsidiary assistance from the husband, and in which both spouses will concern themselves with a manageable bit of real estate—a suburban neighbourhood in which they can at once be active and hope to make a difference. It does not occur to them that they might be gifted and energetic enough to make a difference even in a big city. Rather, they want to be able to work through a face-to-face group—the post-collegiate fraternity of the small suburbs. Correspondingly, the very emphasis on family life which is one of the striking and in so many ways attractive qualities of young people to-day is an implicit rejection of large organisation. The suburban family with its garden, its barbecue, its lack of privacy in the open-plan house, is itself a manifesto of decentralisation—even though it makes use of centralised services such as TV, clinics, chain stores, and *House*

Beautiful. The wish to build a nest, even if a somewhat transient one, is a striking feature of the interviews, in contrast with the wish to build a fortune or a career which might have dominated some comparable interviews a generation earlier.

This pattern—the acceptance of large organisations combined with tacit and uncrystallised resistance to them—appears not only in the respondents' emphasis on the family but also in what they say about their plans and attitudes towards their future work. I get a sense from the material, and from other comparable data, of a certain withdrawal of emotional adherence from work. To be sure, it has become fashionable to speak of one's work or other activities in deprecatory terms and to adopt a pose of relative indifference to the larger goals of an organisation. In an era of political, economic, and cultural salesmanship, such deprecation is a way of guarding against being exploited for ends outside one's self. It is as if one had constantly to conduct psychological warfare against an outside enemy. But, as in any such process, students become to some extent the victims of their own defences. They come to believe that work cannot really be worth doing for its own sake, whether or not it is done on behalf of a large impersonal organisation—a fear of overcommitment to one's work even while one is at the workplace. In the course of getting rid of earlier collegiate or rah-rah enthusiasm, these young people have come to feel that work is not worth even their part-time devotion, and perhaps that nothing, except the family, deserves their wholehearted allegiance.

We see the same attitudes, of course, among the junior echelons now engaged in work. One hears them talk of their benevolent company as "a mink-lined rat-trap," or speak of "the rat-race," or refer to fights over principles as "ruckuses" or "blow-ups"—if somebody cares, he is said to "blow his top." In a number of business novels, of which *The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit* is representative, it is taken for granted that a sensible fellow, and indeed an honest one, will prefer suburban domesticity and a quiet niche to ulcerous competition for large business stakes, despite the view from the top and the interesting climb.

ATTITUDES such as these are, of course, an aspect of a general cultural shift, not confined to students and not confined to those who seek employment in large organisations; similar attitudes turn up in some measure even among those who, studiously avoiding such organisations, look for a professional career in which they hope to be their own masters. Scholars, for example, are not immune to distaste for their

work, nor are architects or physicians. But while I don't intend to imply that a life without any boredom is conceivable, except for a very stupid person, still I think we are witnessing a silent revolution against work on the part even of those relatively privileged groups who have been free to choose their work and to exercise some freedom in the doing of it. This reflects, in part, the fact that much work is meaningless *per se*, save as a source of income, prestige, and sociability; but it also indicates, as I have already implied, that people too readily accept their work as it comes, without hope of making it more meaningful.

William H. Whyte, Jr., summarises some of these tendencies in his writings (notably in *The Organisation Man*) and points out that some large corporations, worried about the decline in "work-mindedness," are seeking to substitute an ideology of corporate loyalty, a "social ethic," for the inexorable attachment to work which was requisite in the building up of an industrial society. Indeed, he shows how the corporation, in order to compete with the family, takes over much of the aura of domesticity, as if to say: "We may be a large organisation to outsiders, but within we are, if not a happy family, at least a happy suburb, neighbourly, protective, close, and clean." Such spokesmanship underplays the potential excitement of the work itself—and I believe that much work in large organisations can be intensely exciting—and overplays the fringe benefits.

What I want to stress is the fact that not all large organisations are alike, despite the sorts of institutional similarities investigated by sociologists; and of course that not all positions in them are alike. Many, although their top executives clamour for creativity and independence of mind, largely manage to process these qualities out of "their" people in the lower ranks. Others stockpile talent and expect it to keep as gold keeps at Fort Knox. Still others make products or provide services which are either anti-social or useless. But here and there one finds companies which face real and not contrived problems and apply to them an intelligence which is often remarkably disinterested and, in the best sense of the term, "academic." Young people in search of challenge and development would do well to seek out such relatively productive climates rather than to assume offhand (as is true of so many brand-name products) that they are all alike except for the advertising and the label. And this search is necessary precisely because many of the motives which impelled work in the older generation have fortunately become attenuated—motives such as money for its own sake, power, and fame—goals, that is, whose emptiness became evident with their

attainment. Our industrial and commercial plant no longer "needs" such compulsive attachments to work which are based not on any genuine creative impulse but on the drying up of other alternatives.

There is a further issue concerning work in large organisations where again differentiation is required. I refer to the conception that work in organisations requires surrender of independence of judgment, if not of integrity. When I was in college, there was a prevalent feeling among the more sensitive that this was true only of business and commercial organisations, not of governmental or philanthropic ones, and young men debated whether they would enter Wall Street and make money or enter government or teaching and be saved. This dichotomy has in large measure vanished, although traces of it do survive among the less cynical. For instance, I have known many graduate students in social psychology who believe that if they teach they can be honest, but that if they work in market research they will serve manipulation and corruption, and will have no power over their own work. Such judgments oversimplify the ethical dilemmas of any calling, and are in addition snobbish: one can find "hucksterism" (often hypocritically veiled) among academic people in search of reputations, grants, and promotions, as well as among market researchers and other businessmen. Indeed, I am inclined to think that at present many observant young people don't need to be persuaded of this; many are actually overpersuaded to the point of believing that *every* occupation is a racket, and that at best some of the racketeers are less pious about it than others. And this, I suspect, is one of the reasons they tend to withdraw emotional allegiance from their work: with the impression that they have no control over it anyway, that all is in the hands of the mysterious men upstairs who run the show. If there is greater wisdom in the belief that all occupations, like all forms of power, are corrupting in some degree, there is also greater resignation, greater passivity and fatalism.

WHERE are such attitudes learned and confirmed? Even at some of the leading colleges, the more intellectual colleges—the colleges which produce literary magazines—the relation of students to the curriculum has a certain alienated quality, in the sense that the students do not believe they have any control over their own education.

Let me give a few examples. In the last few years I have visited a number of colleges of high quality—colleges which turn out eminent professional men, scholars, and scientists; and I have made it my business to talk with students informally, to read their student newspapers and,

where possible, student council reports. At a number of these institutions, the livelier students complain of the educational fare they are getting, of the very little contact the curriculum makes with the problems that are meaningful to them. Sometimes they feel that opportunities for a civilised and intellectual life on campus are wanting—for example, that there are few inviting places to study or to talk, that social pressures in dormitories force any intellectual life out of the group setting, that student publications are either dominated by the school administration or devoted to “campus news” and trivia, that the bookstore is inadequate, or that the library is geared to research needs, rather than to attract undergraduate browsers. They often feel they have no access to the faculty for other than merely routine matters. Sometimes students complain about the prerequisites of a department, which serve its monopolistic aims or protect its mediocre teachers from boycott, rather than serve any defensible pedagogic aims.

Yet when I ask such students what they have done about these things, they are surprised at the very thought that they could do anything. They think I am joking when I suggest that, if things came to the worst, they could picket! They think I am wholly unrealistic when I say that many on the faculty might welcome student initiative in revising the curriculum, or that it might be possible to raise modest sums of money among alumni or others to bring visiting lecturers, poets, *et al.* to the campus, or to furnish commodious rooms for interest-group meetings. When I tell them that the Harvard House plan came about in considerable measure because of the report of a student council committee in 1926, which caught the attention of the philanthropist Edward Harkness, they shrug—that must have been a golden era, they say; nothing like that could happen now. Of course, as long as they think that, they will conduct themselves accordingly.

What is perplexing in this outlook is that the students appear to be so very realistic about the organisation they are living in. They harbour no illusions about the faculty, the administration, the trustees. Yet they act as if the structure these men have created or inherited were part of the universe. It seems hardly ever to occur to students that a faculty is not a unit, but a set of factions, often in precarious balance, and that student activity might conceivably help tip the balance. And in spite of all that they know intellectually (and as children of vulnerable parents) about their power over their teachers, they don't put this power to use to improve the quality of their education.

At a low-level college it may be that the students have too much power. My colleague

Everett C. Hughes has investigated institutions supposedly devoted to higher education where students make it impossible for the professor to demand anything of them beyond routine and comfortable performance; for instance, if they are asked to read a book they consider too difficult, they will turn in blank pages on an examination concerning it. Professors even at good and serious colleges have to preserve their own autonomy like any other professional group, and I am not recommending that they conduct “customer research” and guide themselves by a popularity poll. But I don't think it follows from this that they must remain innocent of educational sociology and psychology, unaware of the harm they do, or indifferent to the indifference they help breed.

In fact, it is the very quality of some of these professors and of the institutions at which they teach that helps to create in a paradoxical way feelings of passivity and helplessness among their students. Not only have students become better in the better colleges in recent decades, but professors have become ever so much more erudite and competent. One seldom finds any longer at a first-rate university the platform ham actors or dreary pedants who were all too common even when I was an undergraduate. The most difficult and avant-garde books—often those considered not long ago subversive or ribald—are on the freshman reading list at many institutions, and while the market for text-books is better than ever because education is everywhere such a boom industry, there are also many text-books which take account of new knowledge and are reasonably sophisticated. “Sophisticated” is in fact the word for much current higher education: the professor is one-up on the student and the student knows it. This is one of the cases where general social advance brings unanticipated negative consequences in its wake. *Vis-à-vis* such professors, students feel even less able than heretofore to influence their fate as students; and so they tend to leave matters in the hands of the constituted authorities, preserving (like GI's in the Army) only their privilege of griping.

WHY is it that students, often so precocious about many things—about each other, about sex, about their families, and occasionally even about national and world affairs—are so comparatively inattentive to what concerns them so closely as does their curriculum?

For one thing, it seems to me that students don't want to believe that their activities might make a difference, because, in a way, they profit from their lack of commitment to what they are doing. I don't mean that they are not industrious students—they often are, much more so to-day,

as I have said, than prior to World War II. They go through the required motions of working, but they seldom get really involved with the content of their courses. It is here that the better, more conscientious students sabotage their own education and restrict production: true enough, they turn out the credits and the grades, but they do not believe that it really matters in any fundamental sense what they think and feel.

When I have discussed this with students, they have often told me that it doesn't pay to be too interested in anything, because then one is tempted to spend too much time on it, at the expense of that optimal distribution of effort which will produce the best grades—and after all they do have to get into medical school, keep their scholarship, and “please the old man.” Now I am convinced that grades contaminate education—they are a kind of currency which, like money, gets in the way of students discovering their intellectual interests—but here, too, the students in their realism are being somewhat unrealistic. They assume, for one thing, that it is hopeless to try to alter the curriculum so that it might penalise them less for serious interest in one topic at the expense of others, or so that there might be more emphasis on reading and discussion, and more opportunity for independent thinking. And here, also, the students have a distorted image of what will actually make an impression on their teachers either now or later. On this point I have some evidence to back me up.

After I had tried in vain for some time to persuade graduate students at Chicago that they could be more independent in their course and thesis work without any heroism, any martyrdom, there was a thesis done by a student which documented my arguments. The student went around to the departments and asked them which students in recent years they had recommended for jobs or advanced training or fellowships, and which they had not. Then he interviewed some of these students in various categories of faculty blessing or disapproval, looked at their grades, and so on. He concluded that those students frequently fared best who were not too obedient, who did not get an undiluted, uncomplicated straight-A record. (The straight-A students, in fact, sometimes slipped away without anyone's noticing.) Rather, the students who were often most successful were a bit rebellious, a bit off-beat, though not entirely “goof-offs;” these were the students apt to appeal to a faculty member who had not entirely repressed a rebelliousness of his own that had led him to be a teacher in the first place—a faculty member who was looking for signs of life, even if they gave him a bit of trouble at times. To be sure, such a student had to do well in some-

thing to earn this response, but he was often better off to have written a brilliant paper or two than to have divided his time, like an investment banker his money, among a variety of subjects. Those students who were the most self-consciously opportunistic and realistic in allocating their time and emotion were in fact sacrificing themselves unprofitably, suffering not only now during the studies which they regarded as an ante-room to life, but later on as well.

Now, not all departments at Chicago were alike in this matter; some gave more play to defiance and deviation than others. Moreover, this study encompassed only the social science departments. No doubt, departments and institutions differ very much in this respect. But that is just the point I want to emphasise: by concluding prematurely that all organisations are alike, that all demand the same kinds of conformity, students not only surrender the chance to experience an atmosphere that is freer and more conducive to their own development but perpetuate a myth that then controls their passage through jobs in later life. If the University of Chicago or even one's department itself can't be changed from below, how can one expect to change General Motors, or *Look* magazine, or the big hospitals of San Francisco? And if that is so, then why not settle for the fringe benefits, for a position of moderate respectability and adequate if not dazzling salary?

AT work here is a characteristic social pattern in which individuals, hesitant to reveal feelings they have scarcely voiced to themselves, are misled about what in effect could be done if they expressed themselves, thereby discovering others who might share their views. (Sociologists refer to this process as “pluralistic ignorance.”) Leadership, of course, whether in politics or in other affairs, often serves to help a group change its apparent mood to conform to its actual or potential but repressed views—but leadership also may, and frequently does, serve to continue enforcing the repression. Even in a large organisation, radical and what were previously regarded as “impossible” changes come about almost instantaneously, once people discover that views they had previously regarded as unacceptable or idiosyncratic are in fact widely shared.

The students know that there are many decisions out of their conceivable control, decisions upon which their lives and fortunes truly depend. But what I am contending is that this truth, this insight, is overgeneralised, and that, being believed, it becomes more and more “true.” Not only do we fail to spot those instances in which intervention might change things quite substantially, but we fail to develop the competence and the confidence in ourselves

that are necessary to any large endeavour. In that sense, despite our precociousness, we fail to grow up; we remain the children of organisation, not the masters of it.

For Americans, there is something paradoxical about this development. Americans in the past have not been over-impressed by mechanical achievements. Workers in a steel mill are not awed by the giant rollers, and we take for granted that we are not awed by any large physical construction of our hands and brains. Contrary to the prevalent impression abroad that we are slaves to our machines, we are actually relatively uninvolved with them, and we surely do not feel dominated by them. But it seems to be different with the organisational machines. These are as much the product of our thinking and our imagination as any technological feat; yet, as Erich Fromm has said, we worship like idolators the product we have created—an image not of stone but of other images.

It is a commonplace observation that in organisational life we use arguments to convince others which we think will appeal to them, even though they don't convince us. We try to persuade people to behave justly to Negroes because "discrimination makes the United States look bad in the Cold War"—as if that were why we ourselves behaved decently. Or we persuade businessmen to give money to colleges for all sorts of public-relations reasons, playing on their fear of radicalism or federal control or whatnot, whereas we ourselves devote our lives to education for quite different reasons. All arguments of this nature have two qualities: they patronise the other person and they perpetuate "pluralistic ignorance." It can be contended that there may be occasions when we must appeal to others as they are, not as we would like them to be—when there isn't time for idealism. But, in our realism, we often make mistakes about what others will actually respond to, and we sacrifice the integrity and clarity of our argument to our false image of what will go over. The result: we conclude that one can't be honest while working for an organisation, that one can be honest only when one is at home with one's family in the suburbs.

There is another result as well, namely, that we often end up in doubt as to what we ourselves think. We come to believe what we say to others and thus become "more sincere" in the subjective sense, but at the price of becoming still more confused as to what is actually so: we are the first victims of our own propaganda. No wonder we end up without emotional ties to what we do, for it is no longer we who do it, but some limited part of ourselves, playing a

role. Not recognising that we have done this to ourselves, we attribute to organisations the power and the primacy we have lost. And then, as I have said, we strike back, not directly, but by a kind of emotional attrition, in which we lend to our work willingness without enthusiasm, conscientiousness without creativity.

I am sure that many U.S. college students who are not only serious but dedicated know this as well as I do. Such students have managed to make college serve their purposes, and have in this way gained some rational confidence that they will be able to do the same in the organisations they will enter later—whether these are universities, business concerns, or the many voluntary organisations through which we Americans carry out much of our communal work. What I have principally sought to do in these remarks is to encourage greater and more differentiated realism than many young people already possess—a realism which does not take for granted the social structures which seem so impressive, but looks for the points of leverage where one's own effort, joined to that of others similarly freed from mythology, might make a difference. In many situations, there is more leeway than students think, and college is a good place to find this out.

Let me again make it quite clear that I understand the positive functions of what sometimes appears as mere apathy or passivity among students; for passivity towards revivalist manias and crusades is a sensible reaction, a sign of maturity. Moreover, as I noted at the outset, students are not at all apathetic about many fundamental things, among them personal relations, family life, and in many cases the arts. But even these attachments may be in danger. If one is apathetic about one's work, with all that such an attitude implies for one's relation to social and personal creation, it is hard to prevent this apathy from spreading to other areas.

Freud thought that children's curiosity, repressed in the realm of sex, became as a result crippled quite generally—that is, the malignancy of repression tended to spread. This danger we have all but overcome. But the comparable spread of apathy and disenchantment from work to family life—indeed, even to sex—seems to me an analogous development.

My concern is that young people to-day, by "playing it cool" and fearing to be thought "squares," may create a style of life, not only in work but in every dimension of existence, which is less full, less committed, less complex, and less meaningful than mid-century opportunities allow.

Anthony Carson

How I Drifted to Soho

I DRIFTED to Soho after I had got out of bed on the wrong side of a poem. I was at the tail end of a love-affair. I had been re-born and now I was as bad as dead again and ready for nothing. I was in the Army and the war was petering out. There was nothing to be done about that, even if I had cared about hand-grenades in the jungle, but in fact I am not martial. I had been pilloried and posted about from camp to camp in the Midlands, never far from coal, brooding about lost apple orchards and magic telephones, when, in some dreamlike fashion I became an officer. I was given embarkation leave, and in my brand-new uniform, arrived in London and entered a public house. A tall man with long black hair, wearing a huge red carnation and carrying a cane, approached me, his hand stretched out. "Mr. Carson, I believe," he said.

This man turned out to be Eric Winshaw, a writer. Once, in a lucid moment, somewhere near Leeds, I had read one of his stories and been partially stunned by it. I had an urge to rush out of the *Naafi*, into the night, past my leafless apple orchards, straight into the promised land, my pen my sword. Then I would find Aphrodite all over again. Somewhere. Could Winshaw be my sign-post? In actual fact, twelve years ago he had been my rival over a Russian girl called Olga, in Nice. I had never, actually, got anywhere with Olga in the technical sense of the word. I had merely arrived at the first tentative frontier. She was extremely pretty and evaded conclusive issues by prodigious knitting and a soft slow smile. Later she married a quiet

Russian, whose father had been one of those Czarist admirals accepted by the subtle hierarchy of the Nice exiles.

WINSHAW at that time made one think of photographs of the young Oscar Wilde. He was extremely indrawn and was writing detective stories. "They're very good," said Olga, ploughing through a maroon sweater. I managed to read one of them, and found it strained and artificial, Poe without passion. At the time I was full of a sort of easy ambition, I was arrogant with sheer geography, having arrived from Spain on a bicycle, free-wheeling through a revolution, seen a drowned man near Montpellier, and was, at the moment, teaching swimming in the Yacht Club at Juan-les-Pins. Only my teeth seemed to hold me back from the sort of extrovert success I vaguely envisaged, I had no money to pay for treatment, and at the back of my mind was the constant obsession that I was going to lose them, one by one, ever since I had had them filled by a young dentist in the back-blocks of New Zealand who had, only a month before my first visit to him, been raising poultry near Wanganui.

"My last memory of you," said Winshaw, offering me a drink, "was when you fell into the orchestra at the *Méditerranée* in Nice, during your rendition of *Algy* in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. It was a brilliant performance, by the way. You were quite drunk, and you fell, sensibly, on to the drum." "Ah, yes," I said, laughing myself into the character he had created for me. It was true that I had appeared in this play at this very

theatre, but I had no recollection whatever of falling on to a drum. Later, after better renewing my acquaintance with Winshaw, I realised that he had a trick, mostly harmless, of adorning the experiences of his friends with a dramatic flourish, with the detail that should have happened, and that the only thing to do was to keep silent and even incorporate the licensed fancy into one's own legend of experience. "Do you know Soho?" Winshaw asked me. "Not at all," I answered. "Interesting country for the likes of you and me," he said. "Writer's material all round you aching to be put on the page."

We walked towards Rathbone Place. I had lived near this area at the beginning of the war, on returning from Paris, and had stayed in a house with a girl called Mary in Fitzroy Street. I had met Mary in Paris. She was a very sad girl, and only once, by a rock pool in Cornwall under a particular sun, like a sign of the zodiac, did she look happy, glowing like one of the soft, unworldly anemones she so loved. Then I met Penelope and death of the heart, mind, and soul, a death I am only now perhaps mending, like a fisherman's net, since she wanted me to catch no more fish, love no more mornings. At the time I was with Mary, Soho meant no special area, no typical disease, no place that was not a place. It was just restaurants, glimpses of Cyril Connolly who had started *Horizon* (where I had read Winshaw's story), Brian Howard like a professional eagle gnawing into the middle-class entrails of London (when did I begin or cease to be middle-class?), and a gnome-like Lucien Freud walking, without exaggeration, through walls and bathrooms with the ease of snakes when the snake was king.

"Here then is Soho," cried Winshaw, waving his cane towards a public house which was called the *Load of Hay*. "When it closes at half-past-ten we all go to the *Green Cow* on the other side of the street. It closes at eleven." We entered the *Load of Hay* and approached the counter, where I was introduced to a number of people who were mostly disciples of Winshaw. "You'd better stand second on the right," said Win-

shaw. "You're an Army man, which won't be well accepted, but you've published a book. I stand at the corner, and you're next to me except when my girl arrives, and then you're third." And so it was. I became second on the right during my Army leaves, and I gradually felt I was losing my face. Winshaw got to work inventing me. He was not interested in sex or æsthetics, he was unmoved by any sort of beauty, he was obsessed by the ideas of murder and films, everybody was in his own callous half-American scenario, *Load of Hay* clerk, minor criminal, browned-off Civil Servant, Indian remittance man, or pub confidence-trickster. Strangely enough, nearly everyone accepted the role he assigned to them, because the English have a great difficulty in the sort of self-assessment natural to the Latin and other continentals, a kind of personal poetry, and also because they could sense a powerful intellect concealed under his fantasy, and more important still, a reverence for the rhythms of the English language. There are not many crimes which can invalidate that, even the shiny suit of boredom.

AT LAST I was out of the Army, clothed in a demob suit, and went to live in Bayswater. I stayed with an Irish family overlooking a small park, which was a kind of nocturnal rendezvous for cats where they rehearsed for some kind of hideous opera. Then, too, on Saturday evenings, the Irish would ramble down the street singing about the mothers they had betrayed, over and over again, and the Galway sunsets they drowned in gin. There were fights, and then the cat opera, and the dawn came up, a dawn of grandiose dreams. I constructed a window-box, bought plants (some of which were extraordinary, like those with pale blue flowers which flattened their stems at the approach of my finger), and imagined the stream of plays, poems, ballets, books, and films which would flow from my pen, easily, successfully, and fluently. Drugged by these dreams, I let the flowers wilt in their box, and threw them out of the window, and my landlord collected them from the ground and replanted them in the back garden from which I recaptured

them and placed them back in their box, a sort of perpetual motion. Donovan, the landlord, held me in some respect, alone among the white British, mainly because I had, at the beginning of the war, written a near smash-hit ballad called "*Violin*" which I used to sing in the kitchen, long after I began to owe for the rent. Also he had a passion for Bernard Shaw, without having actually read him, and somehow identified me with him, me and my struggles and aspirations. Otherwise, apart from Rose, an ageless British girl of about eighty with a beautiful red wig who had the best room on the second floor and whom I twice saw slide down the banisters, the rest of the lodgers were jet black, and Donovan explained to them how the British Empire had been founded on corruption, persecution, and massacre. For this reason I always had to lock my door.

Behind my barricade of flowers I wrote two plays, two hundred poems, a book, and a sort of pamphlet. My small table was covered with rejection slips, actors who had raved about my plays were always out when I phoned them, editors suddenly became sick, agents flew to America, Press relations officers changed their secretaries. "Never mind," cried Donovan. "Keep on the march and bugger the British. Like the play-writer, Bernard Shaw. And why not another great song? Come on down to the kitchen and sing to us." So I used to go down to the kitchen and I sang to his wife and daughter, and two negroes. "*It was so long ago, violin, when the café lights were gleaming . . . sweet and low played the bow, violin, in the café I sat dreaming . . .*" At the end of the song, everybody was crying, and I didn't have to lock my bedroom door any more. Stimulated by the response, I returned to my old song publishers, Rainbows Ltd., and submitted about ten lyrics. I was slapped on the back, given a cigar, but the next time I called the manager was down with phlebitis. The reason was simple. The song world is run on magic, and I had no magic, it had run out of me, Penelope had swallowed it and spat it out into the underworld. I was washed up, and I almost knew it.

IT WAS time, in fact, to return to Soho and the *Load of Hay*. There might be something there, even though I wasn't young enough to make it happen as I used to in the old days in Paris, where one simply pressed a sort of button for love and friendship and an intoxication of streets and poems without words. But one could try. I pushed open the saloon bar door and entered the public house, Winshaw lifted up his cane and motioned to the place directly beside him, someone or other moved down and I slid into position. You could almost hear a click. I was back. "And there was Carson," Winshaw was saying to his disciples, "marching half a regiment into the middle of some quicksands. . . ." I nodded, smiling, I didn't even start to protest against the fiction, I was already accepting a sort of false personality, the Soho persona to shield me against my nerves, my lust, and even my Greek laughter. The technique was dangerous, insidious, and repetitive. It was a sort of masturbation, the compelling masturbation of the afternoon drinking-clubs.

One day, gripped by tension, I told Winshaw about Penelope. He seemed profoundly shocked. This was not my role. It is perhaps not the role of any Englishman. English writers are mainly middle-class, at least by intention, and love is not supposed to be one of their luxuries, it appears some sort of affectation. The middle-class English writer is obsessed by power and money. Winshaw saw himself as a sort of frightful celluloid gangster who went around talking to editors out of the side of his mouth and even shooting them, in the same way that, later, younger and more suburban writers munched their poisonous sandwiches, Sade or Kierkegaard on knee, on the steps of the British Museum. "My dear chap," he cried, putting his hand on my shoulder. "Don't mention this again, and I will never mention it. I thought it was the sort of thing we all got over in Nice. The appalling waste of time, I mean. The mooning." "I'm sorry," I said. I respected Winshaw for his buried wit, his nocturnal energy, and I envied him the lack of any wasteful ache in his heart.

But the harm was done. I started to slip from second on the right to third on the right. I even slipped down on the other side of a retired policeman who figured intermittently in Winshaw's fantasies and, on the other side, a rich Civil Servant, faintly considered, who bought everyone drinks. There were a few seductions to be snatched, girls whose faces one illumined in the alcoholic half-light, but dust to be spat in the morning. My nerves were in terrible shape, I hadn't so much as the line of a poem or an advertising slogan in my head and I couldn't commit a crime. Many of the denizens of the district, for instance, were what is known as "pending" men, they lived most of their life at the *Load of Hay* bar, had plans, were reasonably well-dressed, stood drinks, and had an almost professional air. In fact they were pending professionals. There was a doctor who had mislaid a portmanteau of phenobarbitone in a taxi, an actor who had lost his voice at an audition, an architect whose last block of flats had suddenly collapsed and killed a caretaker and a vacuum cleaner salesman, and most remarkable of all, a policeman who, in a moment of absent-mindedness, had waved on a huge press of traffic at a crossroads in every direction at the same time. None of these professionals had been actually disgraced, they were merely waiting for the proper moves to be made in higher quarters, recommendations, references, or statements from well-placed relatives. The few members of the criminal classes were also, in another sense, pending, because they failed to apply themselves seriously to their work, bashed their victims inefficiently, were half-hearted about blackmail, or—if they were pimps—were too gentle with their female employees. In fact they talked too much about things to come, and it was obvious that Winshaw, with his murderous literary fantasies, had an extremely bad effect on them, raising what should have been a fairly commonplace means of self-assertion and self-preservation into a sort of pseudo-creative disturbance.

I COULD feel my nerve going. I was not even a pending man, for that matter, and

I hadn't the moral equipment for gang-warfare. Love, too, as a career, was out of the question, I was no longer in the age-group of the young and happy robbers in the coloured pavilions, although career love was an accepted means of survival, provided the woman in the case was chained up from time to time like a dog. In no time at all I found myself in position number ten, between a thin man who was launching a very expensive magazine about Chinese culture, and a bearded gentleman who was supposed to be a German or a Russian spy. I began to shout. Inside me there was Penelope, a hissing cauldron of invention, life-hunger, fear, but hardly anything else. Nothing but five years' army manœuvres, *Naafi* angst, cookhouse fatigues, my own interior maze from which I could not get out nor even manage to get in, and a kind of horizon of happiness which moved as I walked, alas. I had read no book, watered no poem, I had no identity. So, No. 10, then No. 11, I boasted and drank and finally I was at the very end of the line, and I could see the end coming, not dramatic but just dreary. Winshaw, who was always in debt, boasting, amoral but armoured in eccentric talent, eyed me with some consternation. "You must pull yourself together, old chap," he said, prodding me with his cane. "If you go on like this you'll come to a bad end. You'll have to get a job." This was the worst blow of all. The next worst thing was going to prison. This was nothing to do with a sense of morality, or an inherent dislike of industry. It was a basic belief in the idea of freedom, a sort of test, a challenge to the newspaper leader and the Buchmanite and the Communist. Hang on, was the slogan, it's much worse outside. Stick it out with the prostitute, the negro, the poet and the licensed cadger, the murderer and the drunkard, the occasional saint and the jolly pimp. The rest is incidental, accidental, nothing happens with the machinery.

I couldn't do it. I was too empty. I had to go to the machinery. I limped out of the *Load of Hay* like a once-fêted pig and drifted to a terrible labour exchange. "Why not try Inland Revenue?" said a neat small official.

"Inland Revenue?" I said, aghast. It was like saying, would you prefer to be shot or hanged, or would you like the cyanide. "It's quite a comfy job," said the official, as though he guessed something about my case. "Is there nothing else?" I asked. "Nothing much for the likes of you," he said with a smile. "They all go to Inland Revenue." I knew exactly whom he meant, he meant the pending men. "As a matter of fact," he continued, "it's the smartest Inland Revenue of the lot. Really posh, and I'm telling you." This didn't suit me at all. My suit was falling to pieces and I had a ragged tie. "Haven't you got a less posh Inland Revenue?" I asked. "I'm afraid not. It's the only one, where they all go. Here is the address. Park Lane, right among the nobs." "Thank you," I said, took the Labour Exchange card and left the building. I took a bus to Park Lane. The sun was shining, and there were window boxes ironically filled with daffodils. In the park children were playing and I could hear a military band clearing its throat with a piece of Novello. I found the number of the Inland Revenue office, climbed some stairs, pushed open a door, and presented my Labour Exchange card. Then I was shown to a sort of glass box in which sat the chief Inland Revenue officer. He glanced at the card, smiled, shook my hand, and offered me a cigarette. I suddenly felt at home. He was like my uncle or the jolly captain of a merchant ship, he was like the genial middle-aged man in the newspaper advertisements who wants to help you succeed in life and in the neat architecture of happiness. "You'll pick up the hang of it," he said.

I THEN looked around for a man called Tinsmith. He was very rich and had been desperately hurt by life some ten years ago, it was something physiological like a great deal of unhappiness, and once he told me a woman's name, but it was only a label, a kind of shut gate. He hardly ever spoke, but he walked a lot in the parks. Eventually I found him and told him the news. "Just about time," he said, after a lot of thought. "You haven't won that sort of life." "I suppose

not," I said, dissembling, because I still felt arrogant, ten leagues under my soul. "I suppose you want some money to tide you over." "That's very nice of you," I said. Tinsmith was in one of his drinking periods and he took out his cheque book and waved it. "After all, I do nothing," he said, "except think. And I come to certain conclusions." He was silent for some time, pondering the floor. "You could become a very good tax commissioner," he said finally, and wrote out a cheque. He also gave me the address of his hotel in Bayswater to which I moved. It was a sad foundering place, also full of pending people, to whom Tinsmith acted as a kind of officiating priest. There was an ageing Austrian countess who made artificial flowers and a sensitive man working in an advertising agency who was eating his heart out ever since he had discovered that his wife was a Lesbian. The food was minute, served by ever-changing waitresses who, in the rotation of their kind, Irish hearts, gave me double and treble portions, otherwise I could not have survived.

The work in Inland Revenue was strangely refreshing and peaceful after the over-charged tensions of Soho, in fact it began a sort of holiday. I moved around boxes with filed names of tax-payers, Sibley, Sickie, Sinderman, Sipton, Sorgle, Sudbury. They meant nothing to me although each was fraught with tragedy, their graves were in their cards, and sometimes their faces appeared at the reception desk, eyes ringed with despair, and on certain occasions I heard shouting in the glass box. The Commissioner would rise, his genial face suddenly ugly and frightening, and the man would stand there waving his arms. "Who was that?" I would ask one of the higher clerks. "Sickle," he would say with a slight shrug of his shoulders as though dismissing a fly. Two evenings a week there was ping-pong and once a month there was a sort of party. I gave recitations. None of the time did I go near Soho, in fact I began to feel righteous, ordered, coping almost exquisitely with the very sort of terrible machinery which I had so much dreaded all of my life.

THEN, one evening, in the tube on my way to the Bayswater hotel, I saw a tall fair girl standing near the door who looked exactly like Penelope. Not exactly, but near enough to turn the underground winter into a roar of spring. Our eyes met, moved away, hovered about the advertisements and met each other again. There was a faint smile on the line of her mouth. She got out at the station before mine. Suddenly I felt the climate of my life change, the grim hotel became a castle, the park where I walked with Tinsmith, round and round the little gull-hung lake, a gothic wood, and the Inland Revenue office a building of strange, brittle enchantment where Sibley, Sickie, Sinderman, and Sipton suddenly invested themselves with flesh and bone, thrust into my heart with a shining sword of hope. A week later, eaten by dreams, I saw the girl again, again our eyes met, her lips surely seemed to smile and, bracing myself, I followed her when she walked out of the doors on to the station platform. The meeting was oddly easy, she smiled at once, her hair was like the autumn beach. Her name was Doris, she was a shorthand typist and she lived quite near my hotel. Of course, in my winged state, her name and her profession, even the clothes she wore, fell off the duck's back of my heart into the mindless water. She was Paradise regained, the lost orchard blossoming.

She came to dinner at my hotel and I took her upstairs to my frayed room. She seemed to blaze like an Easter queen. Quite overcome, I knelt and kissed her foot. Life's corners of ugliness, the eternity of self-deceit, the death of all wit and common beauty in a trap of print, knocked in my brain. I was the victim of my own mosaic. "I don't understand what you are saying," she said. "You don't—" "Not a word," she said. "None of it sounds British. You had seemed British in the tube, but you are not acting like one." "I'm sorry," I said. Perhaps she was right. I was German or Spanish or early Athenian, perhaps I was a Jew or a kind of Russian. I was out by about three centuries. Everything was flat and this was reality. We went for a walk in the park and looked at the little

gulls with their winsome, pathetic black spectacles, and gazed at the kites and heard the dogs barking. I didn't even hold her hand. "I'm sorry about not being British," I said. "That's all right," she said in a flat voice. We said good-bye and I walked back to the hotel. A few days later I went to bed with the Countess.

LIFE was indeed flat. I sat in the office and gazed at the seagulls floating in the sky. My clothes were falling to pieces. I could feel the eye of the Commissioner boring into the back of my neck, and eventually he called me into the glass box and the hatred he had for Sibley, Sickie, and Sinderman blazed in his eye for me. "Look here, Carson," he said, "you're not behaving in a British way." "I'm sorry, sir," I said. "All you do is sit on your arse and gaze at seagulls. Why don't you get some sort of a job connected with seagulls? Perhaps you're aware that this organisation is unable to sack you." "I wasn't aware of it, sir," I said. "Go back to your desk," he said. After that, by tacit agreement, there was no more ping-pong for me. Various kinds of informers, one of them wearing arm-bands, padded around me, falsely smiling, and then repaired, on rubber soles, to the glass box and sensed consultations.

But the Commissioner was right about the seagulls. I was, in a way, a seagull myself. Luckily, one lunch period, while I was strolling somewhere near Park Lane, I ran into a man called Dunlop whom I had known in the Army. "My dear fellow," he said. "Don't you miss the Army days?" "Terribly," I said. "Say what you like, there was nothing like them, and people like me, and I'm sure you, almost pray for another war. What are you doing?" I pointed vaguely behind me and said something about an office. "Good neighbourhood," said Dunlop. "You must be doing well. I was going to suggest you joined me in my organisation." "What is it?" I asked rather eagerly. "A pretty big travel agency called *Magic Carpets*. I should think you'd do pretty well with your languages."

A month later I joined *Magic Carpets*, underwent a sort of initiation, and eventually

found myself in Italy. I was in charge of numbers of hotels in Venice, Florence, and Rome, directed streams of tourists into cathedrals, museums, and cameo factories, pocketed commissions, fended with guides, and had audiences with the Pope. I had three or four mistresses and made quite a fair amount of money which I immediately spent.

BACK in England, in the late autumn, when *Magic Carpets* operations ceased until next spring, I found my feet taking me inexorably back towards Soho and the *Load*

of Hay. As I entered the doors of the public house, Winshaw waved to me with his cane from his usual corner by the wall, and pointed to the place beside him. I walked over, and imagined I heard a sort of click. I was second on the right. Winshaw waved his arm like a sort of magician and continued his dialogue. "And there was Carson," he said to his disciples, "acting Algy in the *Importance of Being Earnest*, reeling about the stage of the *Mediterranée* in Nice, and finally falling into an enormous harp in the orchestra pit..." I laughed, and accepted a pint of bitter.

Lunik

On a dead planet
a pile of crashed machinery is gleaming

(the beginning
prefiguring
the end?)

Its nose-cone holding
the Greek, Roman and Byzantine letters
of an alphabet strewn with the ruins of empires

(what has ended or begun?)

Stunned
I think of
the unheard crash
the heard silence
of how it still lies there
miraculously inaccessibly
lodged as uncannily as a forgotten date
existent only as a grain of faint metaphysical irritation

Yet existing,
irretractably!

disgorged high and dry onto the absolute
dumped there like scrap,

ejection apt
for a dead virgin
who still as coldly past her suitor stares.

Harry Fainlight

Man as Agent

On Stuart Hampshire's Recent Work — By BERNARD WILLIAMS

THE chief and persistent influence on British philosophical thought about the human mind has been Descartes. To say this may seem a paradox, since there is no more hallowed contrast in the history of philosophy than that between, on the one hand the rationalism of Descartes, with its far-reaching trust in the powers of pure theoretical reason to discover the ultimate structure of reality, and on the other hand the profound empiricist strain of British thought, which has again and again returned to the view that nothing substantial can be learned about the world save through the laborious, tentative, and always corrigible process of generalising from sense-experience and empirical observation.

Nor is this hallowed contrast confined to abstract philosophical opinions about the nature of science. It is equally a platitude—though a much vaguer one—to contrast a certain abstract and theoretical spirit more generally present in French thought with the more cautious, down-to-earth, and perhaps pedestrian temper of English intellectual activities. These contrasts are of course very rough and ready, and, in their more general form, a great deal of rubbish has been talked about them by both the contrasted parties. For all that, there is something in this platitudinous distinction; how then can it be that the prevailing influence on British philosophy of mind is nevertheless Descartes?

There are three main ways, I think, in which it is so. First, British philosophers have constantly returned to Descartes' fundamental belief, that the mind is in some fundamental sense distinct from the body, and that knowledge of the mind, its contents and activities is more direct than, and is not reached through, our knowledge of the "external" world, where included in the external world are our bodies. This belief, in different forms, is to be found in the three pillars of British empiricism, Locke,

Berkeley, and Hume, and once more in the logical positivism famously expounded in A. J. Ayer's *Language, Truth, and Logic*. It is only recently that this belief has been fundamentally challenged, in, for instance, Gilbert Ryle's *Concept of Mind* and the later work of Wittgenstein.

The second point of contact between the British tradition and Descartes is rather different. It lies in their common neglect of, indeed contempt for, *history* as a form of human knowledge, and of historical understanding as a vital part of man's understanding of his world. Although the British tradition differed from Descartes about the nature and methods of natural science, it shared his belief that natural science was the paradigm of human knowledge. Natural science seeks, and seems able to attain, knowledge of universal truths about the world, which hold irrespective of time and place; compared with this, historical study, immersed in the unsystematically particular, may seem a poor thing.

The third point of contact is to be found in a comparable neglect of aesthetics. For Descartes, our experience of art could scarcely appear as a form of knowledge or rational activity at all, and he accordingly has nothing to say of it. The poverty of British aesthetics, at least among philosophers, is notorious. This point is certainly connected with the last, and it is significant that the two British thinkers who are outstanding exceptions to the prevailing neglect of history—Burke and Collingwood—are exceptional also in having serious views about the nature of art. Of course, there is an important difference between the neglect of these things by Descartes, and their continuing neglect by the British tradition: the latter needs explanation, while the former scarcely does. Descartes, a scientist and mathematician in the 17th century, was almost bound to take such a view; what is odd is that in Britain it should persist so indomitably to

the present day. I suspect that the explanation constitutes a rather engaging paradox of the history of ideas: it is precisely the empirical and cautious temper of British philosophers that has left them in this curious, perhaps not entirely recognised, alliance with the rationalist Descartes. The elevation of historical understanding and æsthetic experience to central places in the picture of man's consciousness took place, after all, amid the deep metaphysical thunder of 19th-century Germany, above all in Hegel. While the influence of Hegel radically changed the rest of European thought, and continues to work in it, the sceptical caution of British philosophy left it, after a brief infection, markedly immune to it.

IT IS necessary, I think, to bear in mind these continuing Cartesian characteristics of the British philosophy of mind to appreciate fully the originality of Stuart Hampshire's book.* It is not just that he adopts an anti-Cartesian view of mind and body: this has been seen recently, in the work of Wittgenstein and elsewhere (although Hampshire's own views take an importantly different direction from most of what has appeared). More immediately remarkable, at least, is the way in which his book runs against the other two traditions. Throughout the book Hampshire shows that he regards historical understanding as essential to grasping all but the absolutely basic characteristics of the human mind. There are some features of human thought that are basic and essential, those that follow from man's nature as a bodily creature in a world of solid objects, who can move and act in this world, and communicate with others of his kind with whom he lives in society. Beyond this minimum, however (and one of Hampshire's chief concerns is to determine what this minimum is), the forms that human thought takes, the structure of language, the content of morality, the styles of art, are to be understood historically. All our ways of thinking about the world are conditioned by a given historical context of conventions, manners, and interests; hence also they inevitably change. Thus in anything that concerns human thought and achievement, there are, if any, very few final truths. Hampshire is prepared, indeed, to take the step, not common with philosophers, of applying this conclusion to his own theories: all "determinations of the powers of the mind," any theoretical picture of the nature and interdependence of human capabilities and characteristics, must be provisional, his own not excepted.

* *Thought and Action*. By STUART HAMPSHIRE. Chatto & Windus. 25s.

This concern for the historical dimension runs, though not always obviously, all through the book. His concern for æsthetics is equally deep, but shows itself only towards the end of the book, where he makes it clear that in his view no philosophical theory of mind can be complete unless it gives some account of the universal human desire to produce and appreciate works of art.

Thought and Action covers a large range of topics, from the nature of language and linguistic reference, via the nature of intention and intentional action, to the freedom of the will and morality. In this, too, it is distinguished from much contemporary British work. Hampshire writes in his introduction:

It has been the discipline of this time to answer separable questions separately, to analyse complex difficulties into elementary difficulties. The rewards of this discipline have been very great: accuracy, clarity, and sometimes even conclusiveness. But it is possible that there are purposes and interests which require that accurate and step-by-step analysis should not always be preferred to a more general survey and more tentative opinions, even in philosophy.

Such a general survey he attempts, and the result is a book of extraordinary sweep, often sketchy and tentative in the connections of its argument, but rich in the variety and novelty of the considerations it assembles.

THE free and diverse moment of its thought makes this an exciting and stimulating book; it does not, however, make a book notably easy to digest or summarise. Nor is it made any easier in these respects by the way in which the exposition is put together. The style is extremely graceful, but its literary merits go with a refusal to use the more ponderous devices of footnote and reference which, like metal spikes in mountain-climbing, may be inelegant but do help one over the steep places. In the first chapter, for instance, a number of pages are devoted to arguments which are, in fact, objections to views held about perception by the logical positivists and similar thinkers, but there is nothing in the text to tell one this. It would also have been helpful, I think, to get us to see the direction of his views, had Hampshire made references to writers whose opinions on various topics he either shares or has been interestingly influenced by. Some of what he says about action and self-knowledge, for instance, bears important relations to some French writing which has not previously had much effect in this country: to Sartre and, in particular, Merleau-Ponty, among contemporaries, and to an earlier tradition going back to Maine de Biran.

Hampshire's austerity in such matters extends

also to the devices of cross-reference, sub-heading, and so on; the book is a painting rather than a blue-print, a plant and not an engine. The argument grows, winds, doubles back; and, like a tendril, it tends to proceed spirally, returning to a side of the question it has visited before, but now a little further on. Its direction is not always easily followed, but it has a direction.

THE GENERAL DIRECTION is, very roughly put, something like this. Hampshire starts from the question of what it is for us to be able to talk about the world, and finds as necessary for this our ability to pick out and refer to enduring objects in our environment. What sorts of distinctions we make, and what sorts of similarities we perceive between features of the environment, will to a great extent be a product of society, convention, and history; but that we do identify and refer to enduring objects is a necessary part of our having a language at all. In all these opening sections in particular, Hampshire's argument can be seen as revolving round the old distinction between what is "natural" and what is "conventional;" the possibility of language has a natural basis in the activity of *pointing*, but so long as this basic pointing function is preserved, the forms of a particular language will be conventional.

Hampshire then goes on to argue, in a number of interestingly different ways, that the possibility of language, and so of any conscious thought, presupposes that the beings who use the language should be able to move and act in the world. Here he rejects an important Cartesian idea, that we could imagine a conscious being whose experience was purely passive, who was a mere recipient of experiences. Such a being, for Hampshire, could not think about or have any concept of his experiences, for mere experiences could not satisfy the conditions of reference and identification necessary for conscious thought. (Here it is that Hampshire argues against the logical positivists; some of his arguments are similar to later views of Wittgenstein.*) In order to be able to identify and refer, we must be able to perceive enduring objects distinct from ourselves; the notion of perceiving presupposes that of being able to perceive things from different points of view—for it is precisely this that distinguishes genuine perception from illusion. The notion of perceiving things from different points of view presupposes, in turn, the idea that I can move about in the world, and orientate myself, as a bodily object, in relation to other objects.

* Cf. "Ludwig Wittgenstein," by Eric Heller, *ENCOUNTER*, Sept. 1959.

The idea of moving myself is then taken up and connected with the notions of action and intention. These notions are, in Hampshire's view—here again a radical departure from Cartesianism—connected with my ability to have direct knowledge of what I am doing or trying to do: "it is essential to the idea of an action," he writes, "that a person's knowledge that an action of his is his own action is not the conclusion of an inference." This knowledge that I have of what I am doing, though in certain cases it may indeed be minimal, is always with me when I am conscious. If someone is conscious, then there is always an answer to the question "what is he doing?;" and a man's own knowledge of what he is doing, not merely in some instantaneous sense, but in the sense of a project in which he is engaged which reaches out beyond the present moment, is the foundation of a man's consciousness of his own identity. (Here Hampshire comes particularly close to phenomenological thinkers such as Merleau-Ponty.)

FROM THIS POINT, two lines of thought in particular are taken up. First, some connections are explored between the idea of action and that of thinking or more generally having conscious psychological experiences. So far from the latter being contrasted with action, as it always has been in the Cartesian tradition, Hampshire finds the two to be intimately connected. So far from an emotion, for instance, being a merely passive experience which may, as a matter of fact, lead to or cause overt action, it is rather, according to Hampshire, a kind of inhibited action; the emotion of anger, for instance, is to be understood as a by-product of the activity, itself rather sophisticated, of stopping myself lashing out or something similar. Similarly, the "psychological state" of belief is to be understood as a kind of inhibited assertion. (These somewhat paradoxical statements may be an oversimplification of Hampshire's view. I suspect, however, that the view as it stands is in any case rather paradoxical.)

The second line of thought pursued from here is an exploration of the notion of "practical knowledge" and its connections with intention. Hampshire holds, if I understand him, that there are two sorts of such knowledge. One is a certain "non-propositional" knowledge, which a man has when he knows what he is going to do or, more particularly, how he is going to do something, but has no words in which he could describe this. Thus an actor, for instance, may know how he means to play his part in the sense that he can show you how he does it, and can recognise if it has failed to come off, but could not *describe* how he was going to do it. The

other sort is propositional: a man can tell you what he is going to do, in the form of a definite statement of intention.

Statements of intention are contrasted with predictions of what a man will do, and it is argued that there is a sense in which the two cannot be combined: a man cannot *intend* to do a certain thing if he knows on independent grounds, say some considerations of psychology, that he is going to do the thing anyway. This consideration introduces a doctrine of freedom. I am free, roughly speaking, in so far as my actual actions match my genuine intentions and projects. In particular, the neurotic is not free, since he is constantly frustrated in what he is consciously trying to bring about. In his case, this is because there is something else which in a rather different, subconscious sense, he is trying to do; the way to liberation is through an increased self-consciousness which it is the aim of psycho-analysis to bring about. Here Hampshire (like Spinoza, on whom he earlier wrote a book*) connects the idea of freedom with that of self-knowledge, and, by connecting this notion with the doctrines of Freud, tries to give an interpretation of free and responsible action which will avoid the difficulties and obscurities of the bare notion of the freedom of the *will*, as it has been inherited from Kant and the Christian tradition.

FINALLY, these notions of freedom and responsibility are applied, rather briefly, to an account of morality and the relations of morality and art. In Hampshire's view, the central notion of morality is not, for instance, that of obligation or duty, but that of a good man. He shares with Aristotle the idea that to say of a man that he is good is to say that he is perfect, fully-developed, as a man; almost, that he is an excellent specimen of the type "man." Every morality, accordingly, must contain as its central notion an idea of what a man should be, some doctrine of what is essentially human excellence. Such a notion Hampshire himself seeks to develop in outline from what he has said about the nature of man; in particular, the perfect man must be one who is to the fullest extent free, whose projects are based on a rational understanding of his own dispositions and capabilities, and which accordingly are not destroyed or frustrated by features of himself for which he has not allowed.

MERELY from this summary (and I have left a lot out) it will be seen that the book contains a multitude of ideas variously and suggestively connected together. There is a good deal in the book that will certainly provoke doubt and disagreement. In particular, it is un-

clear that Hampshire has made his case about pointing as the natural foundation of linguistic reference; it may well be that pointing itself, in the sense that is required, is something that presupposes a linguistic context. On the relation between different sorts of intention, again, Hampshire's thesis is obscure, both in respect of the "non-propositional" sort of knowledge of my intentions, and in the relations between the doctrine that to act intentionally involves having a certain sort of knowledge of what I am doing, and the assertion, which Hampshire thinks appropriate to neurotic behaviour, that a man may act in ignorance of his real intentions. The account of morality, further, is markedly schematic and incomplete, and some well-known difficulties in the Aristotelian notion that to be a good man is, roughly, to be good at being a man, are not really answered. More general criticism of the chapter on morality will also occur to the reader; whether, for instance, the rough picture of the good life (remarkably like Spinoza's in its tone of anti-romantic heroism) could serve for other than a rather special sort of life attainable only in favourable circumstances, and whether allowance has been made for the somewhat unsympathetic consequences of this; and whether Hampshire has not incorporated into the notion of morality itself considerations that unduly narrow the concept, so that certain sorts of morality—religious morality, for instance—become on his view well-nigh incomprehensible.

It will be a long and fruitful task for anyone interested in human thought and morality to discuss the difficulties of Hampshire's book. I should like to end by raising just one, more general, sort of criticism. It is my impression that Hampshire's account pays insufficient attention to the applications of natural science to human behaviour, and that some of his distinctions and conclusions may well be called in question when one considers the possible advances in these sciences or even, in some cases, their present state. Now Hampshire certainly denies this, and part of his purpose, like that of Spinoza, is indeed to give an account of human action and freedom compatible with scientific enquiry into the mind. His success in this purpose, however, seems much less striking when the scientific advances for which his position is prepared turn out to be those of psycho-analysis—"the new positive science of human conduct," as he optimistically terms it. To say that a view of human freedom is compatible with scientific advance because it is compatible with developments in psycho-analysis is much like saying

* *Spinoza*. By STUART HAMPSHIRE. Penguin, 1951; Faber & Faber, 1956.

that a material is unflammable because it doesn't burst into flames when one shines an electric torch light on it. This is all the more so in Hampshire's case because he takes a markedly non-deterministic interpretation of psycho-analysis, considering it in effect as a theory of freedom. This is certainly a possible interpretation of psycho-analysis, and it may well be the most illuminating. However, it is only dubiously compatible with a good deal of what Freud, at least, says, and perhaps makes it even less clear than before, if this is possible, in what sense psycho-analysis is a positive science at all.

THE really effective enemy against which theories of freedom should be prepared is not psycho-analysis but the neuro-physiology of the brain, and of this Hampshire has nothing to say. It may well be that a good number of his reflections on freedom would withstand any advance in this science as well; I think it is so. But the real enemy should be faced. It may be that Hampshire in fact thinks that neuro-physiology could not possibly advance to the point where it could yield substantial predictions of human behaviour. If so, arguments should be produced—it is a risky sort of claim.

There is another branch of natural science, too, to which Hampshire might have given more consideration. This is zoology; here the point is not that he should have made room for advances in science, but that consideration of its findings might well have modified the rigidity of some of his distinctions. For Hampshire, human action seems to be radically distinct from any other animal behaviour. Now this is in a sense true, in so far as the human possession of language and self-consciousness (which Hampshire rightly connects together) constitutes an enormous conceptual difference in our views of human and of other animal behaviour. But it does not follow from this that the behaviour of other animals is really mechanical, while ours is not; nor that the interpretation of animal behaviour as purposive consists only in reading into a stimulus-response system a pattern merely analogous to a pattern familiar in human action.

It is unclear how far Hampshire accepts this kind of conclusion, but he seems to me tempted to it. Thus, while admitting that animal behaviour is purposive in some sense or other, he

certainly denies that we can attribute intentions to animals. Here I suspect Hampshire goes wrong in his concept of intention. It is true that we cannot ascribe sensibly to an animal an intention to do something in the future, which it has not yet embarked on. This is because it makes no sense to think of an animal using temporal ideas, save perhaps in the most rudimentary behavioural contexts. It does not follow from this, however, as Hampshire's concept of intention leads him to infer, that it makes no sense to apply to an animal the concept of its intention *in* doing what it is doing. We can distinguish in the case of an animal, as we can with human beings, between what it is really doing, in the sense of what it is primarily up to, and the things that are merely concomitants of what it is doing. Thus what the dog may be really doing is digging for a bone, or digging a hole: not, in the same primary sense, turning over so many stones or making a scratching noise, though it is *also* doing these things. Of course the evidences for this will be different from those available in a comparable case of a human being, whom we can ask what he is doing. But to say that therefore the concept of intention *in doing* such-and-such does not apply to animals suggests to me an excessively anthropocentric concept of intention; we can and must in the case of complex animal behaviour draw the distinction between what is really being done and what is concomitant, and this seems to me one firm ground of the concept of intention.

THIS is a highly complex question, and no simple view can be had on it. Yet I feel that as a matter of attitude, to put it no stronger, that had Hampshire had more vividly in mind the astonishing complexities of animal behaviour, and the marked continuities, not only of reaction, but of patterns of purposive action between the other animals and man, he would have allowed concepts of action and intention not so totally restricted to human activities.

Descartes, it will be remembered, thought that animals were machines; perhaps Hampshire's view of animal behaviour constitutes the last Cartesian element in this profound and original anti-Cartesian book.

BURNS SINGER and JERZY PETERKIEWICZ

Poems from the Polish

On the War we wage against Satan, the World and the Body

Peace would make happy: under the heavens though
We fight our life. He who commands the night
Wages cruel war; and vanities delight
In quickening our corruption with their show.

And there is more, O Lord, that you must know:
Our home, this body, greedy, fleeting, bright,
Heedlessly envious of your supreme might,
Continually covets endless woe.

Weak, careless and divided, what can I,
Engaged in all this combat, gain alone?
O universal King, O peace most high,
Your mercy is my hope, or I have none.

Let me come close, Lord, teach me what to do,
Then I shall fight them and, thus saved, win through.

Mikolaj SEP-SZARZYNSKI (1550?–1581)

Queries

Earth and the whirl of air, the circling sky,
These are my triple texts. They clarify
God's goodness till their living image glows
And I read truth through their three folios.
What spark lights up the sun and makes it burn,
An endless lantern as the years return?
Who drives its flame-maned chargers? And what force
Keeps its bright cart so perfectly on course?
Who costumes night, the youthful prioress
Whose face each evening wears new tenderness?
And why is she not weary with the changes?
Who plants the seeds of dew? And who arranges
For morning to be varnished fresh each day?
Who brightens the extinguished stars which play

Poetry

Like shy sharp fingers with the hackled snow ?
 That fleece, what makes it ? How do hailstones grow ?
 And who has pinned upon the wind its wings ?
 Or given this world so many different things ?
 Who tells tonight that last night has gone by ?
 Nor deviates though daylights multiply ?
 What mind hacks minutes from slow centuries
 And documents with clocks what no man sees ?
 As at a rolcall, the small seconds shout
 Their names and hours, and hours take turn about.
 And when Favonius chases lazy ice
 Far into Tartary with his winged device
 The melting snow beyond Hercynian shores
 Grumbles and crumbles almost as it snores ;
 And youthful Spring unsheets her gentle bed
 And rubs her cheeks with dew till they shine red.

(from the idyll *Winiarze*)

Bartłomiej ZIMOROWIC (1597–1680)

Emblem 39

The Bride came to seek the Bridegroom during the night, and found him—asleep upon the cross.

Inscription: “By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.”

Solomon’s Song, III, 1.

Breathless I run; all day I’ve searched this place
 Straining my eyes and ears to catch some trace
 Of him I love. And then some men reply
 That he was seen asleep at home. So I
 Enter our house and tiptoe to his door
 Afraid to waken him whom I adore.
 But he is gone, and where he lay feels chill.
 Yes, he has vanished. I search again, until,
 Now without hope, at last I see him lie
 Without a sheet or pillow, nakedly
 Stretched on the cross. His only bedding is
 Pain, passion, torment, his death agonies.
 O, my Beloved, is this then your room
 And your repose ? this cross ? this blood ? this doom ?
 Is combat sleep ? a duel where you meet
 Death and the devil, promising defeat
 Since only then can you my sinful soul
 Restore to joy and make my sickness whole,
 When, from your death, eternal my salvation
 Though, for my sins, endless your mortification.

Zbigniew MORSZTYN (1620?–1690?)

The Turkish Army

Those wondrous Negroes massed there, whose white teeth
 (Peering with icy brightness from beneath
 Black smolten glass, their swollen lips,) would scorch
 The eye that watched them as sparks singe a torch.
 The Mamelukes, their tunics broad and white,
 Scattered through that great field and, like a flight
 Of swans above a rookery, banners spread,
 Thick Turkish *bunchuks* flapping overhead.
 Taurus, rock rope where Hercules won fame,
 From both its sides the clambering nations came.
 From Carmel where Elijah's prayers brought tears
 To heaven's cheek that had been dry three years.
 From Calpe's and Abyla's limbs of stone,
 And from tall Ossa, once Typheus' throne,
 Whence giants who expelled the gods from heaven.

The Lydians came, Pamphylians, Kurds, and even
 Armenians, Myndii, Seres, Macedonians;
 Cyrenaei came, Angorians, Anatolians;
 From Cappadocia, Pontus, and that town
 Where sulphur burns and asphalt glue's upthrown,
 Sodom, they came: bald-headed Arymfaeans,
 Cadurci, Latophagi, Cyrcei, Sabaeans,
 Egyptians, Massagetae, Bisalts, Hyrcanians,
 Imawi, Bactrians, Phrygians, and Albanians,
 Psylli and Pargiotes, Gelonians came:
 Ganges, the Nile, and Tigris, lent their name:
 From where the Hydra meets the Crocodile,
 From Vulcan's Lemnos and from Eden's mile
 Where Adam lived who taught mankind to die,
 From Memphis, Babylon, Cairo, Tripoli,
 From the whole Orient now in decay
 They came. Yet from the Danube, nearer they,
 Bulgarians came, and Bosnians, men from Thrace,
 The Cherkes, Rumi, Silistra, each race . . .

(from the epic poem *Wojna chocimska*)

Waclaw POTOCKI (1625-1696)

Recipe for a Warsaw novel

Three landlords, stupid ones; cut each in two;
 That'll make six: add stewards, Jews and water
 Enough to give full measure: whip the brew
 With one pen, flagellate your puny jotter:
 Warm, if there's time, with kisses: that's the cue
 For putting in your blushing gushing daughter
 Red as a radish: tighten up: add cash,
 A sack of roubles, cold: mix well, and mash.

Cyprian NORWID (1821-1833)

The Day before Harvest

One day at harvest time the sun
Was burning up the sky;
Great Mr. Godlord took a walk
Through oats that grew hip high.

He walked bareheaded and unbuttoned
Examining every ear,
Wondering just what kind of crop
He could expect this year.

And had the ploughing been quite right?
Had the sowing been well done?
Was he, great Mr. Godlord, worth
The praise he always won?

Then in his wide left palm he crushed
An ear or two at most,
Studied them closely, gently blew
So that no grain was lost.

Davidson came to that same field.
"I'll not have these oats spoiled.
This harvest is my blood and sweat.
My wife scrimped while I toiled."

"Yours, is it? That's a fine one. Mine!"
Old Mr. Godlord spat.

"I ploughed the land, I sowed the seed.
Poor man, you must know that.

But if you still insist, my man,
I'll tell what we'll do.
We'll wrestle to find out if it
Belongs to me or you."

They grasped each other then and fought.
Davidson's skin was torn.
God used his strength. Davidson fell
Stone dead among the corn.

Such is the usual lot of man.
Such things are often seen,
Men falling as fat cattle fall
When clover's thick and green.

Old Mr. Godlord wins and smiles.
"Brother, you must have known
These crops were mine and always will
Be mine and mine alone."

Then in his wide left palm he crushes
An ear or two at most,
Studies them closely, gently blows
So that no grain is lost.

Jan KASPROWICZ (1860-1926)

Spring, 1917

(in memoriam: Apollinaire)

It was the earth I called to, one, two, three.
The sun is just a hole bleeding in the sky.
The dagger that dug it has long been extracted.
A scarlet clown, good Caesar Borgia,
And Richard III, hunched shadow on the wall.
Observe the moon, a sliver that sticks out
from the sack on his shoulders.
And swallows swell within the dome of the sky,
and blossoms thicken in the fields,
and clouds divide to take up battle order:
I see Alexander the Great
as he stands at Pompeii, in ornate mosaic;
the banners make merry as armies emerge
from the trenches of Verdun.

Only among the spring clouds, only there in
sharp silhouette
I glimpse a green artillery helmet.
It's Lieutenant Wilhelm Kostrowicki.
An armoured engine stamps on the sky.
The thunder of spring is shaking the earth,
is probing into the guts of the earth,
is touching the human heart.
A storm will bend the biggest of trees
and leave it leafless in a wilderness of fields.
The wild vine climbs and drapes lush green
around the blackened trunk.

Tytus CZYZEWSKI (1885-1945)

MUSIC

Looking Back on a Decade

By Virgil Thomson

EXAMINING the state of music *now*, in 1960, as compared with its state ten years ago, I shall not be able always to judge changes by the criterion of progress. One is a little close in time for that; and anyway, I do not know what progress means. It can mean improvement; but it can also mean decline, as when we speak of the progress of a disease. Also, music's state to-day could present so great a variety of changes—like the political map of Africa, say—that the mere enumeration of these might well be more informative than one man's estimate of their worth. Actually, I should like to essay just that, a description of the music-world now, as compared in divers aspects and details, with that of 1950. Fitting its changes into any pattern at all, whether of amelioration or of decay, or even estimating whether beneath them all, music may possibly be just plain standing still, like the rock of Gibraltar, neither of these tempting exercises can promise profit save when wrought with facts.

FIRST, from the viewpoint of performance, or execution, no change at all is visible. The standard Western instruments and the standard ways of playing them are the same. The piano, the strings, the wind instruments sound exactly as before. Nor has their pedagogy advanced. A dearth of string players, though frequently announced for the future, is not yet an orchestral emergency. Nor have string teachers, in spite of much thought taken, yet made any major break-through in pedagogical method that might simplify the learning of stringed instruments.

The art of singing, which seems never fully to have recovered from World War I, was not further injured by World War II. But it has never regained the popularity it held before 1920 both in public performance and in gramophone recordings. Indeed, the earlier recordings bear witness to a beauty of tone and sophistication of style rarely matched since. Singing, moreover,

has not even essayed the particular skill that to-day's chromatic and 12-tone music cries out for, namely, the production of a clean white tone without vibrato.

MUSICAL COMPOSITION has been livelier. Integrated serialism (or multiple-row composition), as announced in the 1940's, has been developed during the 1950's with unquestioned artistic integrity, though in small quantity. The first extended works composed in this technique were, if I err not, by Pierre Boulez. The use of hazard in musical disposition has also been exploited in the last decade. Painters had begun exploring a similar vein some forty years earlier; but chance as an element in music writing, save for those primitive composing-machines that Mozart found briefly diverting, is surely a novelty of our time. Its first user was, I think, John Cage.

Music composed directly on electronic tape, generally known as *la musique concrète*, is another effort begun in the late 1940's that has continued throughout the 50's. Its repertory is still small and its artistic value a matter of dispute, but it too is a novelty of our time, the product of serious effort on the part of perfectly serious composers and engineers.

The acoustical engineers have been collaborating with architects in the designing of new concert halls. Many of these are quite handsome structures. Almost none, however, except for some small ones, is acoustically satisfactory. As a matter of fact, there has not been built anywhere in Europe or America since 1900 an acoustically successful hall or music theatre seating more than 2,600 persons. Nineteenth-century construction methods permitted a better result, as witness notably the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago, not now in use, and the Academy of Music in Philadelphia.

RELATED TO ACOUSTICS are certain new studies of the nature of auditory perception. It is not for me to explain these in detail. You will find them

in the scientific journals. (For one article and a bibliography, see *Gravesaner Blätter*, Vol. 4, No. 13, 1959, published in German and English by Ars Viva Verlag, Mainz.) These investigations are very important to music; they could not not be. One of the conclusions already reached, though whether over-hastily one cannot yet know, is that serial music, if correctly pitched in twelve exactly equal divisions of the octave, is not perceived by the ear as musical sound. Its arithmetical beauty exists on paper and in the mind, but it is rarely a musical experience in the strict auditory sense. Certainly, as we all know, this music is easier to write than to listen to. According to the latest investigations of the ear, serial music is largely *Augenmusik*.

Why the performance of a Schoenberg piano piece is less acceptable to the ear than that of a Bach organ fugue, which is no less shockingly out of tune, I leave for others to explain. All we need note here is that the scientists have the serial composers a little worried. Pure heterophony, however, such as is produced by noise-making groups and percussion orchestras, gets a clean bill of health from them. The ear can dissociate noises exactly in the proportion that musical tones are not present.

By a musical tone I mean a sound containing one fundamental pitch and possibly some of its natural overtones but with a minimal proportion of parasitic noises and of overtones from other fundamentals. The simultaneous hearing of musical tones whose fundamentals are related to one overtone series constitutes the harmonic phenomenon, or the experience known as intervals. This experience owes its very existence, its perception by the brain, to the fact that the ear itself contains a musical instrument, or vibrating chamber. This instrument cannot be by-passed. Willy-nilly it will produce a harmonic perception if the constituent elements for this are present in the auditory stimulus. On the other hand, if they are not predominant in the stimulus, the harmonic phenomenon will not take place.

The fact that Western music has for eight centuries differed from all other existing traditions through its elaborate exploiting of the harmonic phenomenon may have little bearing on contemporary æsthetics in the West. For East Asia, of course, that aspect of our music is its chief attraction. As to whether the new studies in auditory perception will constitute firm evidence in the trial of dodecaphony, I cannot promise you. Nor whether any such evidence will come forward to settle the case. It seems unlikely, however, that it can be settled soon without

scientific testimony. Short of that, I suppose it will just have to wear out, like the 18th-century *querelle des bouffons*.

MEANWHILE some division of the spoils has been going on. By division of the spoils I mean that the neo-classical and other diatonic writers who have for twenty and more years now held all the chief posts in pedagogy, radio, publication, criticism, public instruction, and musical philanthropy, have in the last decade relinquished under pressure a few of these to twelve-tone writers. They have also, almost to a man, all written twelve-tone or otherwise chromatic pieces.

Chromatic complexity and rhythmic or metrical complexity are surely the mark of practically all the ambitious works of music composed in the 1950's. This is not wholly true of the opera; but it does apply to most of the symphonic and chamber music of our younger musical leaders such as Henze and Hartmann in Germany, Carter and Kirchner in the United States. Even certain older writers, such as Stravinsky, Dallapiccola, Copland, and Chavez, have further neutralised and elaborated their textures. The 1950s seem to have stabilised an international style void of obvious folkloric content. A maximum of dissonance saturation—characteristic in general of our century's art music—and a minimum of historical allusion or stylistic reference, such as abounded in the music of the neo-classical school, make this music appropriate for manufacture anywhere and for distribution everywhere—excepting the Soviet Union, of course. For all the luridness of expression, for all those representations of emotional introspection, abnormal psychology, and eerie weather that chromatic textures invite and rhythmic elaborations underline, the music of to-day, written by no matter whom, is surprisingly non-committal. No shadow of wilful charm lies over it; no plain or urgent communication peers through its complex surfaces. It is as if the whole world of music had decided to bury its head in a deliberate, a manneristic hermetism, and to hide thus its trembling heart from the common view.

Can it be that the century, as so many other centuries have done, is approaching stylistic maturity in its last half, that all the manners and devices exploited individually over the last sixty years are coming to be amalgamated now into a common language?

This consummation, though devoutly to be wished, has been hindered up to now by the war about dodecaphony. To-day's international idiom certainly gives larger rights to the chromatic manner than that of the 1930's did. Actually, right now the accepted way to write

music is probably over-chromatic, because any epoch's chromatic style—and indeed every epoch has one—is not likely to suffice for more than about ten per cent of the epoch's expressive needs. Chromaticism is too imprecise, too slippery, and too monotonous to cover a full gamut of feeling. It has been useful in a decade of self-pity and of conformity. And arithmetical symmetries in rhythm have offered some refuge in a time of cold wars and urgent concealments. (As William Blake said, "In a time of dearth bring out measure and number.") But I doubt that the present fad for gratuitous complexity allows for quite the breadth of expression that the coming decades will, must, require of a mature idiom.

IN THE DOMAIN OF MUSICAL AESTHETICS, or usages, a notable fact of the 1950's has been the very great preoccupation of Western composers with the opera. Save for Stravinsky's *Agon*, few major musical scores for ballet have been produced. Symphonic composition has run thin of substance too, though by volume there has been a good deal of it. But everybody, almost, has written an opera or is writing one.

From the Soviet Union, just after the war, came Prokofiev's *War and Peace*, later his *Angel of Fire*. France gave us Milhaud's *David*, Sauguet's *Les Caprices de Marianne*, Poulenc's *Mamelles de Tirésias*, *Dialogues des Carmélites*, and *Voix Humaine*. From England came Britten's *The Turn of the Screw* and operas by Lennox Berkeley, Tippett, Arnell, and Walton. In Germany, Liebermann, von Einem, Orff, Egk, Henze, and Fortner have produced striking operatic works. In the Western hemisphere Stravinsky, Menotti, Barber, Blitzstein, Douglas Moore, Peggy Glanville-Hicks, Hugo Weisgall, Carlyle Floyd, Aaron Copland, Nicolas Nabokov, Carlos Chavez, and Juan José Castro have composed operas of far more than minor merit. Spain, Brazil, and the Low Countries have not yet joined the opera club. Scandinavia has produced one entry, the Iron Curtain countries none. Italy, opera's mother land, still bears her child a faithful love but one that to-day goes largely unrequited.

As for radio, films, and television, I do not know a single recent item of major quality as music, any musical novelty, departure, or innovation of distinction. Though Italy, Holland, Germany, England, and the United States have made efforts towards television opera, none of these, it seems to me, has been quite successful artistically. And film opera is even farther away from a solution of this knotty problem. It is knotty because the camera is naturalistic, whereas the opera is poetic theatre, hence stylised theatre. Getting contemporary dialogue into

musical recitative would probably be the big break-through, but nobody has done that convincingly yet.

Jazz, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, has been quiet too. A style known as "progressive," or "cool," has been the main vogue. It hardly makes any noise at all. Just last winter, however, a saxophone player named Ornette Coleman has revived in New York the "hot" style in a manner hotter than ever before; and that was a pleasure to those of us who cherish jazz for its majestic sound as well as for refinement of improvisation. A species known as rock-'n'-roll, if you are interested, is on the decline. It never was a branch of jazz anyway; it was commercialised hill-billy aimed at selling gramophone records to children of nine to fourteen.

Now let's move into the business office. Grants for composers and commissions abound in Europe now, as in the Americas. Foundations, orchestras, opera houses, festivals, and rich publishing firms order works by the half-dozen. Publication and performance are available to composers on a massive scale. The recording of contemporary music, however, which was so active ten years ago, has been slowed down by the introduction of stereophonic discs. These are so expensive to make that small enterprises cannot produce them. And the large companies are so involved with re-making the standard repertory that their attention to new music has fallen.

The recording of serious music, in fact, is an enterprise gravely in need of subsidy. In a world where every symphony orchestra and opera house, every ballet troupe and puppet show is sustained by subsidies, public or private, it is improper that the preservation of musical performances should be left wholly in commercial hands. The support of a contemporary and classical recording programme should be a matter of concern to governments and to cultural foundations. Supporting music through endowed performing organisations such as symphony orchestras is not enough. Everything reputable should be recorded and made available both for cultural propaganda purposes and for historical study. Such an invasion into the record business, especially if operated by governments, might even cut through the barrier to international distribution now represented by cartels and protective customs charges. Few contemporary products are as hard to transport from one country to another as a gramophone record.

EXCEPT FOR THE RECORDING INDUSTRY (which does work internationally, though under self-

imposed restrictions abusive to culture), the whole music world these days seems to be hedge-hopping frontiers as if Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Americas were the terrain of one vast steeplechase. Cold war on the cultural front has found music ever so useful towards seducing the affection of peoples. I suppose this is a good thing. Whether it is good for politics I could not say. But it gives trips to musicians, gets performers and composers round the globe, provokes paying engagements and performing-rights fees. Every government in the world and every international business organisation, occasionally even the Roman Papacy, now uses modern music and art for propaganda purposes. And all this too is part of our vast musical distribution.

That distribution includes films, radio, television, the touring of opera, ballet, and theatre troupes, the massive displacement of symphony orchestras, the sale of gramophone recordings, and the forcible hearing of music in bars, restaurants, barber shops, art museums, steamships, railway stations, and even in airplanes. Music has invaded every home and every public edifice, every royal reserve and every aboriginal isle. The world is now an auditory landscape so vast that, save for a few monumental figures of natural publicity charm (like Stravinsky, say, or Maria Callas), individual music-makers pass virtually unnoticed. Perhaps this is why the composers more and more sound all alike, why they seem to have adopted, in spite of their twelve-tone war, a uniform way of writing music. Chromatic, complex, and massively dissonant, they move in phalanx and regiment like armoured tanks. What have they got on their minds? Asserting their rights to a share perhaps in the profits of a global distribution.

IN ANY CASE, the composers of the world seem to have united, as if some tribal instinct, or burgeoning of class solidarity, had made them all aware that there is little place in to-day's world for individualised achievement. Considering the size and powerful organisation of our distribution mechanisms, they may be right.

IT IS the size of any cultural distribution that determines whether the thing distributed is to be considered as a "mass medium of communication." I am suggesting that music in all its forms tends to-day towards the massive operation. In the United States, for instance, classical concerts take in more money than the national sport, baseball. And there are 45,000 symphony orchestra groups. Germany alone has, I am told, 81 opera houses. And radio listeners are counted by millions everywhere. Even the universities (and there are thousands of these) constitute no élite group at all but simply a mass public like any other.

Really there is not much élite any more, and no *avant-garde* at all. There is very little music written to-day that is genuinely recondite. The most advanced atonalists are already box-office. Nor does their music long resist analysis; indeed, it explains quite easily, far too easily for comfort. It seems made for mass distribution and will, I am sure, attain it.

WHAT WORRIES EVERYBODY, or should, is how to preserve, in mass-media distribution, the qualities of beauty and distinction that were formerly music's glory. Actually the operators of the mass media themselves are not wholly inimical to style. A good deal of quality can be present in films. Commercial radio is opposed to it, however. Educational organisations are not. Neither are Western governments, on the whole. The Soviet Union and the Arab League (if one can judge from the Cairo broadcasts) do not approve of distinction. They want to make common men out of everybody. So also, it would seem, do the Christian Churches. In any case, I do think that an increasingly mass-media and mass-distribution view of music, even in its most seemingly occult laboratories, has been a mark of the last decade. This trend is not necessarily permanent, but it is present now. And it may account for a certain standardised and ready-to-wear quality (as opposed to the hand-made elegance of earlier masters) that is depressingly characteristic of so much written in this time.

THEATRE

The Vigorous Fancy

By Nigel Dennis

THERE would seem to be two ways of imagining a play—which is to say, two sorts of playwrights. He of the first, most common, sort envisions everything in the form in which it already exists: if, for example, his subject is capital punishment we may expect three acts of supposedly “real” drama, beginning with the facts and situations that provoked the hero to murder and ending with the never-to-be-forgotten scene in the condemned cell and the prison clock striking nine: there is no reason outside exhaustion why this sort of author should not produce an unlimited number of plays, since life provides him with an unlimited number of realities. His duties are more those of an editor than an author, because they consist of omitting the uninteresting facts of reality and playing up the exciting ones: the resulting “truth” is the same as the so-called “news” that appears in a newspaper after the facts have been culled to suit the proprietor, the readers, and the advertisers.

The second sort of author rejects this way of doing things entirely. Excited by the theme of capital punishment, he asks immediately: “How can I write a play on this subject without actually writing about it?” Before he can put pen to paper he must find an illustrative parallel to capital punishment—characters, happenings, and situations that are not involved in capital punishment at all and yet say everything the author has to say on precisely that subject. If this author fails to find the parallel, or transposition, that he requires, he will not write his play at all, for the plain reason that he cannot believe in the reality of any play that is real. What is meat for the first sort of author is the most obvious kind of poison to the second.

We would like to argue here that only the plays of the second sort of author are good plays (because they are the only ones that make a true distinction between what is theatrical and

what is natural). The only trouble with this argument is that it cannot be shown to be true—but this must not deter us from making it. To find out what is true and what is untrue in theatrical matters appears to be so utterly impossible that it is best to accept this fact and regard the stage purely as a form of religion. In it, one is a Jesuit, or a Jehovah’s Witness, or a Dissenter, or a Buddhist, and the lusty bawlings of one’s inflamed convictions are only a ritual ecstasy to which members of other churches can always shut their ears. There will always be writers who write as most Royal Academy painters paint. And there will always be a few writers for whom the transposition of natural material into selected forms seems the only point at which playwriting can even begin. The only curious thing about this—it is otherwise a very jaded topic—is the way fashion favours first one method and then the other, varying with both time and nationality. There is not, for example, a single notable French dramatist writing to-day who does not take for granted that there can be no dramatisation without transposition. But in England, this conviction is only beginning to creep in, and it is so little a deep conviction that the works that are occasioned by it seem nervous copies of a stalwart alien method. Transposition comes naturally to Mr T. S. Eliot when he turns his poetic attention on the drama, but it comes naturally only because he is a poet—and the poet’s place in contemporary drama is still the uneasy one of a man in evening dress trying to look natural in a transport café. The lorry-drivers, of course, are our prose writers—and a very decent, dogged lot they are, devoted to bluntness and tea and fond of a rough laugh. Some of them have high ideals, like Mr. Arnold Wesker; some have dedicated open spaces of the mind, like Mr. Terence Rattigan; some carry plain, friendly messages on their windscreens,

like Mr. Robert Bolt. Their home is the trunk road, so they could never take as their own the young Swift's motto:

*Beat not the paths which vulgar feet have trod.
But give the vigorous fancy room.*

Indeed, Mr. N. F. Simpson is our only exponent of vigorous fancy, and though his path of transposition is not all it might be, nobody could possibly describe his feet as vulgar.

IS TRANSPPOSITION, then, merely a question of national tradition, rather than an artistic essential? Is it a concomitant of religion, which dies when religion dies? Is it an aristocratic method that falls into disfavour in democratic eras? In the Greek drama, where everything begins, at least for us, transposition is not merely a way, it is the only possible way. Almost all Greek tragedy is concerned with the demands of human duty—a man's duty to his father and mother, a sister's duty to her brother and to the State, a man's duty to the irrational power of nature—and yet none of these is expressed directly; each must be transposed into legend before it can be regarded as dramatic. In fact, so complete is the transposition that when the earnest historian of later centuries combs through the Greek tragedies in search of *facts*, he is not rewarded with anything at all—only illustrative images and dilemmas of ethics reply to his demand for actualities. For his facts—when he has gleaned what he can from Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, and Xenophon—he must turn to Greek satire: hence, the marvelously amusing spectacle of the decent scholar studying some outrageous Aristophanic obscenity and struggling to decide whether it was uttered in pure jest or represented, if only partly, a sober fact. It is surely one of historiography's greatest jokes—perhaps *the* greatest—that the most respected epoch of Western civilisation cannot be factually described at all except with the utterly disrespectful assistance of the most wanton of satirists.

And yet, though Aristophanes alone can tell us who ate what for lunch in ancient Greece, how much piglets cost, and what oil Athenian wives used to stop the hinges squeaking when they slipped out to meet their lovers, even he was not only a transposer, but one of the very greatest transposers. He must rank as such because the greater the factual pressure upon his person, the more greatly his dramatic mind expressed the situation in transposed terms. *Journey's End* is our prosaic response to a devastating war, but *Lysistrata* was Aristophanes'. The former meets reality upon its own ground, with its own weapons; the latter insists with

magnificent contempt that war is much too real to be represented factually.

Such was the way of things for at least fifteen hundred years after Aristophanes. It was still the way when plays like *Everyman* were written, and it is difficult to say when exactly it became the way of a minority. Oscar Wilde is bold enough to lay the blame on Shakespeare, seeing the old "perfection of form" destroyed by "the gradual breaking-up of the blank verse in the later plays, by the predominance given to prose, and by the over-importance assigned to characterisation." (This last point is particularly one of extreme interest, because there is little doubt that our passion for "characters" is pregnant with a sort of stolid self-interest and narcissism.) Any yet, can it be questioned that while the majority of dramatists thenceforth followed the direct method of biting chunks straight out of life, the minority hewed to the traditional way and were the greater dramatists? Wilde describes *The Tempest*, that marvel of transposition, as "the most perfect of palinodes;" yet there was already *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and we can see, say, in *Macbeth*, that the appearance of the witches at the very start of the play is not a mere constructional detail but a declaration, made at the outset, that what is to come belongs not to reality but to the transposed world of spooks, kings, and omens. And can we not follow this line through the succeeding centuries, find all the masterpieces among the works that are transposed, but none among those that followed a direct approach and represented what Wilde calls "Life calling for an echo of her own voice"? What is *An Enemy of the People* compared with *The Wild Duck*? What is *An Ideal Husband* compared with *The Importance of Being Earnest*? Which is Jonson's crowning glory, *Volpone* or *The Alchemist*? Is there anything "real" about *Suddenly Last Summer* or *Orpheus Descending*: was their content not already myth to Euripides? Is our debt to Brecht not due entirely to his unlimited understanding of the art of transposition, rather than his limited understanding of the facts of life? Why do people remember the heroine's dance in *Roots* more than anything else in Mr. Wesker's trilogy, if not because during those precious two minutes the author's feet were seen to leave the ground?

THE rules of transposition laid down by Wilde favoured poetry at the expense of prose, and the past at the expense of the present ("the two things that every artist should avoid are modernity of form and modernity of subject-matter"). But we cannot believe that this theory is successful in practice—as Wilde's own example shows. *Vera*, *The Duchess of Padua*, and

Salome eschew modernity and hew to poetry: but the result in all three cases is uncomfortably whimsical compared with *The Importance of Being Earnest*, which is both modern and prosaic: we can demand, and get, from good prose an essential poetry—that is to say, a vigorous ranging of the mind into transposing imagery. As to the use of the past for subject-matter, one cannot say too strongly that this is a very easy thing to do badly. It can be, and usually is, quite as unimaginative as writing about the present: for it takes more than mere costume and selected archaisms to disguise a tedious mind. All that can be said in favour of the past is that usually it demands and employs the full resources of the stage; whereas most plays with modern subject-matter go out of their way to use the stage as little as possible. It is surely very odd, when one comes to think about it, for a stage to provide trap-doors which never open, acoustics which enhance nothing but words, costumes which are disregarded in favour of business-suits, flies from which nothing descends but light bulbs, and wings that are closed with doors: one wonders why there should be theatres at all, since any Y.M.C.A. or village hall has all the required equipment. Fortunately, the French exponents of transposition show us that we can be entirely modern if we please and yet use the facilities of the stage to full advantage. M. Jean Genet's *The Balcony* is perhaps the most ambitious of contemporary transpositions, yet its faults have nothing to do with its modernity. *Endgame* and *Rhinoceros* are open to many criticisms, but that of being too up-to-date is not one of them. We may conclude, therefore, that the time factor is an unimportant one. Satan can be shifted forwards or backwards in time, just as we please: he may wear his mediæval tail or his Victorian tails, but no transposition will be achieved if the author's satanic opinions lack the vigorous fancy the subject demands.

It is notable that transposition leads authors towards certain definite points. One may mention four: the dream, the disguise, madness, and the dance. *Henry IV* and *Six Characters in Search of an Author* draw heavily upon the first three, all four are present in *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Some, or all, of the four often interweave with one another; as dream and disguise interweave in *The Wild Duck* until a happy euphoria is sustained on the very brink of madness—the obverse side of the nightmare teeterings on the brink so favoured by Strindberg. Brecht's people dance as readily as M. Ionesco's rhinos; Mr. Osborne's entertainer actually makes his living out of it; Musset's Fantasio can say only in dance what he cannot express in words; and M. Genet's whore-

house bishop insists that "of my gestures . . . are born my thought, my language, and finally my message to the world. I'm not living, I'm dancing. . . ." We are reminded of Nietzsche, near madness, repeatedly declaring himself a dancer—and all at once we recall *The Birth of Tragedy* and are back again in the theatre's earliest days, dancing for gods who would no longer mean anything to us if their curious rituals did not have a habit of cropping up so persistently. The dream, the disguise, madness, and the dance—one thing they have in common is that when they take place on-stage they are directed, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, not at the audience but at the actors; and thus they provide a play within the play, which is the ultimate transposition and gives us the ultimate illusion of entering a world of pure mystery and leaving everyday limitations behind. The transposed world has many complicated and frightening passages; its vigorous fancies range from the lightest of dreams to the most grisly brushes with insanity; so it is no wonder that most authors find it much safer to go directly to Suez, or the hydrogen bomb, or the hosed-down back-sides of farm-labourers: these unghostly and rudimentary actualities tax neither the nervous energy of the author nor the faculties of his audience.

TO ARGUE so strongly for transposition means doing great injustice to many dramatists; so it is only proper to start picking as many holes as possible in the argument and scatter retractions as freely as if they were gold sovereigns. To begin with, transposition is easily imitated: any cunning mind can say, "Oh, I get it!" and dish up an intolerable plate of stewed prunes, all pretending to be plums with a heavenly bloom. The direct method of the commonplace cook is infinitely preferable to this duplicity, which only serves to bring the really first-rate chefs into disrepute.

Secondly, transposition is a very exacting art and its bits and pieces have to fit together properly. Many quite good transposers manage to carry their theme into the requisite state of unreality and then lose track of what they are doing: somewhere in Act II their dream begins to dodder and fall about, and their efforts to push and pull it straight result in outbursts of loud verbiage which merely serve to cover the vision's escape into the bushes.

Thirdly, transposition can easily get stuck in the mud. The fixed form of the *No* play can, one imagines, seem almost like vulgar feet after a few hundred years of treading; and if all modern plays had dances in them, we should soon find stillness more imaginative. Even

masks, madness, and dreams can become conventional; even Mr. Tennessee Williams' Orphic catastrophes will seem commonplace if they occur too regularly. It is important, therefore, to realise that even if realism is not itself the epitome of art, it is a most useful corrective to decadent transposition. It always appears when transposition needs a good rest and keeps the theatres open until the old man is fit to go crazy again.

Lastly, there is the troublesome problem of plays that are undeniably good but not transposed. Such a play as *Coriolanus* is like a nasty, nagging reminder that all theatrical theories are doomed to puncture: here is a hard, remorseless blow at plebeian standards, made up entirely of direct hits, and couched most deliberately in a short, masculine language that fills one with respectful admiration: if *The Tempest* is a palinode for *Coriolanus*, one can only say that the apology was not required. *Timon of Athens* has something of the same engaging ferocity, and the most one can say when confronted by such plays is that the vehemence with which the principals go to their fated ends is so out-of-this-world as to seem like a semi-transposition, if not a complete one. Perhaps one may see them as stepping-stones, as half-way houses to transposition, a modern parallel to which might be the famous shelter-paintings of Mr. Henry

Moore. These paintings are neither wholly realistic nor wholly transposed: when we look at them, their living sources are in evidence equally with the ideal extravagances that are the artist's final expression. And once we have admitted this, in the theatrical sphere, we can not only not deny the quality of the semi-transposed play but must admit that there are scores of such plays—Jacobean and Stuart, Restoration and 18th-century, the bulk of Chekhov and of O'Neill—none of which can be cheerfully dismissed as mere run-of-the-mill stop-gaps. The most we can say is that the large majority of these deserve much respect but only rare performance, or that if they are performed frequently (as is *Henry V*, for instance) the motive for doing so is often more popular than artistic. They are, perhaps, the great body of the drama, essential as a thick rope tying the centuries together in a big way. But are they, whatever we may say of their poetry, or their humaneness, or their humour, or their varying beauties, ever quite on a par with transpositions' final sublimities—with *The Tempest*, with *The Wild Duck*, with *The Alchemist*, with *The Bacchae*? This is an important question to ask in Chekhov's centenary year, when lovers of transposition wear mourning bands not only in order to pay the master due homage, but in hope of burying his imitators alive.

Being Alone

being alone was always round the corner
a friend to go to who would not be out
after the bloodless massacre and the real
terror and anger

being alone could calmly watch you crying
and would be party to most sinister
plots and suspicions: and the only pity
was how you wasted

being alone: the only undemanding
invulnerable and loved companion
whose help was ready and whose side was strong
by definition

Oliver Bernard

NOTES & TOPICS

The Lawrence Legend

T. E. LAWRENCE is living again, at 8 T.o'clock, at the Haymarket Theatre, or at least his legend walks the boards there, superbly incarnate in Alec Guinness. It is hard to say which of the two is portrayed, just as it is difficult ever to establish where the soldier-poet ended and the product of mythopoesis, of auto-mythopoesis if there be such a word, began. Those who knew him and truly loved him, Robert Graves, Basil Liddell-Hart, and others, wrote about him in a most curious way: so might a Roman have written about a comrade at Lake Regulus who was also, and in another place, Castor: so might a Knight Templar have described a friend who had taken the vows and fought the infidel and undergone all the horror, and who was yet, behind it all, St. George on a transient visit. For his vulgarisers, journalists of the Lowell Thomas variety and below, he was the heaven-sent object of their lucrative personality cult; they tried to kill him with their debased love, and perhaps they succeeded, even as their forerunners had killed St. Joan and Byron and so many others. While his denigrators, Richard Aldington in print and many others in conversation, have attempted to "dismiss" his legend with the same pedestrian and ham-handed, irrelevant arguments that the Bradlaugh atheists used in their attempts to "explain" the miracles.

It is indeed hard to glimpse the man who really was, through all this. And in his own writing it is difficult not to feel that he was frequently and deliberately misleading when talking of himself. That he was very like the character portrayed by Terence Rattigan in his convincing play, seems probable. But a subject for perhaps more fruitful speculation is why his legend should have exercised such a very strong appeal over forty years.

It has passed through at least two phases, and with *Ross* may well be entering a third. The enormously popular and mysterious figure at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919, the youthful colonel in Arab dress, spoke directly to a generation nauseated by the fantastic stupidities and filth of 1914-1918. Alone with his Bedouin beneath the desert sun, Lawrence of Arabia

seemed the very antithesis of Flanders mud and attrition tactics and the inanities of Northcliffe's press. The appeal was immediate, enormous, and, as Lawrence knew, false. His war had been at least as disgusting as theirs, his victory more pointless and sterile, his lies even more profound and self-destructive.

He tried, and to a very large extent succeeded, in writing the truth about his war. "Some of the evil of my tale," he began, "may have been inherent in our circumstances." And that opening sentence of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom* might be said in a way to sum up the basic premise from which a whole generation of intellectuals lived their lives. The circumstances into which they had grown up, and in which they had seen such senseless massacre and poverty, were clearly, hideously wrong. It followed that our civilisation was rotten. Therefore it must be changed. And they saw their task not only as one of words, of argument—surely the proper field for writers?—but also, and perhaps even more so, as one of action.

And here again Lawrence, because he had been a soldier who returned to the barracks he loathed the way a drunkard returns to the bottle, in search of oblivion, seemed to point the way. Throughout the second quarter of our century the image of the soldier-poet constantly flickers across Europe: Orwell, Jünger, Malraux, even Hemingway and Waugh and many others who fought in Spain, against the English in Ireland, against the Nazis in particularly dangerous circumstances of their own choosing. Anxious directly to affect the issue, they took up arms and embraced causes which, in almost all cases, were eventually to disgust them: though it is more probable that they could not remain forever blind to the wickedness or insipidity of the causes they had embraced. They ended almost invariably as victims of that *dégoût des choses* which T. E. Lawrence had so brilliantly described before ever they laid aside their pens and left their desks. We see the result all about us to-day: Don Quixote has come home, trailing his broken lance, while in the seats of power the squeaking, screeching windmills continue to revolve. What the writers did achieve, and it was a very great deal, in that generation's fight against oppression and massacre, was done with the printed word.

Meanwhile the emotions that inspired their betters thirty years ago have filtered through to the thoughtless. Protest has become fashionable. In a world without war, in countries without poverty, mobs march about protesting against war and grumbling about social inequality. Knights in tin armour, noisily searching for dragons among the geraniums in trim suburban parks, this Scarecrow Army with its deliciously

self-important National Saviours at its head is really only a danger to itself and to the "causes" it quacks over. Thus is the Lawrence legend debased a second time.

Now England's most successful, and perhaps most skilful, playwright presents T. E. Lawrence to this new generation. What will they make of him and his legend? Mr. Rattigan has done his best to show, within the limits of his medium, the extreme complexity of Lawrence's accidie of spirit. It is to be hoped that his audience will not interpret this as a study of an angry young man soured by success who found a negative solace in cynicism after a traumatic

experience in a Turkish guardroom. But that is probably too uninteresting an image to grow into a myth, too uninteresting and above all too old-fashioned. On the other hand there is another *Hero of Our Time* whose lineaments seem to be vaguely outlined in Terence Rattigan's character, a *purely* negative figure, the man whose claim to our attention is not what he does, not what he is, but what he doesn't and isn't, the anti-hero. It would indeed be paradoxical if Lawrence of Arabia should appeal to a new generation as a military, social, and sexual failure pure and simple, a sort of Colonel Beckett-Godot. But why not?

Constantine FitzGibbon

British Culture & Co.

The "T.L.S." Submits a Company Report

THE British Imagination is a subject worthy of consideration, if only because it merges at some line which is indefinable with the British Lack of Imagination. E. M. Forster (whose photograph does not appear in the recent 76-page illustrated number of *The Times Literary Supplement*) wrote several novels early in this century which are concerned with precisely this lack. The strength of his attack on "the uneducated heart" lay in his invocation of the Romantic imagination of Blake, Shelley, and Keats. To-day, however, it is possible to wonder whether Mr. Forster was not too hard on the unpoetic empire builders, businessmen and officials. At any rate a saving grace of some of the British is that they have proved ready to admit that they are unimaginative, to reconsider the case for the imagination, to go back to the sources of England which are really so very poetic—the rivers of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Blake, Tennyson, Constable, Turner, and Palmer, flowing through a landscape whose greenness is made poignant by the contrast with the "dark Satanic mills."

Perhaps a good many readers turned to this number of the *T.L.S.* with thoughts stimulated by Blake and Shelley and the Lake poets, and behind them a question raised by Coleridge, "What is Imagination?"

There is debate between the Romantic and the Johnsonian imagination or perhaps it would be better to say between the 18th century and the rest, given that the 18th century has staunch 20th-century supporters, while the Romantics have 16th- and 17th-century pre-

cursors. The 18th-century idea is imagination educated by tradition and aided by science operating upon a world of facts, and making pictures of it justifiable at once to God and to Reason.

What strikes me as being peculiarly British (English, perhaps, rather) is the Romantic idea that it is possible to invent a world of "poesy" by a purely unimaginative act. Surely no poets and prose-writers have believed this so fervently as the English. I mean the English rather than the Celtic because although the Celts notoriously bleed with the ardour of fantasy, their kings and maidens and fairies are supposedly conjured from a Cornish or Irish past, whereas the spirits of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* seem to come out of Shakespeare's invention and nothing else—as do the same troupe from Milton in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*.

Do the English still invent with their imagination? Is anyone taking notice of Shelley's "We must imagine that which we know?" Is C. P. Snow's *The Two Cultures* somewhere in line with Shelley's *Defence of Poetry*?

These are the kind of questions I hoped would be raised and answered when I opened the special number of *The Times Literary Supplement* on "The British Imagination."

There is no reason why the editor should have anticipated—still less answered—my questions; but I still think there might have been serious consideration of what is meant by the imagination. The number contains a great deal about a lot of other things, but it is hard to describe it except as a company report on

the Present State of British Cultural Life. It contains articles about everything, more or less relevant or irrelevant—Literature, Cinema, Radio, TV, Theatre, Music, Ballet, Snobbery, Art, Museums, Women, Philosophy, the Universities, Psychology, Science, and Advertising. (The last-mentioned reminds me that it contains about twice as many advertisements as anything else.)

The number has the air of being directed at readers overseas. It is an extended Survey Course, and as such it no doubt contains much valuable information. The articles respond best to the Survey method when they stick to it and do not attempt to establish a thesis. Thus the two articles on painting are valuably informative and they have the advantage that inevitably they discuss imaginative painters—the neo-Romantics of the war years and after.

WHERE THE METHOD PAYS OFF WORST is, unfortunately, in the articles from which one would surely expect most, those on literature. In order, I suppose, to make the report on British Culture more palatable when it came to the indigestible matter of books, each writer of an article was, it appears, asked to discuss a Theme, fitting in as many books as possible which could be made relevant to it. The themes, one need scarcely say, are entirely obvious, the clichés of literary journalistic opinion snatched from the air. They are as follows: autobiographers are very reticent—novelists are too genteel and do not deal with “ordinary” life—poetry is too correct—British writers are reticent about religion—“it is, and has been for a long time, the most prized of our national possessions: a sense of humour”—Americans are better than us at everything and write more about it—nevertheless, the future is bright, and it lies, in the Novel, with Graham Greene and Angus Wilson, and, in poetry, with the long-playing gramophone record. But let the reader chew for himself over the following specimen of stealing-through-the-names-and-weaving-in-the-themes:

It is the extraordinary variety of English social comedy, covering as it does this slow-motion technique of Anthony Powell's and the more obvious cinematic glitter of Graham Greene, the acidity of Angus Wilson and the elegance of Evelyn Waugh, the exaggerative comedy of Wyndham Lewis and the self-involved irony of Aldous Huxley, the roughneck knockabout of Kingsley Amis and John Wain, that gives one confidence in the future use of comedy as a principal medium for expressing the British moral and social imagination.

One can only sympathise with the writer straining for the epithets to fit everyone in.

He does manage, it is true, to introduce at the very end, the word “imagination.” But an index of “British moral and social imagination” which includes Waugh, Huxley, Lewis, Greene, Amis, and Wain, is too extended to work in any way except to make the reader admire the kind of ingenuity which is usually reserved for tourist guides.

HERE is an editorial passage introduced to explain the use of the word Imagination:

As soon as one turns to an impure science, psychology say, where the question of human temperament is paramount, the national contribution may be clearly discerned stemming vigorously from the exotic subsoil.

It is there, if we are to generalise about the British imagination, that we find its most consistent procedure; a subtle exposure to exotic influence, casting each foreign body into the alembic of a mind which transforms it out of all recognition so that it emerges as spontaneously British—and this may be as true of jazz as it is of philosophy.

This seems to be a highfalutin way of saying that what British writers get from abroad (Freud, for example) they get from abroad, but distort into some British shape. This cuts both ways, and is perhaps less an example of imagination than of the lack of it, the twisted ingenuity which produces, say, Cockney rhyming slang—perhaps the least imaginative of all folk idioms. Psychology, anyway, seems an ill-chosen example, since with Locke and Hume there was a peculiarly British and unexotic psychology. Of course, in this century all other schools were swept away by “subtle exposure to the exotic influence”—of the Viennese! But are the British peculiar in turning foreign sows' ears into their own national brand of supposedly silk purses? The French are, surely, far better (or worse) at this. Consider the transformation of Heidegger and Jaspers into the completely French world of J. P. Sartre.

I nag away at the imagination because the matter having been raised it nags away at me. The imagination is that centre of understanding which transforms the artist's outward experience into the malleable material of his inner life, thus enabling him to attain possession of his own inner world which includes his experience of the transformed (but not distorted or unrecognisable) outer world of events. Imagination enables the individual writer or reader to relate moral forces which he has apprehended, with the refractory, centrifugal, chaotic forces which manifest themselves to-day as power politics and materialist progress.

Thus if to-day one were deeply concerned with the British Imagination, one would have to consider the Aldermaston Marchers as—quite apart from the question, which I do not agree with, of their politics—a striking and quite traditional manifestation of British imagination stimulated by conscience into action. Shelley would almost certainly have been an Aldermaston Marcher, and Blake might well have written one of his allegorical epic fragments about the March.

CONSIDERING HOW MUCH seems irrelevant in this number, it seems odd how much that might be relevant is left out. Is it carping to suggest that politics is quite peculiarly an area in which the British imagination, perfunctorily and intermittently for the most part, but sometimes courageously and most generously, operates? Was not the freeing of India an action which called on the imaginative faculties of the British, and is there not a connection here, which has not been explored, between the imaginative vision of E. M. Forster (who goes undiscussed in this number) and British action?

The present crisis in the Labour Party is in some respects a crisis of the puritan, nonconformist, Christian-pacifist, innocent socialist imagination. There are descendants of William Morris, John Ruskin, and G. D. H. Cole, unwilling to give up their vision of building Jerusalem on "England's green and pleasant land" through the stern application of principles of comradely love. They do not want to see all the causes and all the principles washed away in the corrosive prosperity of an affluent society which makes universal selfishness possible.

Even conservatism has its pipe-line of the imagination zig-zagging back to Merrie England. And it is possible to argue that the vision of England in the Shakespeare of the historic dramas was operative during the Battle of Britain.

Indeed, the Labour Party crisis is really perhaps part of a much larger crisis in England, a realisation that we are less free than before to shape this country after our dreams. What is repulsive to the generous young, and to the old survivors of radicalism, is the very wide acceptance of a materialism which seems a world-wide almost automatic development of progress: a machinery which needs a few engineers for maintenance of the economic works, and a few experts, but no one who thinks and, still more, no one who imagines.

THE special number of *The Times Literary Supplement* is all too typical of the current trend in which imagination is the name for the

advertising. Nothing is more revealing of this than the two articles devoted to the Novel.

The characteristic of these two articles is that although their survey extends as far back as H. G. Wells, they contain almost no discussion of those novelists who would seem to be distinguished by the qualities of the imagination. Perhaps there was good reason for ignoring the poetic novel; but we must guess the reason, for it is not mentioned. Probably it simply is that the novelists discussed were chosen to illustrate the themes, and anyone like Mr. William Golding, who does not fit, is conveniently introduced as the exception to prove the rule. The theme of the first of the articles is sufficiently indicated by the title—*The Workaday World that the Novelist Never Enters*. This is based solidly on the current anti-cliché cliché of critical non-think that (this is the main idea running through nearly all the literary articles) American writing to-day is *more real* than English because American writers work harder—what's more, if they're novelists, the characters in their novels work harder too—and move in a workaday world of ordinary people. The novels of Amis, Wain, and Sillitoe, which might challenge this view, are not dealt with because they are going to come in later under the heading: *The Uses of Comic Vision: A Concealed Social Point in Playing for Laughs*. The novelists faulted for not dealing with "ordinary lives" (the writer does not answer the question: why should they more than they already do?) are C. P. Snow, Angus Wilson, Anthony Powell, and Graham Greene. As the exception, and perhaps as a token gesture towards imagination, William Golding is introduced; and then let drop with that maddening inconsistency which is characteristic of theme-weaving. "Mr. Golding is a writer truly obsessed by moral problems, one of the very few contemporary novelists who seem capable of producing a work of greatness rather than of talent." However, later we are told that the "guides to the future" are Mr. Greene and Mr. Wilson, so presumably the potentiality for real greatness is no guide.

Saul Bellow's *Augie March* is the stick used to beat the non-workaday-world British novelists with. Perhaps what is required is a mass emigration of British talent to America (and perhaps this is what is happening anyway) because without this it is difficult to see how the British can produce novels about characters who are "newspaper boy, Christmas extra in a toy department, flower-shop assistant," etc. To be these things is part of the experience of many American students, who, in this respect, if they are novelists, have many of the advantages that Dickens had. One can, indeed, envy the American writers this. But it is more the British

educational system than the British writer which needs altering.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE CONDUCTED TOUR never penetrates to the point where it is criticism, so that, moving in the fog of themes being woven, often it reads like denigration disguised as praise, praise disguised as denigration. We read: "The prime importance of the *Strangers and Brothers* series is surely its loving concern with bureaucratic man." Praise or denigration? One would like to hear D. H. Lawrence's raspberry at that! And at this: "It is plain that the whole atmosphere and procedure of jockeying for power holds a fascination for Snow." And, just to fit Snow into the theme of his not being Saul Bellow:

Here, undoubtedly, is an English novelist writing from the inside of men at work, but they are... technicians, of science and the law, and they do not really provide exceptions to the rule that our novelists never deal from the inside with ordinary working-class occupations.

There is, of course, no such "rule"—the idea that there is was improvised for the occasion by the writer of the article, and is only sustained shakily by excluding several writers (of whom D. H. Lawrence is one) who would not meet it. Nor to anyone but a theme-weaver would it seem to matter that C. P. Snow doesn't write about characters he doesn't know about. What one should ask is whether he is really discerning about the characters he does invent, the life he does describe. The point at which criticism might begin would be in considering in what respect Snow's novels may or may not be superior to those of John Galsworthy, Francis Brett Young, and other fabricators of fictional time-reporting epics, the "prime importance of whose work" is "its loving concern with bureaucratic man." I have in mind Lawrence's essay on Galsworthy and the Forsytes.

Although the survey of the novel goes back to H. G. Wells, there is no consideration of Joyce, Forster, and Lawrence as *novelists*, nor of the poetic fiction of Virginia Woolf, nor of Christopher Isherwood, nor of Henry Green, nor of Samuel Beckett. Since no principles are even indicated for these exclusions, I am reduced to guessing that perhaps the theory of Mr. William Cooper, put forward in a talk to the Pen Club Congress at Frankfurt fifteen months ago, has got around—that the so-called "experimental" novelists of the early part of the century are significant only as having invented technical devices which have now been absorbed into the novels of what one might call the School of Materialist Bourgeois Realists (my name, not Mr. Cooper's).

THE MOST REMARKABLE—and, indeed, scandalous—omission is of Lawrence Durrell. One would have thought, surely, that Durrell, apart from Golding and Samuel Beckett (mentioned here as a playwright but not as a novelist), was of all British novelists the one most seriously and ambitiously engaged in trying to construct a fictitious world which stands in a moral relation to modern society. At the very least he provides a challenge to the kind of thing which Snow, Powell, and Wilson are doing; to some critics the *Justine* series would seem more significant than the Lewis Eliot series, or than *The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot*. I cannot take sides in the controversy between the Eliots (Lewis and Mrs.) and Justine, but I should have thought that by implication it is the most important battle of fictional purposes of the decade: unless indeed one were to decide that Lewis Eliot and Justine were both bourgeois and could most fittingly meet in a novel, say, of Angus Wilson (in which Justine seduces Lewis Eliot), and that the significant fiction of our time was in the line of Arnold Bennett (not discussed in the Special Number), Amis, Wain, Braine, and Alan Sillitoe.

I was so amazed by the omission of Lawrence Durrell that I thought perhaps he was not really English, and ran to *Who's Who*. It is true that he seems to have been educated partly in Darjeeling, and was not born anywhere he thinks worth putting on record, but I can scarcely believe these to be disqualifications, especially since he was partly educated at St. Edmund's School, Canterbury. This should at least have got him into the most repellent article of the number, *The Reluctant Faith: Speaking up for Life and the Rest is Silence*, which combines the smartly allusive vocabulary of the new criticism with an unctuous religiosity, and puts forward Leopold Bloom as the apostle of the resurrection and the life. The *de rigueur* inferiority complex before America breaks out in a new form here, putting T. S. Eliot forward as "our most English writer."

THE one quite serious article in the literary section, *Evaluation in Practice: What Does 'Moral' Mean?* raises the question of moral and religious authority pressingly. In his survey of various critics, the writer points up the question behind modern moralistic criticism. For those concerned with extracting values from the line of the great tradition, what is the authority behind the values which they find in the works they admire? Literature is not and cannot be its own authority.

The decisive fact is this: if our deepest conviction about the greatest literature is that it is an original force, a great vitaliser of life oper-

ating at the profoundest level, we must in the end recognise a fundamental inadequacy in the whole current diction of question and answer, analysis and discrimination, statement and meaning. No thinking in such categories, however qualified, however intensified, will bring thought to a point where it embodies the truth that demands embodiment first.

The writer of this article does press a penetrating and serious question and relate to it the several critics under discussion. It is exactly this urgency and this relatedness which is lacking in the other essays on literary subjects. And the lack in this Special Number, as far as literature is concerned, is indicated by the fact that the only article in which there is serious criticism is the one devoted to criticism. The rest is things strung together, and the critical attitude is only introduced for the purpose of setting up relationships where there are none.

To be critical is, for example, to take a text by a writer, to consider it as distinct from another text by another writer. This is what is almost entirely lacking in theme-weaving articles of the kind that are here. Here is an example of the method of which I complain; it is from the article on autobiographies:

Such books as *Good-bye to All That* and *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* may seem less

frank to-day than they did thirty years ago, but at least they put forward no *persona*: they set down a personal vision in exact terms of remembered reality.

This discusses two books as though they were the same kind of book, two writers—Robert Graves and Siegfried Sassoon—as though they were the same kind of writer. Actually it would be difficult to find two books more different (apart from the fact that they both came out of the Great War and that both are by courageous officer-poets) than *Good-bye to All That* and *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*. Nothing is gained by considering them as alike except flimsy support for the flimsy thesis that autobiographies are too reticent. (The word *reticent* seems to occur about six million times in the Special Number.) Graves' book does look extremely frank, even to-day. Sassoon's book is not frank, and never was, though it is poetically truthful. Graves is a very special poet in having no *persona*, being opposed to the Trade Union rules of poets having masks, writing symbolic poems, etc. Graves is frank and direct as Catullus is frank and direct. Who could say this of Sassoon?

Oddly enough Sassoon did write one poem revealing very much the Graves kind of frankness, which Graves, without asking Sassoon's permission, published in the first edition of *Good-bye to All That*, subsequently withdrawn. I used to have a copy containing this poem which Graves declared to be Sassoon's best. But the Fox-Hunting Sassoon is a *persona* if ever there was one—in the same way as the Yeats of the *Autobiographies* wears a mask. The beauty of Sassoon's book is precisely that the author sees the young Sassoon in a poetic vision.

WHY do the objections I am raising seem to me important and necessary? Because I think that treating novels and poems—and writers—as though they were commodities, made to fit into categories and to illustrate generalisations hastily arrived at for the purpose of stringing as many names of works together as possible within the context of a theme, is depressing to literature.

The greatest discouragement for writers to-day is the literary life, with its predetermined attitudes, its labelling of every work and every writer according to generation, class, movement, or some other category to illustrate a theory about "the present state of writing."

A writer is a unique sensibility, writing out of a unique experience, situated in a unique time and place. The value of his work lies in this uniqueness, and it is precisely what we are quick to appreciate when we read a new work

First literary journal of Travel,

Memoirs and Humour . . .

FIRST PERSON

Thornton Wilder · Allan Seager

Diana Athill · Ford

Madox Ford · a

memoir of Nazi

Germany · a

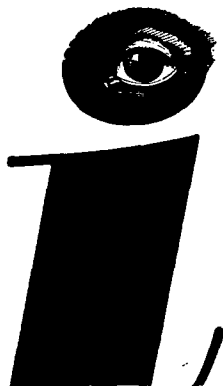
narrative of

Russia · new

American satire

\$1 single copy,
\$2.50 subscription

Drumlin Road
Rockport
Massachusetts



by a young writer, a *Lucky Jim* or *Hurry On Down*. But the moment we have absorbed each of these works, it seems there is something in us wants to treat them as the same work, Mr. Amis and Mr. Wain as the same person. Their books begin by being an experience: within a few weeks they are included in a hole of a rack of modern literature with "Vintage 1954, Château Redbrique" attached to it. And Messrs. Amis and Wain may well be afraid of becoming, even to themselves, not individuals with an experience different from any that has been written about before, but just "writers," with a sickness at the heart which is that they know that ever after this they will to some degree be writing about being writers.

Of course, every writer who publishes a first book which meets with recognition, experiences with the cup of success, also the Fall, the loss of innocence. He will never again be the marvel that he was to his friends at college when he first showed around his unpublished poems or stories, and they will never be as wonderful to him. Redemption is necessary. And redemption—as Mr. Wain pointed out when he complained bitterly once that he had the right to claim serious criticism—may lie partly in criticism, because criticism makes distinctions, and to make distinctions is to treat the unique as unique.

But criticism of contemporary work is, nevertheless, negative; the judgment made by precedent upon the unprecedented. Mr. Wain wrote as though it were possible to live on this bitter justice, but in fact purges are not nourishing. What a writer can live on is faith in his own being as a person and not as a public figure, and in the transforming power of the imagination. He has to remain at all costs a writer who writes without being "a writer." The task of imagining the nature of our world is an objective one, the task of the angels who stand almost like electrical transformers above the landscape of modern life in Rilke's *Duino Elegies*, changing the undigested material of the modern experience into the significant symbols that can be grasped by inner individual lives. Theme-weavers can take away your belief in yourself as anything but a name in a list which illustrates their particular theme, but the objective task outside and beyond "the writer" and the "present state of literature" remains to be done. This is what Rilke knew when he imagined his angels. It is what Shelley meant when he indicated a task of poetry, beyond the poets and the life of literature—to "imagine that which we know."

Stephen Spender

More and the Dead Men

IT IS Mr. Nigel Dennis' contention ["*Down Among the Dead Men*," ENCOUNTER, October] that in *A Man For All Seasons* I missed, or deliberately turned away from, an opportunity for the exercise of heroic style, so that in my hands Sir Thomas More becomes not a 16th-century Saint of heroic virtue but a decent 1960 chap; not a person but a people, Mr. Dennis amusingly puts it.

Elsewhere, on the same evidence, I have been charged with writing straight hagiography; you can't please everyone. But it would be nice to please someone.

Mr. Dennis offers two examples of this popularising and reducing process in my play. Here is the first:

Aubrey tells an amusing story of Sir William Roper coming to More's house in search of a bride and being led upstairs to a bedroom where More's two daughters were asleep in one bed; More whipped off the covers; the naked girls whipped over on to their stomachs, and Roper, remarking that he had now seen both sides of them, chose Margaret as his bride by tapping her on the behind. There was no suggestion of this in Mr. Bolt's play [continues Mr. Dennis] presumably because the work is addressed to 1960, when courtship of the Lord Chancellor's daughter is so much nicer.

On the contrary, the story pleases my own 1960 taste as well as it does Mr. Dennis', and without doubt would have gone over like a house on fire with a 1960 audience. Unhappily it is almost certainly untrue.* But I don't suppose Mr.

*In the generations following his death the figure of More was surrounded by a small mythology of such stories, some crediting him with a Bernardine saintliness and the gift of prophecy, most with a Falstaffian gift for bawdy. A century later some of them were committed to paper by John Aubrey and others. When, as in the present instance, there is no earlier evidence for the story and it runs counter to such facts as we have (in this case the pattern of his known behaviour towards Margaret) then it is wise to treat it, as they say, with circumspection. These stories tell us not about More but about the Jacobean attitude to More's memory. The Jacobean attitude is always interesting, but dramatists and their critics particularly must beware the national tendency to regard all pre-Restoration history as more or less the property of Shakespeare and its persons, or people, as properly treated only in Shakespearean style.

Our drama critic discussed Mr. Robert Bolt's Thomas More play, "*A Man for All Seasons*," recently in these pages, and we have invited the playwright to comment.

Dennis is castigating me for not including this or that particular anecdote. He gives this as an example only of the way in which I have deleteriously selected my anecdotes so as to rob More of his "ginger." I am a little hurt by this; and at the same time a little relieved. Hurt because my concern was to make More as gingery as I could, relieved because I had feared that in my concern for that I had done some violence to the man as he was. More used regularly to wear a hair shirt; and he was a virtual teetotaler—an even less usual austerity than now. Wine being a hackneyed but still effective symbol of worldly pleasure, I have endowed him with a marked taste for it. As for the hair shirt, whilst seeing that this was a very important pointer to the nature of the man, I altogether funk the problem of convincing a 1960 audience that anyone who practised such a dreadful mortification was a robust lover of this world's goods and not a masochistic "case," and I made no mention of it. So I am relieved to find that a fellow student of the period feels that I have distorted the figure of More, but in the opposite direction to that which I had feared.

Mr. Dennis' second instance concerns me more nearly, relating not to the action of the play but to its language. My More, he says, is anachronistically popular because I "see to it that no trace of the ostensible epoch appears in the spoken word." Here too I am at once disappointed and relieved. The best speeches in the play are not, alas, mine, but More's, and to my mind not only retain a pretty strong flavour of the epoch in which they were written but are flights of rhetoric to compare with any. I am thinking, for example, of his terrifying evocation of the King's death, his gentle annihilation of Norfolk who invited him to perjury on grounds of friendship, his final declaration at the trial, above all his own superlative apologia; "*I do none harm. I say none harm. I think none harm. And since this be not enough to keep a man alive in good faith I long not to live...*" and so on. Now I wish I could write like that but I can't. So while I am sorry that Mr. Dennis should have missed these passages, I can't help being pleased that my own dialogue is not so far beneath them in historical manner that they

stick out like sore thumbs, which I had feared they might.

BUT IT MUST BE SIGNIFICANT that a man whom we know to have a very sensitive ear did miss them. My intention was exactly what Mr. Dennis desires and finds absent: The Grand Manner, Style, uncompromising heroics. I hope it will be my intention again—God's blessing on this work. For we have to find our own style, that is we have to find something in our own selves that demands Style, that we can be grand in manner about. If we simply dump on the modern stage the style of a past age of style then indeed it will be recognised as style, but then too we shall have on stage the puppets Mr. Dennis admires. (So do I; but while it is understandable that wood is made to imitate flesh and blood, it seems perverse to urge flesh and blood to aspire after the condition of wood.) And I wince to imagine what Mr. Dennis would do to such a play in these columns. But can it be, if we ever do produce a style, a manner, a theatrical poetry seriously used, of our own, that the critics will be unable for a while to hear it or recognise it? Can it be that they have, despite themselves perhaps, a strong resistance to any such emergence?

I CHOSE THE STORY of Sir Thomas More as the story of the play I wanted to write precisely because he was a man one would not have to drop on to the boards in a pre-cast posture of heroism, a posture familiar to its own age as an immediate response to life but familiar to us only in a literary context (which is why we so easily recognise that it is, exactly, a style). He was a man familiar to us in this, that he had no predilection for the heroic, who was revealed by a sequence of events, also familiar to us, as veritably noble, factually a hero, to deal with whom a noble and heroic style would have to be attempted *of necessity*. I greatly hope, and partly believe, I have not failed in this as badly as Mr. Dennis suggests.

I warmly second his praise of Willoughby Goddard's Cardinal Wolsey. This is, as Mr. Dennis says, a performance in just the right vein and has been quite insufficiently noticed.

Robert Bolt

Student Subscription Rate

Full-time students may subscribe to ENCOUNTER for two-thirds of the sterling or dollar rates shown on Page One of this issue. There is no reduction in the rupee rate. Anyone wishing to benefit from this concession should give full particulars of his place and course of study.

BOOKS & WRITERS

Mr. Waugh's Cities

By Frank Kermode

IT IS probably safe to assume that most readers of *Brideshead Revisited** know and care as much about Papist history and theology as Charles Ryder did before he became intimate with the Flytes; and although the novel contains a fair amount of surprisingly overt instruction we are much more likely to allow our reading of it to be corrupted by ignorance than by an excessively curious attention to matters of doctrine. In fact this is true of Mr. Waugh's fiction as a whole; and one of the rewards of curiosity is a clearer notion of the differences, as well as of the similarities, between his most successful books.

At the end of *Decline and Fall* (1928), Paul Pennyfeather, back at Scone after his sufferings on Egdon Heath, notes with approval the condemnation of a second-century Bithynian bishop who had denied the divinity of Christ and the validity of the sacrament of Extreme Unction; a singularly dangerous heretic. A few moments later, however, he turns his attention to an apparently more innocent sect: "the ascetic Ebionites used to turn towards Jerusalem when they prayed. . . . Quite right to suppress them." They too tended, for all the apparent harmlessness of their idiosyncrasy, to pervert fact with fantasy and truth with opinion. More than twenty years later Mr. Waugh's Helena ridicules theological fantasies concerning the composition of the Cross (that it was compounded of every species of wood so that the vegetable world could participate in the act of redemption; that it had one arm of boxwood, one of

cypress, one of cedar and one of pine with the consequent amalgam of emblematic properties). She is also offended by the untruths and mythopoeic absurdities of her son Constantine. The Cross she seeks and finds consists merely of large pieces of wood. The Wandering Jew lets her have it free, foreseeing future business in relics. "It's a stiff price," says Helena. She wanted none of that fantastic piety, only the real routine baulks of timber used on a matter-of-fact historical occasion. "Above the babble of her age and ours," comments the author, "she makes one blunt assertion. And there alone lies our Hope."

These passages illustrate what is static in Mr. Waugh's expression of his religion. Religion as a man-made answer to pressing human needs disgusts him; Constantine's nonsense is of no more value than Brenda Last's, cutting the cards to see who shall go first to the woman who tells fortunes by reading one's feet. The Church is concerned to preserve the truth, solid and palpable as a lump of wood, from the rot of fantasy. It is entirely concerned with fact. Hence it was quite right to suppress the fanciful Ebionites with the same severity as the intolerable bishop; and the sentimental myth-making of Helena's scholars is dangerous because it tends to soften hard fact.

A NUMBER OF SUCH FACTS are at present ignored in our society, which has apostatised to paganism. Yet they are facts. Given the necessary instruction, the necessary intellect, and the necessary grace, a man will be a Catholic. Mr. Waugh, paraphrasing *Campion's Brag* in his *Life* (1935) of the martyr does not even specify the third of these necessities: "he . . . makes the claim, which lies at the root of all Catholic apologetics, that the Faith is absolutely satis-

* *Chapman & Hall*, 18s. This edition is revised and has a Preface by the author. Some of the revisions are mentioned in this article. The text is re-set. There is a surprising number of misprints, and some of them are bad ones, for example, p. 241, where "I'm not sure," should presumably read as formerly, "I'm sure not."

factory to the mind, enlisting all knowledge and all reason in its cause; that it is completely compelling to any who give it an 'indifferent and quiet audience.'" And the author has himself written that he was admitted into the Church "on firm intellectual conviction but with little emotion." As Mr. F. J. Stopp comments, in his admirable *Evelyn Waugh*, it is also apparent that this "firm intellectual conviction" relates "not primarily to the vanquishing of philosophical doubts about the existence of God, or considerations of the nature of authority," but rather to "a realisation of the undeniable historical presence and continuity of the Church."

Quod semper, quod ubique... The English Reformation was not only an attempt to break this historical continuity, but a very insular movement. The Counter-Reformation, on the other hand, was an affair of genuine vitality and spirituality, universal in its scope; England was impoverished by its failure to participate. The consistency of Mr. Waugh's opinions is indicated by his admiration for Baroque art, the plastic expression of Tridentine Catholicism and a great European movement that left England almost untouched. His version of English history at large is simply but fairly stated in this way: after being Catholic for nine hundred years, many English families, whether from intellectual confusion or false prudence, apostatised in the 16th century to schismatic institutions which were good only in so far as they retained elements of the true worship. The consequence has been modern paganism (at a guess, Mr. Waugh thinks of this as an atavism in degenerating stock); the inevitable end is a restoration of the faith, but the interim is ugly and tragic except in so far as it is redeemed by the suffering of the martyrs and the patience of the faithful. ("Have you ever thought," asks Helena, "how awfully few martyrs there were, compared with how many there ought to have been?") This conservatism is of course reflected in the author's social opinions; the upper classes are good in so far as they hold on to the values and the properties cherished by their families. Aristocracy, like the Church, fights a defensive action, and that which it defends is, in the long run, a Catholic structure. Very intelligent upper-class Englishmen are not common in Waugh, and when they occur (Basil Seal is the notable case) they are not intellectuals. Their brains have nothing solid to work on; not being Catholics they are not in a position to pursue the truth with any seriousness. Yet if they preserve their families and their customs they do as much as they can to maintain the link with those "ancestors—all the ancient priests, bishops, and kings—all that was once the glory of England, the island of saints, and the most devoted

child of the See of Peter." The words are Campion's.

THIS is the "historical intransigence" that Ryder (in the first edition of *Brideshead Revisited*) learnt to admire. It is like Guyon smashing up the Bower of Bliss; a great deal that might, to a less ruthless mind seem admirable, if mistaken, is pulled down without a regretful glance. The age of Hooker (and Shakespeare) becomes merely a good time for prospective martyrs to live in. The piety and intellect of Andrewes, the learning of Casaubon, were all wasted in a cause self-evidently indefensible. The torment of Donne's conscience (a man who knew the ways of Topcliffe and the temptation of martyrdom) was an unnecessary perplexity; his dealings with Sarpi were treasonable, and all those high eirenic hopes futile. There is no need to pray, "Show me thy spouse," for any unblinkered eye can see her. How did these great men allow themselves to be reduced to pettifogging heretics? They should have seen that it was unlikely that "the truth, hidden from the world for fifteen centuries, had suddenly been revealed... to a group of important Englishmen." They should have seen that, on the Romanist side, any apparent deviousness or error was tributary to the workings of the divine purpose. Thus it may be agreed by historians of all parties that the Bull excommunicating Elizabeth was palpably unwise: but

had he [Pius V] perhaps, in those withdrawn, exalted hours before his crucifix, learned something that was hidden from the statesmen of his time and the succeeding generations of historians; seen through and beyond the present and immediate future; understood that there was to be no easy way of reconciliation, but that it was only through blood and hatred and derision that the Faith was one day to return to England?

It may not be amiss to say parenthetically that I write without the least intention to be controversial; the point is merely to establish in a sketchy way how much Mr. Waugh's historical intransigence excludes from consideration, with a view to showing how sharp that weapon is, not that it is wrong to use it. If you consider that the English Reformation opened up the way not only to paganism but to Hooper and to the salesman with the wet handshake, dentures and polygonal spectacles, you will not be disposed to dwell on the intellect of Hooker or the spirituality of Herbert. It is not unusual for people to believe in a kind of second Fall, a great historical disaster that began our era; for Mr. T. S. Eliot it is the Civil War. Few, however, even among Roman Catholics who might share Mr. Waugh's admiration for Tridentine

as well as for mediæval piety, have ever applied the doctrine with such harsh consistency. The apostate aristocracy, adulterated by politic Tudors and later by other secular forces, moved slowly to disaster, checked only by a respect for ancient Barbarian traditions and by a hatred of middle-class Protestants. The second war was to be the apocalypse; meanwhile the behaviour of the lapsed could cause dispassionate amusement. But when the war came it awakes certain recessive characteristics, and even Basil Seal, in *Put Out More Flags*, hears the feudal call to arms and, after his amusing betrayal of the outsider Silk and his exploitation of the evacuees, renounces his intention to be one of the hard-faced men who did well out of the war; with the rest of his kind he mans the crumbling ramparts; and in spite of the nuisance caused by a thousand Hoopers, the defence does not fail. One gets the full statement of this position in the story of Alastair Digby-Vane-Trumpington, whose past achievements include the betrayal of Paul Pennyfeather; he leaves his Sonia and his black velvet not to take a commission but to join the ranks. The socially acceptable reason for this is that he can't bear to meet the temporary officers, but the astute Sonia knows a deeper one: Alastair "went into the ranks as a kind of penance or whatever it's called that religious people do." He was paying for all that irresponsible fun, getting back into line; soon he finds people of his own sort to be an officer with, and the penance ends.

PUT OUT MORE FLAGS had a new sourness; opinion crept into Mr. Waugh's fiction. Comment and diagnosis had formerly been reserved to minor, stylised characters like Father Rothschild who, in *Vile Bodies*, explained the wantonness of the bright young: "they are all possessed with an almost fatal hunger for permanence"—for those traditions of civility that perish without the Faith. Fr. Rothschild disappears on his bicycle; but Mr. Waugh's opinions do not go with him. A few years later there was the famous eulogy of Mussolini's Abyssinian experiment, not quite *imperium sine fine*, not quite *debellare superbos*. The extension of the frontier is not, however, the main responsibility of the faithful in our time; it is defence. And with Alastair and Basil the English gentleman turned naturally to his traditional task of defending the island of Saints and so the Church, not only the faith itself but the whole civilisation in which it is incarnate.

This, then, is what must be defended: the arts and institutions of rational humanity and the clear reasonableness of the faith. Mr. Waugh is

much concerned with the clarity and openness of Catholic worship as an expression of this. Here, from *Where the Going was Good*, is a passage from an account of his attendance at a Mass of the Ethiopian Church, "secret and confused in character":

I had sometimes thought it an odd thing that Western Christianity, alone of all the religions of the world, exposes its mysteries to every observer, but I was so accustomed to this openness that I had never before questioned whether it was an essential and natural feature of the Christian system. Indeed, so saturated are we in this spirit that many people regard the growth of the Church as a process of elaboration—even of obfuscation. . . . At Debra Labanos I suddenly saw the classic basilica and open altar as a great positive achievement, a triumph of light over darkness consciously accomplished. . . . I saw the Church of the first century as a dark and hidden thing. . . . The pure nucleus of the truth lay in the minds of the people, encumbered with superstitions, gross survivals of the paganism in which they had been brought up; hazy and obscene nonsense seeping through from the other esoteric cults of the Near East, magical infections from the conquered barbarian. And I began to see how these obscure sanctuaries had grown, with the clarity of Western reason, into the great open altars of Catholic Europe, where Mass is said in a flood of light, high in the sight of all. . . .

Helena, we saw, was devoted to this openness, clarity, commonsense; she is brusque and reasonable, and her spirit survives in Lady Circumference, "the organ voice of England, the hunting-cry of the *ancien régime*," as she snorts with disapproval at an American revivalist meeting in Mayfair: "What a damned impudent woman." (This was in *Vile Bodies*; the last page of *Helena* twenty years later recalls, with a change of tone, the figure used for Lady Circumference: "Hounds are checked, hunting wild. A horn calls clear through the covert. Helena casts them back on the scent.") The Faith may be driven back to the catacombs, but its agreement with reason must never be obscured. Mr. Waugh perhaps took a hint from Mr. Eliot in characterising the years between the wars as a period during which pagan obscenities seeped in. The Reformation opened the door to Madame Sosostriis, to a society in which rich women cut cards to see who shall go first to have her fortune told by a foot-reader. The religions of darkness are the pagan intrusions; Catholic Christianity is light, order, life. *The Loved One*, Mr. Waugh's most perfect book (as *Silas Marner* is more perfect than *Middlemarch*), sketches a highly-developed religion of darkness, in which art, love, language are totally corrupted and brought under the domination of death, as must happen when the

offices of the Church are in every sphere usurped.

THIS is the farcical vision of total collapse, the end of the defence which must be endless, however long Mass is said in secret. Helena would like the Wall of the Empire to be at the limits of the world, but Constantius knows that there has to be a wall; it represents "a natural division of the human race." With the Donation of Constantine ("as for the old Rome, it's yours") the secular became the holy Empire, the Catholic City that the civilised must defend. Inside the City are traditions of reason, clarity, beauty; outside, obscene nonsense, the uncreating Word. Mr. Waugh is the Augustine who, because he has a vision of this City, detests Pelagius as a heretic and Apuleius as a sorcerer; anathematises the humanitarian and the hot-gospeller.

Yet barbarism has its attractions. The "atavistic callousness" of Lady Marchmain is only another form of that barbaric vitality which animates the upper classes even in decadence. "Capital fellows are bounders"—if it were not so there would not be much fun in the early novels. Sometimes it seems that not to be corrupted is the shame, as with the dull

Wykehamist of *Brideshead Revisited*; the chic, efficient corruption of Lady Metroland belongs inside, the depredations of Mrs. Beaver outside the pale. The moral distinctions are as bewildering as the semantics of *U* or the social criteria which determine what is Pont Street and what is not. And they are, of course, employed without the least trace of Protestant assertiveness; to make them appear self-evident without mentioning them is one of the triumphant aspects of Mr. Waugh's early technique. One notices that the voices which tormented Mr. Pinfold puzzled him by missing out many of the accusations he would have made had he wished to torment himself. His mind worked much as it habitually did in composing his novels; the quality of the fantasies reminds one of Lord Tangent's death or the Christmas sermon in *A Handful of Dust*. The vision of barbarism is a farcical one, and the fantasy has its own vitality; the truth exists, self-evident, isolated from all this nonsense, and there is no need to arrange a direct confrontation.

THIS CO-EXISTENCE OF TRUTH AND FANTASY is most beautifully sustained in *A Handful of Dust*, surely Mr. Waugh's best book, and one of the most distinguished novels of the century. The great houses of England become by an easy transition types of the Catholic City, and in this book the threatened City is Hetton; it will not prove to be a continuing city. *Non hinc habemus manentem civitatem*—the lament resounds in *Brideshead*. Hetton is not beautiful; it was "entirely rebuilt in 1864 in the Gothic style and is now devoid of interest," says the guide-book. But Tony Last has the correct Betjemanic feelings for the battlements, the pitchpine minstrels' gallery, the bedrooms named from Malory. He is "madly feudal," which means he reads the lesson in church at Christmas and is thinking of having the fire lit in his pew. The nonsense that goes on in the church troubles nobody. Tony is a nice dull gentleman who knows vaguely that the defence of Hetton is the defence of everything the past has made valuable. He loses it because his wife takes up with a colourless rootless bore; Hetton and Tony are sacrificed, in the end, to a sterile affair in a London flat. The death of her son shows how far Brenda Last has departed from sanity and normality. There is a hideous divorce, a meaningless arrangement in the middle of chaos. All this without comment; ennui, sterility, cruelty represent themselves as farcically funny. But the attempt of the lawyers to reduce him to the point where he must give up Hetton rouses Tony, and he breaks off the proceedings. Leaving England he goes in search of another City; but there is no other City, and this one

Cecil Roberts

SELECTED POEMS 1910—1960

Preface by Lord Birkett

BETJEMAN: 'He understands the joy & difficulty of enclosing thoughts and words in rhyme, rhythm and form'.

CHURCH: 'Freedom is a rare fruit. Its flavour permeates his poetry'.

MASEFIELD: 'He has the lyric gift that places him in the true tradition'.

Hutchinson

21s.



STEVENS/*books on military affairs*

War and The Soviet Union / <i>H. S. Dinerstein</i>	'There can be no doubt . . . that Dr. Dinerstein has made a notable and worthy contribution to the study of the Soviet Union's politics and military doctrine.' <i>International Affairs</i> 37s. 6d.
Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age / <i>Raymond L. Garthoff</i>	'No serious student of contemporary strategy should fail to read . . . <i>Soviet Strategy in the Nuclear Age</i> .' <i>Soviet Studies</i> 35s.
The Enigma of Menace / <i>Sir Victor Goddard</i>	'Compared to most of the books published . . . by retired Service chiefs, <i>The Enigma of Menace</i> is a work of outstanding intellectual distinction.' <i>Daily Telegraph</i> 12s. 6d.
Disengagement / <i>Eugene Hinterhoff</i>	' . . . There is no other book that supplies so much information, that tells the complete story.' <i>Times Literary Supplement</i> 45s.
Defence / <i>E. J. Kingston-McCloughry</i>	'Defence is one of 1960's main talking points, so you'd better put the book on your required reading list.' <i>Tribune</i> 25s.
Deterrent or Defence / <i>B. H. Liddell Hart</i>	' . . . A new book packed with the distilled wisdom of more than 40 years of strategic study and experience . . . ' <i>Reynolds News</i> 30s.
Armour / <i>Richard M. Ogorkiewicz</i>	'There does not appear to be anything covering so wide a span, at least in this country, and there was certainly room for a technical work of this kind.' <i>Times Literary Supplement</i> 45s.
Science & Technology in Contemporary War / <i>G. I. Pokrovsky</i>	'The work is important for its presentation of the current orientation in Soviet military and strategic thinking.' <i>East Europe</i> 30s.
The Uncertain Trumpet / <i>Maxwell D. Taylor</i>	'General Taylor has made an important contribution to a debate which . . . should be the concern of all serious citizens on both sides of the Atlantic.' <i>Spectator</i> 30s.
The West Point Atlas of American Wars	' . . . There is nothing else like these two volumes, in or out of print. Here is something in a class all by itself.' <i>American Weekend</i> £15 15s. <i>In two volumes.</i> the set

is a fraud, like the Bōa Vista of *When the Going was Good*. Tony was in search of something "Gothic in character, all vanes and pinnacles, gargoyles, battlements, groining and tracery, pavilions and terraces, a transfigured Hetton." He found the deathly Mr. Todd, and a prison whose circular walls are the novels of Dickens. Hetton becomes a silver-fox farm. Throughout this novel the callousness of incident and the coldness of tone work by suggesting the positive and rational declarations of the Faith. Civility is the silent context of barbarism; truth of fantasy. And Hetton, within the limits of Tony's understanding, is an emblem of the true City. Mr. Pinfold's mind proliferates with infidel irrationality; this is useful, provided the truth can be seen by its own light.

IN *Brideshead Revisited*, perhaps, it is not allowed to do so. The great house as emblem of the City is enormously developed, but opinion—or truth, if you are Catholic—breaks into the text. The tone is less certain than that of *A Handful of Dust*, the prose slower, more explicit, more like that of the *Campion* biography than any of the other novels; a slower prose, weighed with semi-colons. Even in the making of the house itself fantasy has a smaller part than it had in Hetton. It has to be seen in the historical perspective I have been sketching; the account of Ryder—"solid, purposeful, observant" no doubt, as an artist should be, but not at the time of observing a Catholic—has to be put in order. *Brideshead* is English Baroque, but its stone came from an earlier castle. The family was apostate until the marriage of the present Marquis, reconciled to the Church on marriage (his wife, he said, "brought back my family to the faith of their ancestors"). Lady Marchmain's family were old Catholic; "from Elizabeth's reign till Victoria's they lived sequestered lives among their tenantry and kinsmen, sending their sons to school abroad, often marrying there, inter-marrying, if not, with a score of families like themselves, debarred from all preferment, and learning, in those lost generations, lessons which could still be read in the lives of the last three men of the house"—Lady Marchmain's brothers, killed in 1914–18 "to make a world for Hooper." The Chapel at Brideshead is accordingly not in the style of the house but in the *art nouveau* manner of the period of Lord Marchmain's reconciliation, as if to symbolise the delayed advent of toleration.

And their old religion sits just as uneasily upon the house's occupants. Mr. Waugh is always emphatic that his reasonable religion has nothing to do with making or keeping people in the ordinary sense happy. Lady Marchmain herself uneasily bears the sins of her family;

Julia (descendant of earlier, somewhat Arlenesque heroines) drifts into marriage with Rex Mottram, a sub-man with no sense of reality (the scenes in which he dismisses it—when he is under religious instruction with a view to his being received into the Church—are the most amusing in the book because Mr. Waugh is always at his cruel best with people who cannot face reality), and is forced in the end to a self-lacerating penance. Cordelia's life is, on any naturalist view, squandered in good works. Sebastian, gifted with the power to attract love, attracts the love of God and is hounded through alcoholism and pauperism into simple holiness. Only Brideshead, the elder son, lives calmly and unimaginatively with the truth; understanding even that Sebastian's career, so wildly outside his own experience, has in the end a purpose. They are all locked into a class, these characters, and into the religion, which, by the logic of Mr. Waugh's fiction, is in the long run inseparable from that class. Lord Marchmain makes his Byronic protest but dies in awkward splendour at Brideshead, finally reconciled to the Church. Only in misery, it seems, will the Faith be restored in the great families of England.

The death of Lord Marchmain is the climax of the process by which Ryder returns to the Faith of his fathers, at the end of which he can see his love for Sebastian and for Julia as types and forerunners of this love of God. He begins in deep ignorance. (In the first edition he complained that "no one had ever suggested to me that these quaint observances expressed a coherent philosophical system and intransigent historical claims." Now he says, "They never suggested I should try to pray... Later... I have come to accept claims which then... I never troubled to examine, and to accept the supernatural as the real." This shift of emphasis is an improvement, since Ryder's intimacy with the Flytes may teach him something of "the operation of divine grace" but nothing directly about the validity of the Church's historical claims.

Ryder learns certain associated lessons from the Flytes. It is Sebastian who shows him that the beauty of the City can be known only to the rich, that architecture and wine, for example, are aspects of it. The scene of Ryder's dinner with Mottram is a parable; the Burgundy is a symbol of civility, "a reminder that the world was an older and better place than Rex knew, that mankind in its long passion had learned another wisdom than his;" the brandy is a test of a man's truth and authenticity. Devoting his life to such civilities, exempted by an infection of the Flyte charm—as Blanche tells him—from the fate of the classless artist, Ryder

is already a Catholic in everything but religion. Mr. Waugh has done a little to reinforce this point in his revised text by re-writing the passage describing the reunion of Ryder and his wife in New York. His indifference and distaste are unchanged, but now they make love with chill hygiene; a sham wasteland marriage, essentially terminable. But he too must lose everything; he loses Brideshead and Julia. So, in the end, all these lives are broken, the war is on and Brideshead itself a desolation (*quomodo sedet sola civitas*), defaced by soldiers and housing Hooper. However, in the *art nouveau* chapel the "beaten-copper lamp of deplorable design" burns anew. The saving of a soul may call for the ruin of a life; the saving of the City for its desecration.

Something quite remote from anything the builders intended has come out of their work, and out of the fierce little human tragedy in which I played.

The desecration of the City as a mysterious means to its restoration was the vision Mr. Waugh attributed to Pius V.

MR. WAUGH says he has kept in certain details because "they were essentially of the mood of writing; also because many readers liked them, though that is not a consideration of first importance." I think it is possible to like these details but to dislike other, perhaps more radical elements; though this is doubtless even less important, since to name them is to place oneself with the Hoopers. I mean that the characters are sometimes repulsive, and it spoils this book, as it doesn't the earlier work, to disagree with the author on this point. It is, for example, such a surprise to learn that Ryder is beautiful and beloved. Again there is Hooper, in whose person we are to see an abstract of the stupidity and vulgarity that beat upon the outer wall. The defenders have made a wrong appreciation; their enemy is more dangerous, much cleverer, than Hooper. As soon as Mr. Waugh disciplines his fantasy to a more explicit statement of the theme that has so long haunted him that theme is played falsely; Hooper marks the degree of distortion.

What we have in this book is the fullest statement of this image of the City, powered by that historical intransigence that equates the English aristocratic with the Catholic tradition; and very remarkable it is. But the operation of divine grace seems to be confined to those who say "chimney-piece" and to the enviable poor. Hooper and his brothers may be hard to bear, they may be ignorant of the City, but it seems outrageous to damn them for their manners. One would like, no doubt, to keep the Faith, in all its aspects, uncontaminated; but Hoopers

One Way Pendulum

N. F. SIMPSON

The full text of Mr. Simpson's 'farce in a new dimension'. 10s. 6d.

Mid-Century Drama

LAURENCE KITCHIN

A critical survey of the English theatre to-day, with twenty-four interviews given to Mr. Kitchen by theatrical personalities. Illustrated with 21 photographs. 30s.

The Queen and the Poet

WALTER OAKESHOTT

His discovery of a hitherto unknown poem of Raleigh's has led Dr Oakeshott to examine Raleigh's poems to Cynthia for the light they throw on Raleigh's relationship with the Queen, Spenser's poetry and 'Love's Labours Lost.' With 9 plates. 30s.

Introduction

STORIES BY NEW WRITERS

An anthology of the work of six promising young writers, each of whom is represented by three short stories. The writers are A. O. CHATER, ALAN COREN, TED HUGHES, JIM HUNTER, JASON MCMANUS and JULIAN MITCHELL. 18s.

A Dancer in Darkness

DAVID STACTON

His latest novel, about the Duchess of Malfi, "beats Webster at his own game . . . The extraordinary thing about Mr Stacton's treatment is that he makes the whole melodramatic plot, multiple murders and all, infernally probable . . . Mr Stacton must be recognised as one of the finest historical novelists writing today—and certainly the most original."—PETER GREEN, THE BOOKMAN.

Book Society Recommendation.

18s.

— FABER & FABER —

are not Ebionites, and the novelist, imitating the action of grace, is not an infallible church to suppress them. For all that one admires in *Brideshead*—the City, the treatment of suffering, the useful and delightful Blanche, and Ryder's father—there is this difficulty, that intransigence when it gets into the texture of a novel breeds resistance; one fights rather than becomes absorbed. To suspend disbelief in these circumstances would be an act of sentimentality; a weakness not wholly unrelated to intransigence, and according to some discoverable in the text itself as well as in many readers.

The Jews

The Jews in our Time. By NORMAN BENTWICH.
Pelican Books. 3s. 6d.

ANTI-SEMITISM to-day is one of the definitely discredited and discreditable opinions. Though it still grows—and occasionally howls—in the underworld, it can no longer be paraded by persons who would be thought cultured or decent-minded. Since the Nazi massacres, it is generally recognised for what it is—the Shame of Christendom, the ghost of the Middle Ages hovering over Europe. Up till the Second Great War, the anti-semitism of a Belloc, a Léon Daudet, could still be respectable; *anti-* versus *philo-sémitisme* was, like socialism, one of the stock subjects of debate; upon my generation—the one born before the First Great War—the theories of the brilliant, unfortunate, Otto Weininger exercised a powerful influence. To-day the thing continues only as a pestilence of the gutter; it has been stripped of its mediæval mystique, its metaphysical trappings.

Of course, it is not alone the bad conscience of Christians which has produced this desirable result; much more we have to thank for it (among other results, not all so good) the fading of theology, both Christian and Judaic. Christianity, it must be remembered, was from the Judaic point of view a Jewish heresy—a Gentile plagiarism and vulgarisation; and the progeny could not forgive the parent which disowned and anathematised it. The Christian regarded Jewry somewhat as the old-fashioned Protestant regarded the Roman Church—as the Beast, the Antichrist, the very “Mystery of Iniquity.” “We hate” (as Weininger himself somewhere said) “whatever reminds us unpleasantly of ourselves;” there is, notoriously, no hatred like the hatred of kindred. Hitler, though dubiously a Christian (even in the formal sense), was, as one hopes, the last of the heretic-burners. More than

this—if we accept the plausible enough view of Freud—the anti-semitism of Northern Europe was a subconscious revolt against Christianity itself. To the late-converted Nordics, Christianity was an alien yoke, often forcibly imposed and always secretly resented. They were like servants who revenge themselves on their masters by inhumanity towards those masters' poor relations. In a word, it was for giving Jesus of Nazareth birth, and not for delivering Him to death, that the pagan “old Adam” in the Christian could not forgive the Jews.

The diabolist view of Israel was on this showing the dark shadow of mediæval Christianity—the price we paid for forcible baptisms and centuries of only half-sincere conformism—the hidden flaw in Christian faith, which took its terrible revenge in the 20th century. (In that century, the mediæval seers had said, the Antichrist would come. The Antichrist, it might be said, *did* come—as the projection of our Christian diabolism.) Now at last that age-old nightmare has rolled away, and the air is comparatively clear. Modern Christians and Reformed Judaists can talk to each other—with immense mutual benefit. Even Pope Pius XI was able to say “Spiritually we are Semites.” The two great monotheist religions of the West can pay each other honours, the two religions which have believed, in their different fashions, in Redemption through Suffering—and so many of whose adherents have lived their belief.

We have had many books on the Jews in recent years, but there have been few more careful and convincing than Mr. Bentwich's. He avoids any analysis such as the foregoing—which I do not know if he would accept. Recriminations and pessimism are foreign to his generous humanistic tone and purpose; and indeed, psychological probing (since it must cut deepest into our Christian consciences) comes perhaps more helpfully from Gentile thinkers. He writes as a passionate Judaist, a firm believer in the still unfulfilled mission of his race. He scarcely considers what, for non-Jews, has been the major Jewish contribution to that effort—namely, the life and teaching of Christ; and the only weakness (I feel) in his book is that he understresses the Jewish exclusiveness—for surely Jews have not sought, since Roman times, and do not now seek, to make converts. Christianity, it seems to Europeans, was Israel's true gift to the world, though it need not be her last; a gift, moreover, which has been very poorly repaid. The Chosen People idea has been a definite provocation to less ethically-conscious races; for, granting the moral genius of Israel, men will still feel the ethic (say) of the Old Testament to be lacking in certain nuances—for instance, personal pathos and tenderness. The lonely

\$10,000

will be awarded to the winner of the

Prix Formentor



—the International Fiction Prize awarded annually for the best unpublished work of fiction at an international meeting of publishers at Formentor, Majorca. The \$10,000 award will be on account of royalties resulting from guaranteed simultaneous publication in Great Britain (Weidenfeld & Nicolson), USA (Grove Press), France (Gallimard), Germany (Rowohlt), Italy (Einaudi), Spain (Seix Barral), Holland (Meulenhoff), Sweden (Bonniers), Denmark (Gyldendalske), Norway (Gyldendal) and Finland (Otava). Any manuscript is eligible for the prize, provided it is an original unpublished work of fiction.



for complete details and entry form write or telephone

Weidenfeld & Nicolson

20 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W1 HYDE PARK O262

★ *Just Published* ★

AUBERON WAUGH

The Foxglove Saga

The youngest author in a distinguished literary family allows his imagination full satirical play on life at school, in Army training camp and in hospitals, and has produced a really brilliant first novel. *15s. net*

MR. JOHN BETJEMAN writes to the publishers:

"A born novelist . . . I want to do all I can to bring this fantastic new humorist to the public eye".

MR. GRAHAM GREENE writes to the author:

"Only once this fifty years, I think, has there been a first night like this – and that too was in the Waugh family. It is superb, your book . . ."

The Storms of Summer

JOHN IGGULDEN

An immensely powerful and most readable book by the author of *Breakthrough*; Mr. Iggulden puts forward the idea that there is a testing period in everyone's life that either makes him or breaks him, and that this happens so commonly that it must be accepted as a part of life. *18s. net*

CHAPMAN & HALL

destiny of Jesus was as it were a reflex of the lone destiny of Israel; but because it was an *individual* destiny, it has the touch of other-worldliness (and what is the same thing, universality) which is absent in Israel's spiritual equipment, and which brought a new idea into the world. If a Jew created totalitarian communism, there is something that smacks of totalitarianism, and this-worldliness, even in the noblest Jewish dreams of the Millennium. Israel's racialism, in her prophets and philanthropists, has meant a national dedication to humanity; but it has certainly called out an answering (and darker) racialism in her neighbours—to her own and humanity's hurt. In short, the Jew has been too often like the bigoted idealist who unintentionally raises the very devil; a paradox which none has seen better than that Jewish Christian saint, Simone Weil.

For all that, it is impossible to read Mr. Bentwich's account without feeling an excited admiration; admiration for the resilience of a nation which—after the foul murder of more than a third of its people—faces the future with buoyancy and hope. Mr. Bentwich is a Zionist, and writes with infectious enthusiasm of the achievement of the new state. That colonisation—like most colonisations—has had its less happy side; and the Arab Case (which the writer perhaps could not do justice to within the proportions of this book) is a very real and urgent one. But, together with the *Last Stand of the Warsaw Ghetto*, the Zionist effort has given the lie to the story that Jews cannot fight—as the last war similarly vindicated the Greeks. There was a time when it was thought that these two races, to which we owe the best part of our culture, were hopelessly effete and degenerate. The suggestion is scarcely heard to-day.

Mr. Bentwich, rightly I think, sweeps away the case for Assimilation—the case in which most Communists believe, and which has dictated the policy (in the main) of the Soviet Union. The liberal compromise, which made the Jew a (nominal) equal citizen if he would sink his nationality, has failed—founded as it was on unreality; the nations could not digest this foreign body, however much his desire, in the 19th century, often was to be absorbed—and their irritated frustration produced the great tragedy of our time. The solution urged by Belloc, of Jewish *enclaves* within states, could never in practice have meant anything but the Ghetto—as one step to the Concentration Camp. The people who gave us the idea of nationalism—as it gave us our religion—can come to rest only in a territory. The argument against “double loyalty” is raised, in the case of the many who are not, and can never be, citizens of Israel; but, as Mr. Bentwich excellently says,

“Multiple loyalties are desirable, and it is a part of the life of free democracies to hold to ‘the sacred differences.’” Jews now can be self-respecting guest-citizens of our various states, which is the only condition of equality; at the worst, it is hard to see that they will be more in danger than in the past, or their hosts fancy themselves more endangered by them. And the national *terroir* is adjusting the psychological imbalance of the Jewish people—whose straitened life in the Christian Era had forced upon them the unhealthy one-sidedness of urbanism.

The narrative which Mr. Bentwich relates has something of the marvellous and the romantic. We learn that

Bokhara, in Central Asia, which, till the Russian conquest in the latter part of the 19th century, was a sealed and mysterious city . . . had an ancient Jewish population, whose origin goes back to the early dispersion of the Jews in the Persian Empire of Cyrus. The Jews there acquired the physical character of the Turkomans; they wore the same gorgeous many-coloured robes, and an embroidered skull-cap, and they had long beards. When . . . the Jews heard of the movement to return to Zion, some of their grandees and scholars set out for Jerusalem. They were the wealthy among the Oriental population, and the quarter in which they walked in their gay robes was the colourful suburb. Some of them brought valuable libraries. In religion they were mostly mystics. . . .

Again,

There is, or was at the beginning of the Second World War, a small remnant of an ancient settlement in China, at Kai-Feng-Fu in the province of Hunan. It is believed to date from the early centuries of the Christian era. Mediæval travellers and Jesuit missionaries of the 17th century gave reports about them, and described their religious ceremonies.

And lastly (an item at which one cannot repress a smile):

In the Middle Ages the stock of Black, that is Indian, Jews were gradually supplanted in authority by new immigrants, who came from the Mediterranean lands under stress of persecution. The White Jews were more alert commercially and financially, and they seized power, and treated the Black Jews as serfs. With that signal capacity of Jews for assimilating and imitating the ways of their neighbours, the White Jews regarded the Black Jews as Untouchables, and excluded them from their Temple. They employed slaves, and the half-breed offspring, Brown Jews, were considered one caste higher than the Blacks. . . .

As in the Old Testament, the story of Israel has never been without its saving comedies.

Arland Ussher

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

The Baldwin Age

Edited by John Raymond, this book gives a most vivid and interesting picture of an age that has already passed into history. Here it is, alive again and still biting, in chapters (all specially written) by Robert Blake, A. J. P. Taylor, Michael Wharton, Philip Noel-Baker, Harold Wincott, Gerard Fay, Anthony Howard, Francis Williams, Pamela Hansford-Johnson, Philip Hope-Wallace, Neville Wallis, Walter Allen and C. P. Snow. *November, 25s.*



François Mauriac

Mémoires Intérieurs, translated by Gerard Hopkins, is a moving and illuminating volume of reflections on his own life and on the literary and intellectual life of his times by one of the greatest novelists of this century. *November, 21s.* 'I've found this the most moving of all Mauriac's books, this act of fidelity to a civilisation.'

H. G. Whiteman, Sunday Times

Boswell For The Defence



"... one of the most remarkable autobiographical documents in the language. The first half is as bright as a ballroom, the second darkened by the shadow of the gibbet in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh, out of the contrast arise effects of pathos and even grandeur which are normally to be found only in major works of the imagination."

—Leonard Russell, *Sunday Times*. 30/-

HEINEMANN

Artists at Odds

Tolstoy or Dostoevsky. An Essay in Contrast.
By GEORGE STEINER. *Faber*. 30s.

TOLSTOY or Dostoevsky? Aristotle or Plato? Goethe or Schiller?—the great pairs of disputing twins continue to exercise our imagination and inflame our natural partisanship. We are right, I think, to treat these neat dichotomies with at least an initial suspicion. In order to point a contrast the rivals are so often weighted in the direction of their differences, and in the process their own words tend to be forgotten. The answer to Mr. Steiner's question is, of course, "Both!" and for a great deal of his book this seems to be the answer that he is giving us. But we realise clearly enough by the end that the author is a convinced partisan and that his earlier tributes to Tolstoy have been paid partly at least in order to give more weight to the ideological summing-up against him.

There is a real complaint to be made here. When a more or less precise question of belief is involved a critic should make his own position clear from the start. This is particularly needed in our own time when the question of Christian belief is at issue. A bad habit is developing, and should be checked. Non-Christians find it satisfactory to use Christian metaphor as a means of adding a spurious depth and richness to their theories, so that we are often left in ignorance of whether religious language is being used metaphorically or not. This is permissible, of course, in the rhetorical and imagist language of poetry: it is a dangerous and annoying practice in works of prose exposition. I would like to know whether Mr. Steiner is a Christian; and I don't know. When he writes about Original Sin does he mean that he believes in an historical Fall of Man? Even the blurb seems to be deliberately contributing to our uncertainty. "Mr. Steiner believes that without an awareness of the presence of God (*or a denial of that presence*) [my italics] certain ranges of intensity cannot be attained." How ambiguous can you get? And it matters more than Mr. Steiner seems to think that we should be fully informed about his religious position.

This is no more than a preliminary stutter of irritation, though it is not a trivial one. In general this is a good, learned, and thought-provoking book, in spite of the pervasive fault which I have mentioned and in spite of a rather ominous beginning. "We can speak in one breath of the *Iliad* and *War and Peace*, of *King Lear* and *The Brothers Karamazov*. It is as simple and as complex as that." He does not save himself from the simplicity by paying deference to the complexity. There is a good

deal of this initial bombination about stature before Mr. Steiner gets down to his serious occupation, which is to examine his two writers and their works with the closeness which we may properly demand. But he does do this; and the greater part of the book is an illuminating study of the texts, in which Mr. Steiner shows very clearly that he is both well-informed and perceptive. His general critical position is made clear both early and late in the book: early he writes that

immemorially literary criticism has aspired to objective canons, to principles of judgment at once rigorous and universal. But on considering its diverse history one wonders whether such aspirations have been or indeed can be fulfilled. One wonders whether critical doctrines are ever more than the taste and sensibility of a man of genius, or a school of opinion, temporarily imposed upon the spirit of an age by force of presentation.

And towards the end of the book this judgment is reiterated in a brisker, and better, form; "In matters of poetry or myth there are no solutions, merely attempts to make our responses more adequate and of a more precise modesty." This seems to me to be the only sane view of the critical function, and Mr. Steiner adheres to it with admirable consistency.

He shows us a Tolstoy who was epical, earth-bound, a brilliant observer of the world, and a passionate though limited moralist. One of his boldest strokes is to choose three of the most admired, and "spiritual," passages of *War and Peace* and attempt to show that they do not deserve the admiration that has been accorded them. "In the three examples cited, we come to a point at which the tone falters and the narrative loses something of its rhythm and precision. This occurs as we pass from the portrayal of action to the interior monologue. Every time, the monologue itself strikes one as inadequate. It takes on a forensic note, a neutral resonance, as if a second voice were intruding." This seems to me to be well observed.

Mr. Steiner then shows us a Dostoevsky who was dramatic, anti-humanist, heretically Christian, *profoundly aware of the evil in the world* (and of its inevitability), anti-moralist and pessimistic. This is, of course, the conventional portrayal, and it is hard indeed to think of a contrary one which would carry any conviction. What Mr. Steiner usefully does is to show that much of the mechanism of Dostoevsky's novels is, in a sense, extraneous to their matter, and that a confusion about this has led to confusions about the real nature of what the novelist was saying. He shows that Dostoevsky took a great deal of his apparatus from the Gothic novels

The Bad-Tempered Man or The Misanthrope

A Play in Five Scenes by Menander

Translated by PHILIP VELLACOTT

With a Foreword by CHRISTOPHER FRY

First performed in 317 B.C., *Dyscolus* (*The Bad-Tempered Man*) is Menander's first complete play to come to light—a simple rustic comedy, unambitious but entertaining. This translation (already performed on the B.B.C. Third Programme) is based on Hugh Lloyd-Jones's edition of the text, to be published shortly by the Clarendon Press. The Introduction tells something of the play's progress from discovery of the papyrus to stage-performance.

10s 6d net

Bitter Herbs

Marga Minco

Translated from the Dutch by ROY EDWARDS

In the Holland of 1940 Marga Minco was a little Jewish girl at school; alone of her family she escaped arrest by the Nazis and the certain death which would have followed. *Illustrated* 10s 6d net

The Poet's Circuits

COLLECTED POEMS OF IRELAND

Padriac Colum

'There is no difficulty of communication or obscurity of meaning in Mr Colum's poems, which combine simplicity with lyrical beauty. Through them all shines a love of his country and his people which is perhaps strengthened by exile in America.' BELFAST NEWS-LETTER

21s net

Diderot : Salons

VOLUME II: 1765

*Edited by Jean Seznec
and Jean Adhémar*

This volume, written entirely in French, is unsurpassed in Diderot's whole literary production for brilliance, range of thought, and variety of tone. *Illustrated* £5 5s net

Defence by Committee

THE BRITISH COMMITTEE OF
IMPERIAL DEFENCE 1885-1959

Franklyn Arthur Johnson

Foreword by The Rt. Hon. General LORD ISMAY

Professor Johnson's full-length, comprehensive study of the Committee shows not only its importance as a factor in British policy-making, but also how it served as the prototype for virtually all of America's higher organizations for planning and co-ordination: the National Security Council, the Cabinet Secretariat, and the Combined Chiefs of Staff. This book is a valuable contribution to constitutional history.

50s net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

MURIEL SPARK

THE BACHELORS

Following the great successes of *Memento Mori* and *The Ballad of Peckham Rye* Muriel Spark's new novel deals with the quaint little underworld of bachelordom. Muriel Spark observes from an angle which cuts through the conventional trappings of ordinary life and goes deep to the roots of the human dilemma. The result is, as always, fascinating and funny and, in *The Bachelors*, particularly moving. 16s.

MARGARET KENNEDY

A NIGHT IN COLD HARBOUR

The powerful story of a man haunted by his conscience, forced into conflict with his family and friends and at last driven to his death in a wayside hovel among vagrants fleeing from justice during the Napoleonic Wars. The story is told with that counterpoint of irony, comedy and pathos which Miss Kennedy's readers have learnt to expect from her. 16s.

MARGARET LAURENCE

THIS SIDE JORDON

This novel, set in the Gold Coast some months before it gained its independence, portrays movingly all the social and spiritual ferment and the great problems that face a society in transition. The keynote of this novel is change and growth. Individuals, like institutions, change only painfully, whether in concepts of colonialism, in the minds of white men or concepts of tribalism in the minds of black men. 16s.

MACMILLAN

of the first half of the century. All this is very well presented. It is informative and unpretentious.

BUT IF, with our initial conception of scales to be evenly balanced, we expect to find strictures on Dostoevsky for failing where Tolstoy so notably succeeded we shall be seriously disappointed. By this point in the book Mr. Steiner is beginning to slide surreptitiously into the saddle of his chosen horse. He has taken sides, though we may not recognise this until near the end; and henceforth the whole trend of his argument will be more and more weighted against Tolstoy.

Yet there *is*, of course, a criticism to be made of Dostoevsky in the terms we were expecting. There *are* moments in these great but flawed novels when the characters leave the ground so far below them that we can no longer accept their reality—in any of the many senses of an ambiguous word. And equally it is true that there are many moments in Tolstoy—moments, in particular, of extraordinary joy—when the nature of human experience is being explored in the profoundest terms we can conceive of. It is true that Tolstoy's politics were naïve—but so were Dostoevsky's. Yet Tolstoy's are used against him by Mr. Steiner while Dostoevsky's are dismissed as irrelevant. And when Mr. Steiner finds immense and loaded significance in the fact that Soviet Russia has accepted Tolstoy and, until recently, rejected Dostoevsky, he is really using the argument of guilt by association. (Not that popularity in modern Russia would seem to me to carry the least suggestion of inadequacy—or of merit either.)

As for the first answer which I have suggested to the implied question of Mr. Steiner's title, he seems to dismiss it in a single sentence. "The tenor of their respective greatness and its forms of being set them irremediably at odds." This implies that those merits which each writer exclusively possessed are *by their nature* incompatible. But need we believe that this is so? Mustn't we, in fact, believe that it need not be so, and that it has not invariably been so? There is, of course, a great deal of Dostoevsky which could never have appeared anywhere in Shakespeare. But in *Timon*, in *Hamlet*, in *Lear* and *Troilus and Cressida* there is as much of Dostoevsky's unique perception as the period allowed. Just as there is much of the true greatness of Tolstoy in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Othello*, *Henry the Fifth*, and *Twelfth Night*.

And even if this dubious appeal to the greatest authority should be rejected, it still remains true that there is nothing necessarily incompatible in the fundamental qualities of the two writers. Of course if one believes in original sin one

cannot simultaneously believe in human perfectability (though the dramatic element in all great literature does not exclude this possibility so rigorously as the more literal-minded critics might suppose). But if we are thinking in terms of epic and drama, of optimism and pessimism, of the world within and the world without, the ethical and the existential, then the incompatibility lies only in the apparent limitations of the individual human temperament. But art can and does transcend the temperamental limitations of the artist. A reconciliation of these attitudes, or at least their meaningful juxtaposition, should be the object of every ambitious writer.

Philip Toynbee

The Messianic Heresy

Political Messianism: The Romantic Phase. By J. L. TALMON. *Secker & Warburg*. 50s.

PROFESSOR Talmon's *Origins of Totalitarian Democracy* has become a landmark in the discussion of revolutionary movements. His new volume, a massive sequel to the earlier work, carries the story and the argument a step further. The *Origins* presented a critique of the radical ideas which came to the surface in the French Revolution, and an analysis of political tendencies inherent in the sects which sprang from the collapse of Jacobinism. Now we are given a picture of the Europe that arose from the double impact of the industrial revolution and the French Revolution. This broadening of the canvas carries with it a shift from ideological to material considerations, but for the most part Dr. Talmon provides a history of ideas during the period under review—roughly the years between Waterloo and the upheaval of 1848. Given the programmatic character of almost all political thinking in this age, the emphasis on ideology is doubtless justified, but it leads to some awkwardness when in a separate chapter the attempt is made to bring the industrial revolution into the picture.

It is no criticism of Professor Talmon's earlier work to say that it had something to do with promoting the conservative outlook of the decade that lies behind us. The Western world in the 1950's bore some resemblance to Europe in the 1850's—both had witnessed a revolutionary upheaval and were busy digesting the fruit. We are still pondering the outcome of the Russian

THE FIRE ESCAPE

SUSAN KALE

"The only *authentic* picture of that existence which I have read in English."—*Sir Compton Mackenzie*. 18s.

What Existence?

After 25 years

SHOLOKHOV'S

sequel to

VIRGIN SOIL UPTURNED

HARVEST
ON THE DON

21s.

A SILENCE OF DESIRE

KAMALA MARKANDAYA

"Her best yet . . . a fine novel . . . beautifully controlled suspense . . ."—*Harper's Magazine*. 15s.

Putnam

Ring of Bright Water

GAVIN MAXWELL

Book Society Non-Fiction Choice

'an excellent and most individual book.'

William Golding SPECTATOR

'many first-rate photographs . . .

brilliant drawings by Michael Ayrton,

Peter Scott, Robin McEwen and

Gavin Maxwell himself' *Howard*

Marshall SUNDAY TIMES

25s

THE HERO

Charles A. Lindbergh

THE MAN AND THE LEGEND

KENNETH S. DAVIS

'well worth reading.' Harold Nicolson

THE OBSERVER Illustrated

30s

CURZON

The End of an Epoch

LEONARD MOSLEY

The complex and tragic story of a

unique political giant. Illustrated 30s

Man's Presumptuous Brain

DR. A. T. W. SIMEONS

An enthralling and lucid account of the extent to which the brain causes bodily disorders, written so as to be intelligible to the layman as well as to the medical profession. 25s

The Spirit's Pilgrimage

MIRA BEHN

The biography of an English woman who became one of Gandhi's closest disciples. 25s

LONGMANS

Revolution, whereas a century earlier it was a case of trying to come to grips simultaneously with the 1848 upheaval, and with the lessons of the earlier cataclysm in France. Such considerations are not extraneous to Professor Talmon's work, for it is his thesis that the revolutionary movements of our time are still dominated by the forces unleashed between 1789 and 1848. This is not an altogether novel view, but it has never been documented quite so exhaustively. For the period between 1815 and 1848, at any rate, we now have what is likely to become a standard history of the movement of ideas which accompanied—and possibly determined—the course of events from the Restoration to the democratic revolution.

Here then is *Geistesgeschichte* in the European manner, combined with the more orthodox political history taught in British and American universities. The fusion operates at a level which, whatever may be thought of the author's conclusions, is relevant to the ideas of his *dramatis personæ*. If anything can render neo-conservatism intellectually respectable, it is writing of this kind, at once scholarly and frankly partisan. For it must be stressed that this book is, within the limits of academic objectivity and candour, a highly critical account of the Romantic epoch. Professor Talmon is in a tradition: that suggested by the names of Burke and Tocqueville (his temper, fortunately, is Tocqueville's rather than Burke's). Though scrupulously fair to all the contending schools of thought—indeed almost excessively ready to expound at length the wild lucubrations of poets like Mickiewicz and muddled prosaists like Mazzini—he is out of sympathy with most of them. Except for Constant, Guizot, and Tocqueville (the apostles of French liberalism in this period), and Humboldt (its leading German defender), there are no deities in his pantheon. Almost all the other thinkers of the age, from the conservative nationalist Fichte, via the Catholic democrat Lamennais, to the early socialists, were, he thinks, touched by the Messianic heresy: believing themselves to be in possession of infallible panaceas and unique revelations vouchsafed only to the elect, they were ready to wield the sword and make short work of infidels. And this aberration, which he believes to lie at the root of all political fanaticism, Professor Talmon finds it difficult to forgive.

Now it could be argued that the only people who in actual fact conducted large-scale massacres, when finally given the opportunity in 1848, were the highly conservative Austrian rulers, and in France the orthodox Republican Cavaignac and his fellow-liberals; while the

Romantic revolutionaries for the most part contented themselves with stirring manifestos. But as Dr. Talmon is concerned with the ideology of revolution rather than with its reality—although the events of 1848–50 are analysed in a concluding section—this objection would not meet the case. For there is no denying that on the eve of 1848, socialist and nationalist aims alike were formulated in utopian language by all the radical sects of the time. It took the débâcle of 1848–50 to bring about the collapse of political Romanticism, or in Dr. Talmon's terminology, Messianism. (He has a valuable section on the Jewish ingredient in the Saint-Simonist movement.) That being so, the case may be regarded as proved, though what exactly this has to do with the issue of totalitarianism is another matter. It has never been evident to all readers of Dr. Talmon that "totalitarian democracy" was more than a Rousseauist fantasy. In his new work, while he has brought to light a great many interesting quotations from the socialist and nationalist literature of the period, it is by no means easy to follow him in his insistence that the heirs of the Jacobins were distinguished by a set of beliefs which was at once democratic—in the sense of stressing popular sovereignty—and totalitarian. If all anti-liberal tendencies are brought together under a single heading, it is indeed possible to establish some sort of unified pattern, but only at the cost of lumping together people and ideas that had little to do with each other: e.g., Fichte's conservative authoritarianism and the radical utopianism of the early socialists. Many of the latter had a Catholic background, and totalitarianism was, so to speak, bred into their system. Fichte's and Hegel's state-worship on the other hand, though objectionable enough by modern liberal standards, can be described as totalitarian only by emptying the term of its meaning. As for Marx, he evidently occupies a kind of watershed between the Romantic age and its aftermath, and any assessment that ignores his later role must go seriously astray.

On the whole, Professor Talmon's best chapters are those on the Saint-Simonian movement, and on the Romantic democrats and nationalists, from Michelet to Mazzini. He is more at home with the heirs of the French Revolution than with their opponents across the Rhine. It is a possible criticism of his work that he makes the Germans sound too much like Frenchmen, when in fact they were consciously dissociating themselves from Parisian models. With the Italians and Poles he has the simpler task of showing that their nationalism was fed by the secularisation of religion, and conse-

quently developed a Messianic strain. Mickiewicz was quite sure that the restoration of Poland would help to resurrect other nations and benefit the world as a whole (he also thought that Napoleon was the precursor of the Messiah). For Mazzini, God and "the people" were two sides of the same historical coin. The later Saint-Simonians, on the other hand, expected salvation to come from the Orient, in the shape of a young woman. All this is very entertaining, and makes it easier to understand the Paris of Balzac, in which George Sand and Victor Hugo were taken seriously as social prophets. But it does not establish the case for "political Messianism" as an identifiable force dominating the age and shaping its conflicts, even when we are told that

the salvationist scheme of political Messianism easily coalesced with the tradition of totalitarian democracy bequeathed by the French Revolution. The postulates were the same, and the ultimate conclusions not dissimilar, though the terms of reference were different.

What is indubitable is that the age witnessed the beginning of that secularisation of religion which later spread to Eastern Europe and has now become a world-wide phenomenon. But the particular problem of totalitarianism has to do with the role of the state in modern society, and on this point Professor Talmon's analysis does not give enough weight to the difference between pre-liberal and post-liberal conditions.

THE JACOBIN EXPERIMENT was wrecked, more than by anything else, by the clash between classical mythology and modern reality (or as Marx put it, by the Jacobin attempt to superimpose Roman costumes on bourgeois society). What saved the Bolsheviks from a similar fate was the pragmatic outlook which they unconsciously derived from the Victorian reaction against revolutionary Romanticism. But they were also the beneficiaries of a concurrent change in circumstances which for the first time made a planned "revolution from above" possible. The ability to cope with this opportunity they owed to Marxism, which grew from the wreckage of utopia in 1848, although its originator had one foot in each camp and was motivated more than he knew by apocalyptic strains embedded in his heritage. Notwithstanding a tendency to make too much of this theme, Professor Talmon has produced a notable sequel to his earlier work, and raised a standard to which conservative liberals and liberal conservatives can repair with equal confidence.

G. L. Arnold

A Non-Communist Manifesto

The Stages of Economic Growth. By W. W. Rostow. *Cambridge University Press.* 21s.

THE lectures given by Professor Rostow, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Cambridge in 1958, received a well-deserved publicity. Now, somewhat enlarged and revised, they are made available to a wider public. Though the Cisatlantic reader may find at certain times that Mr. Rostow's use of the English language induces a certain literary indigestion, he should be grateful for the clarity and boldness of the thought. The argument and the historical examples are always interesting, and there are valuable insights into economic and social processes. The third and fourth chapters, which discuss the concept of "take-off" and the necessary preconditions for it, are especially valuable.

Though Mr. Rostow is an economic historian, he intended to contribute to the understanding of a wider range of problems than the purely economic. His sub-title is "A non-Communist manifesto," and in the last chapter he appears to wish to set up a theoretical alternative to Marxism. His criticisms of Marxian economic theory, though not very startling, are certainly plausible. But Marxism, as he of course well knows, is more than an economic theory, and a "non-Communist manifesto" suggests more than economic criticism, indeed appears to promise a new ideology. Whether the world needs such a thing is a matter of opinion, but it can hardly be claimed that this book provides it. It is equally clear that Mr. Rostow is here concerned with more than economic history, that he is trying to give a broad survey and explanation of the whole process of the modernisation of society in the industrial age, the process which began in 18th-century England and is now transforming most of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. This process has social, political, and military aspects, of which the author shows himself well aware. Yet even a brief survey of such complex phenomena, affecting countries and societies of immensely different historical experience and cultural heritage, requires greater space, and above all more precisely defined terminology, than Mr. Rostow can offer his readers. The uneven treatment of the problems, and haphazard selection of examples, make a systematic review impossible. All that can here be attempted are some comments on some non-economic aspects.

Probably the most widely discussed of Mr. Rostow's points has been his claim that his fourth stage—the drive from take-off to maturity—has, in all the cases examined, taken about the same length of time, about sixty years. He

devotes a special chapter to a comparison of the American and Russian cases. This would be more impressive if he had made clearer exactly what period of American history he is taking—whether it includes the Civil War, or the Great Depression, or both (in which case it would cover more than sixty years). It remains a striking fact that in comparatively similar periods of time both countries achieved very similar results in industrial growth, though even the worst military and economic convulsions suffered by America fell immensely short of the catastrophes of revolution, civil war, collectivisation, famine, and five-year-plans through which Russia passed.

Yet how much does this similarity tell us? That modern industrialisation is a similar process wherever it takes place? But it does not follow from this that industrialisation is the most important thing about modernisation. Mr. Rostow does not say outright that it is, but the balance of his book seems to imply that he thinks so. Elsewhere he speaks of “reactive nationalism, as an engine of modernisation.” But it is equally arguable that nationalism is not the engine, but the occupant of the driver’s seat. Nationalists desire modernisation because it increases the power of the nation, and of themselves as the self-appointed élite of the nation.

One may still conclude that the similarities of industrial development are less important than the variety in the wider processes of modernisation, and especially the variety of social or political forces that have initiated modernisation. It may perhaps be possible to divide the latter into three main types:

1. The first type are unofficial entrepreneurs, both in business and in thought—Locke and Montesquieu no less than the merchants of Venice or Augsburg. They may have been protected by kings, ministers, cardinals, or landowners, but they traded or wrote according to their own judgment. This type can hardly be found outside that portion of the world which once owed spiritual allegiance to the Pope of Rome—including of course the new countries created by descendants of the Protestants who broke away from Rome, first among which is the U.S.A. Mr. Rostow gives less credit than is due to “the Protestant ethic,” which was, for better or worse, a product of mediæval Catholic Europe.

2. The second type are imitative modernising rulers, who seek artificially to create conditions which they regard as a source of strength in other countries whose power they wish to emulate. The clearest example of this type is Peter the Great, an autocrat by divine right, a monarch of a great dynasty. But this category also includes men who seized power by force from established rulers and single-mindedly used

it to modernise their countries in order to make them great and formidable. Obvious examples are the great Japanese reformers of the Meiji and Kemal Atatürk.

3. The third type are ideological revolutionaries, who seize power primarily not from personal ambition, or even in order to make their country great, but in order to create a new order, a reign of virtue, of which they alone possess the magic formula. The most obvious examples are the Russian Bolsheviks and Chinese Communists. But the leaders of the mass-nationalist movements of the Arab world and Africa have something of this quality. They aim at more than modernisation and national greatness: the Panarab and Panafrican dreams have a Messianic message for the whole human race.

The differences in motivation of these three main types of modernisers lead to results so different that it is hardly possible to obtain any meaningful result by forcing them all into the framework of the same five stages of growth.

Other critics have accused Mr. Rostow of leaving out the class struggle. This objection may be made from very different points of view, but it is on the whole just. One aspect of the class struggle, as it develops in under-developed societies, which Mr. Rostow barely mentions, is the role of the intelligentsia. This social group has provided and provides the leadership of virtually all revolutionary movements, whether communist or nationalist or fascist, in such societies. It is still far too little studied as a social group, distinct from other social groups (whether it should be called a “class” the Talmudic scholars of Marxism-Leninism may be allowed to decide for themselves).

The disparity between standards of living in agrarian traditional societies and advanced industrial societies, and the necessity for the latter to industrialise themselves, have long been a subject of newspaper clichés. Less attention is paid to the cultural gap which exists in all under-developed societies between the western-educated secular élite (without which modernisation cannot begin) and the masses. The existence of this gap is at least as important an aspect of the vulnerability of such societies, and a more important cause of the addiction of their intelligentsias to revolutionary ideas, than the existence of the economic gap. Whether any given society will be able to pass through Mr. Rostow’s period of “drive to maturity” without revolutionary collapse (and its attendant dangers of minor or major wars), will depend as much as anything on the speed with which its rulers can narrow the cultural gap. The only way this can be done is by raising the cultural level of the masses upwards, that is, by developing primary and secondary education. The historical

The Blinding Light

HEINRICH SCHIRMBECK

The most interesting German novel since Mann's *Doctor Faustus*. The first novel to broach a vital problem of the age: are we morally responsible to be trusted with the vast new knowledge the scientists give us? 21s

Sybil Bedford

A VISIT TO DON OTAVIO

A Traveller's Tale from Mexico

Previously published as
The Sudden View.

'A most outstanding travel book by the author of *A Legacy*. It would be madness to miss this book.' QUEEN 16s

fresh feiffer

PASSIONELLA and other stories

Even funnier than *Sick Sick Sick*.

'Max Beerbohm of the hydrogen bomb age.' JOHN O'LONDON'S 10s 6d

Rex Warner

IMPERIAL CÆSAR

'Mr. Warner has brought his fictional life of Julius Cæsar to a triumphant conclusion. I have loved the irony of this novel, so nobly and grandly sustained. Delightfully perceptive and funny.'

JOHN DAVENPORT—OBSERVER

'Brilliant, intelligent, continuously interesting. It has everything.'

STORM JAMESON—SUNDAY TIMES 18s

Collins



The White Rajahs

SIR STEVEN RUNCIMAN

The story of Sarawak and the Brooke dynasty (1841-1946)—one of the most extraordinary experiments in personal rule in all history. It is told by the distinguished author of *The Crusades* and *The Sicilian Vespers* with all his customary skill, wit and enjoyment of human nature. 8 plates; 3 maps. 27s. 6d. net

Studies in Words

C. S. LEWIS

In his new book C. S. Lewis analyses a number of key words and distinguishes their uses at various times and by various authors. 21s. net

CAMBRIDGE PAPERBACKS

Dilemmas

GILBERT RYLE

7s. 6d. net

The Universe Around us

JAMES JEANS

13s. 6d. net

Life on the English Manor

H. S. BENNETT

13s. 6d. net

The Spanish Labyrinth

GERALD BRENAN

13s. 6d. net

Culture and Anarchy

MATTHEW ARNOLD

8s. 6d. net

Themes and Conventions of Elizabethan Tragedy

M. C. BRADBROOK

12s. 6d. net

CAMBRIDGE

UNIVERSITY PRESS

experience of Imperial Russia and Imperial Japan provides the classic examples respectively of what not to do and what to do. The difference between Russia and Japan in this field had consequences no less important to both nations—and no less instructive for such Asian and African leaders as may be prepared to reduce their output of nationalist rhetoric for a time in order to study them—than the very striking similarities in the industrial policies favoured by the ministers of the last three Tsars and of the Emperor Meiji.

These barely connected comments would have been irrelevant in a review of a work of pure economic history. Because Mr. Rostow has burst the bonds of his official discipline, they are not irrelevant. But the untidiness and vagueness into which this has sometimes led him are a small price to pay for the intellectual stimulus which is to be found on almost every page of his short book. Let us hope that he will pursue his investigations in the vast borderlands that surround him, and that his courageous example will induce others to break free from the narrow specialisation which not only stultifies academic thought but undermines the foundations of free societies.

Hugh Seton-Watson

Jean-Paul Sartre

PHILIP THODY

"Mr Thody's is the most carefully sympathetic, stimulating and intelligently critical of all books published by Anglo-American—or French—critics on M. Sartre." *Times Literary Supplement* 21s

The Liberal Hour

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

Author of *The Affluent Society*
Current problems treated with seriousness, clarity, and a delightful ironic wit. 18s

HAMISH HAMILTON

Hodder & Stoughton

£8,500

International Econ Book Awards



First Prize : £4,250

and the work receiving this prize will be published in 10 European countries and the U.S.A.

Second Prize : £2,550

Third Prize : £1,700

Prizes will be awarded by an international jury of 7 representatives of the publishing firms involved.

The work should deal with a scientific, technical, economic, or cultural subject in such a way that basic facts are presented in a lively fashion to attract a large readership.

Deadline for submissions—October 31, 1961, but MSS welcomed immediately.

British authors and authors in the traditional British market overseas should address enquiries and send MSS to—

Hodder & Stoughton
ECON Prize,
Warwick Square,
London, E.C.4.

LETTERS

John Buchan

THERE is one aspect of Gertrude Himmelfarb's interesting and sensitive note on my father ["John Buchan," *ENCOUNTER*, September] which I should like to comment upon, and one with which I should like to take issue. As a point of comment, I think she has taken his writings, his fiction, and his biographies, as too sure a guide to his personal opinions on a wide range of subjects. While it is true that he did put a great deal of himself into his biographies, it is much less true of his novels—many of which he was not ashamed to call "pot-boilers." Miss Himmelfarb might reflect on the dilemma of a serious man who, accidentally striking gold (*The Thirty-nine Steps* was written in a few weeks as distraction from a painful operation), finds himself the prisoner of a *genre* and a set of characters from whom he can depart only at the cost of failing to meet the demands of a clamorous public—let alone a growing and expensive family. To anyone who cares to read them, his speeches, both in the House of Commons and elsewhere, show him to have both a more tentative and a more realistic outlook than one could deduce from his novels.

The other point does not so much concern Miss Himmelfarb's assessment of my father, as the unreality of her concluding assertion on the contemporary prevalence of the "liberal imagination." In a restricted literary sense she may be right, but outside the rather rarified intellectual circles which she and I inhabit in New York and London respectively, I can find very little evidence, as a political liberal, of "the predominance of liberal values." The clue to her mistake must be, I feel, in her assertion that "the liberal celebrates the likeness of men rather than their differences" (an odd assertion for the biographer of Lord Acton to make), for this is to confuse liberal society with mass society, and liberal values with the synthetic warm-heartedness of the advertising copy-writer who dominates the latter. Though I do not share my father's political creed, I feel that his writings can hardly be blamed for being out of tune with that aspect of contemporary life which many modern intellectuals themselves find unpalatable, the need to mute strong feelings, the romantic imagination, whatever one calls it, in an increasingly crowded and conformist society.

Waterloo House, Brill

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

I DID not take the Buchan novels to be high art; I did take them to be social documents expressing the temper of a man and his times. As such, "pot-boilers" and biographies that reveal casual, even unconscious, attitudes are surely to the point.

I am surprised that what I intended and explicitly labelled as "an appreciation" Mr. Alastair Buchan took as criticism. I do not blame John Buchan for being out of tune with what I called the "liberal imagination;" I applaud him for it.

I am surprised, too, that Alastair Buchan should have forgotten that Lord Acton, like one of his own heroes, Walter Bagehot, was "between sizes in politics," decidedly a liberal with a difference.

GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

A Reply to the Film Censor

THE most depressing aspect of Mr. Trevelyan's reply [*ENCOUNTER*, September] is the comparatively slight attention he pays to the fundamental issue of whether adults should continue to tolerate more control of what they see at the cinema than that provided by the common law. He suggests that there is no parallel in this issue with the freedom of the press because (a) the combination of vision and speech is more powerful than speech or the written word alone, and (b) the film is largely a medium of entertainment rather than of ideas.

These assumptions show that he believes (a) that the cinema is potentially more inflammatory than any political pamphlet, more seductive than any novelette, more corrupting than any erotic magazine, and (b) that the press of this country is a medium of information rather than of entertainment. The second point is easily refuted, and not merely because the freedom which the press enjoys extends to magazines and books. The U.S. Supreme Court, in considering censorship practices, has recently discarded this theory of separate control of entertainment and information as obsolete.

Nevertheless, taken together these two arguments for censorship make the attitude of Mr. Trevelyan and the Board strikingly clear. It is *because* they recognise the intensity of experience which the cinema can offer that they believe in confining the cinema to entertainment. Thus when Mr. Trevelyan writes the apparently innocent sentence, "It is with this [entertainment], rather than with the expression of ideas, that we must be concerned," the record shows that he means exactly the opposite of what might be supposed. He means that the film of ideas which cannot be banned or frustrated at the script stage must be *reduced* to entertainment by the removal of its most forceful and pertinent scenes.

Mr. Trevelyan's other points in favour of censorship for adults are rather less insidious. The common law, he suggests, would allow too many borderline cases. Here he presumes to pre-judge the adequacy of the new Obscene Publications Act. He points out that scenes of sadistic violence which he believes "unhealthy and possibly dangerous" would be beyond the law. I happen to find many films granted certificates, such as those glorifying war and horror films dwelling on mutilation, to be "unhealthy and possibly dangerous." But I wouldn't have them banned—my prejudices are no more universal than those of Mr. Trevelyan and the Board. But their prejudices are imposed on us all.

The implication that the age of sixteen is too low for X-certificate films to be passed uncut suggests an obvious solution, though I have heard Mr. Trevelyan himself reply that, "What to-day's teenagers know at eighteen I'm sure they know at sixteen." Any move to raise the X age limit to eighteen—as was recently done in France—would

meet the united opposition of the film industry. It would undoubtedly reduce the number of X-certificate productions, but might be a considerable step towards ensuring that those that were produced were closer to Mr. Trevelyan's description of the Board's intentions in creating the certificate.

Mr. Trevelyan believes that the abandonment of censorship would result in so much pornography on the screen that the film industry would lose the high reputation it has always sought to retain with the public. But who does he think supplies what we see on the screen? The soap industry?

It is sad not to be able to find one word in Mr. Trevelyan's reply which suggests he is less than proud of his Board's history. He writes that I "do not mention that some of the films originally banned have since received certificates." (I did, in fact, write, "A number of initially rejected productions I have referred to have later been given certificates.") Does he think it right that a film of topical significance may be delayed by the Board for twenty years (twenty-nine in the case of *Battleship Potemkin*) before we are allowed to see it?

The Board may now be prepared to pass banned films of the 'thirties, even the 'forties. But to-day's progressive film makers are still firmly thwarted. Since my article appeared Leslie Stevens' *Private Property*, described at Cannes as an exciting example of an American "new wave," has been refused a certificate; and following Mr. Trevelyan's declaration that he would not like to see the Japanese film *Kagi*, directed by Ichikawa (*Burmese Harp, Conflagration*), given even a private club showing in this country, the distributors who had planned to release it here have dropped the film.

I gather that Mr. Trevelyan's account of the Board's birth is culled from a history of the Board by the retiring President, Sir Sidney Harris, written at about the time the Board received proofs of my article. This may be no more of a coincidence than another unprecedented action—the meeting of the Critics Circle called by Mr. Trevelyan to listen to his account of the Board's problems on the same day that the article was published. Whatever the reason, the sudden eagerness to illuminate the Board's past and present is as welcome as it is overdue.

Neither of the "significant" facts of Mr. Trevelyan's account, which differs from mine in emphasis rather than in fact, conflicts with my conclusions. The present system of censorship was proposed by the industry, he insists, and was later preferred by the Government to State censorship. I suggested that distributors regard it as the least of a host of possible evils. Mr. Trevelyan prefers to say that they welcome it as "it serves them well as a protection from external pressure." But he says that this is the view of the whole industry, which suggests he is sadly out of touch with the feelings of producers, directors, and writers. Even the Association of Independent Cinemas has recently appealed to the Home Secretary for discussions on anomalies in the censorship of films and television.

I state that the local authorities let the Board get on with the work while they retain the real power. Mr. Trevelyan argues that few of them take a direct interest and only rarely act as courts of appeal, a point he repeats again and again. But I have ex-

plained how the Board itself is able to keep these appeals to a minimum. Only rejected films usually go for appeal; and only eight or so are rejected a year. But 300 of the 550 features annually submitted are cut. I can only regret that Mr. Trevelyan does not understand my explanation of why the few appeals against cuts reflect little credit on the Board.

"The Board... does not consult Government Departments before taking its decisions." Here again, I'm afraid, I must dissent. I quoted instances where the Board consulted the War Office and Home Office, and others where the Board followed the advice of the Admiralty and the Foreign Office in refusing certificates. I hope Mr. Trevelyan means that these practices have now been discontinued; but he must not imply that they have never been the Board's policy.

Mr. Trevelyan complains of my reference to "the frequency with which the Board's decisions are being amended all over the country," again arguing that there are few appeals. My point was that where there are appeals it is becoming increasingly rare for the Board's ruling to be upheld.

I showed that the L.C.C.'s decisions were at variance with the Board's on more than sixty per cent of films submitted. Once again Mr. Trevelyan ignores the facts and says, "The L.C.C. has for some time, with a few exceptions, supported the Board." His argument that the reversal of the Board's decision on nudist films by 285 out of 300 local authorities was welcomed "as a useful test of public opinion on a difficult point of policy" is an almost awe-inspiring attempt at converting the ridicule which the Board earned into sage diplomacy.

I did not say that "the majority of local authorities indicate that the Board's decisions are still considered too rigorous." I said that this was indicated by their *rulings*; and it is. I did not say that the Board has "prevented" British film producers from tackling social and political themes, merely that "its forty-six years of activity have played their part" in ensuring that such themes are seldom attempted. Mr. Trevelyan believes many British film-makers would testify that this is not so. Why, then, is the Screenwriters' Guild currently trying to form an arbitration committee, including writers and producers, with the power to override the Board's decisions? As for the suggestion about film critics acting as censors, my own comment was that "the current condition of film criticism scarcely suggests that such a panel would display much more enlightenment than the Board."

"Absurd... wildly inaccurate... monstrous," says Mr. Trevelyan of the Board's rulings I quote and the conclusions I draw, but corrections, alas, would be "a breach of confidence and wearisome to readers... tedious and unprofitable." At this point comment becomes superfluous and argument impossible.

Mr. Watkins is at least prepared to be specific. But far from suggesting any base motive in his acceptance of the B.F.P.A. post, I hinted at my admiration of the swift enlightenment which won him the Presidency of a body which only three years earlier had been planning how to protect itself from his policies.

My point about the four X-films has been somewhat distorted. The Board claimed that in the case

of these particular films, censorship was non-existent. Now Mr. Watkins boasts that only *Gervaise* was cut, which means that the Board's statement was all of three-quarters true.

Mr. Watkins' remarks on *Spare the Rod* have recently been the subject of a lengthy letter from Mr. Michael Croft in the *New Statesman*, in which he explained that he recorded them in his notebook within an hour of a discussion between Mr. Watkins and Mr. Ronald Neame, who was to have directed the film. Mr. Croft agreed that "there is only my word for what Mr. Watkins actually said at the time," but he was able to quote very similar remarks made by Mr. Watkins on this script in separate interviews with the *News Chronicle*, the *Nottingham Evening Post*, and *Truth*.

Unfortunately the Board's furtive methods of operation have always encouraged this kind of—what? contradiction? coincidence of misreporting? I experienced an instance only a few days ago when Mr. Trevelyan told me that although he had been willing to give *The Entertainer* an A-certificate the distributors had been eager for an X—an interpretation of the situation which is hardly supported by the letters from Mr. Osborne and Mr. Richardson in *ENCOUNTER*'s September issue.

Mr. Trevelyan also boasted that he had granted an X-certificate to *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* without making a single cut. But it was Mr. Trevelyan who rejected the original script and advised the producers that the successful abortion in Alan Sillitoe's novel could not be allowed on the screen. Thus the film has been amended, but the Board can claim not to have touched it, just as *Kagi* remains unseen in this country although the Board has never officially considered it. Mr. Trevelyan, currently "wondering" about Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* and "worried" about Bergman's *The Virgin Spring*, goes to Hollywood in October to discuss his censorship techniques with the director of the Production Code Administration. It seems that our Board's pre-production influence may soon not be confined to the British film.

DEREK HILL

London

"... And Other Views"

In our issue for September we published under this title an article by Mr. John Osborne following upon Mr. Derek Hill's article on film censorship which appeared in our July issue. In Mr. Hill's article a statement was attributed to Mr. Trevelyan that the film censorship board is paid to have dirty minds. Mr. Trevelyan in fact was not the author of any such statement, and unfortunately this misquotation was left in Mr. Hill's article in error.

The misquotation was repeated by Mr. Osborne, who added: "There is no question that its members must have been hand-picked by a professional or semi-official pornographer."

We have already apologised personally to Mr. Trevelyan for misquoting him in this way, and for the following comment, which we now recognise was quite unjustifiable. We also wish to take this opportunity to express our sincere regret to him and his colleagues.

Rebellion and Surrender

IN HIS stimulating and sympathetic review of *The Rebels*, C. M. Woodhouse [*ENCOUNTER*, September] credits me with the pioneering of a new social science and suggests "stasiology" as a name for it. I am not qualified to join issue with him on classical ground, but my untutored meanderings through a Greek lexicon suggest that a more appropriate coinage would be "apostasiology." Admittedly, it would be a bigger mouthful.

As a pioneering apostasiologist, I feel I am on slightly stronger ground in challenging Mr. Woodhouse's view that "the science of preventing rebellions, except by surrender, will never be devised." Surely Mr. Attlee in India and M. Mendès-France and Edgar Faure in Tunisia and Morocco *did* prevent rebellions. Were these really surrenders?

BRIAN CROZIER

London

As a matter of pure pedantry, the correct term would probably be "epanastasiology," which is a bigger mouthful still. "Apostates" are a rather special kind of rebel. I chose "stasiology" advisedly; and quite by the way, "stasis" happens also to be the modern Greek for a bus-stop.

As to Mr. Crozier's last point, I cannot help feeling that all the cases he mentions *were* in fact surrenders. And in the case of India, at least, was the rebellion really prevented?

C. M. WOODHOUSE

House of Commons

Lone Voices

MR. KINGSLEY AMIS in your July number honours me by quoting my unacademic speech in the House of Lords on university education. He disapproves of me, for wanting the net spread ever wider over our bored and uncultivated population. "More will mean worse," he says. It is the old Tory argument used in the 19th century against primary education. Why teach people to read and write who will never read or write anything worth a row of pins. "More will mean worse." A statement but not a fact. The 1,000 unacademic Oppidans in Eton have never lowered the standard of the Collegers. My son was Captain of the School at Eton, took a scholarship at New College and then a first. But what about me, who couldn't get into First Hundred? Why should I be deprived of my years of University life? Mr. Amis does not understand what I am after, on behalf of ordinary minds. It is not the right to compete with the clever fellows. Keep selected universities for them if you like. It is the right to lead the questing, eager university life, rubbing against the ideas and problems of one's generation, getting what the Oppidan used to get at Eton, developing gifts and character that are independent of the capacity for passing examinations. This is what I demand and what Mr. Amis would deny, for all those who have within them the idea of a university.

ESHER

Henley-on-Thames

Revision on the Left

QUITE the best of ENCOUNTER's series "The Future of the Left" is the most recent (and possibly the last, as the Left may have decided its own future by this time next month, or burst in the attempt) by C. A. R. Crosland. It is the most effective demolition yet done of the Crossman line, particularly in its use of the old "Socialism-cannot-and-should-not-be-based-on-any-particular-theory" Crossman against the new. This technique can be used simply as a method of chalking up debating points; but Mr. Crosland has exploited it more shrewdly to demonstrate not just that there are contradictions in the traditionalist Left—there are in every body of political opinion—but that the contradictions make nonsense of the claim it so often makes to be the sole repository of true Socialism. It is a claim no more nor less absurd than that of any believers to hold the one true faith—but made to look foolish by the fact that the inconsistencies are so obvious. Mr. Crossman's new thesis is:

We can predict with mathematical certainty that, as long as the public sector remains the minority sector throughout the Western world, we are bound to be defeated in every kind of peaceful competition which we undertake with the Russians.

Mr. Crosland argues convincingly that this is untrue, and that in any case, if the Russians are expanding their economy faster than the West, they are doing it by methods which Mr. Crossman has himself condemned as anti-Socialist. But there is another point which Mr. Crosland does not make and which needs to be made. Even if it is assumed that the Russians can, and will, overtake the West in productivity in X years, and in living standards in Y years' time—what then? All it will mean is that Russia will face the problems that we now face, of the affluent society. It can hardly be argued that they are better equipped to deal with them than the West. The class divisions in Russia, though they do not fall into the same pattern, are just as striking; still more so are the discrepancies in income; and as for the uses of leisure, for all but a small minority of Russians the problem of what to do with spare time has hardly arisen.

The current campaign, designed to scare people into traditionalist Socialism by the threat of Russian economic superiority, can be justified only as a reminder to the West of the importance of the undeveloped and uncommitted countries. There is a risk, a real one, that the Russians may harness their productive capacity not to promote affluence at home but to gain control in Africa and Asia. Still, how much less serious that risk is than it has been made to sound has been revealed by the events of the past few days; for all the Soviet's propaganda and promises, the uncommitted countries are showing that they are aware of where the real danger to their future lies.

THE SPECTATOR, 23 September.

DEAR TONY CROSLAND—Thank you for your article in the current issue of ENCOUNTER. The whole Labour movement should be grateful to you for it—as I certainly am, even though you (no doubt unintentionally) misrepresent my point of view in it. At last we know, clearly and precisely, what Labour would stand for if it went "revisionist." . . .

Now let me put the "fundamentalist" side of the argument. You enjoy yourself hugely at our expense. We are, you say, smug, priggish, and self-righteous because we attack the affluent society. But you can make this point only by starting with a fallacy—namely, that the affluent society is synonymous with a prosperous one. But of course it isn't. Every Socialist must rejoice when the working class at last gets a whiff of material prosperity—that is what we have been fighting for all our political lives. We applaud the rising standard of life, even though it makes Labour's political task more difficult. When we fundamentalists attack the affluent society we are using the word in the sense intended by the man who coined it—namely, a society dependent on stimulating the demand for more and more consumer goods at the expense of more important national developments like longer term investment—not least investment in people, their education, housing, and so on. It is a society with the wrong values and the wrong priorities. Worse still, it is inevitably so because of the forces by which it is controlled. You don't even begin to face up to this argument.

On the contrary you base your whole case on the opposite assumption: namely that you can achieve all the reforms you want to see without any fundamental change in the structure of our economy. Of course we all agree on many of your aims. In your article you set them out in a precise programme. . . . But your main purpose is to destroy "middle-aged conservatism" which, you say, is choking every artery of our national life. . . .

The basis on which you make your claim is a narrow one: namely, your belief that there is no connection between the ownership of industry and the rate of growth in a country's economy. But you never tackle this other point: whether a privately owned economy can ever have the right priorities. . . . you still have to show that they can combine both a high rate of industrial investment and a radical redistribution of wealth without disturbing their present pattern of capitalist ownership. . . .

As Andrew Shonfield has pointed out in another issue of ENCOUNTER, the total expenditure on research in Britain amounts to no more than industry is spending on advertising the affluent society. Even so, the taxpayer is carrying 60 per cent of the burden. And he believes this maladjustment will never be corrected without a vast extension of public enterprise. . . .

No, Tony, I don't believe there is any easy

... Crosland v. Crossman

way out of the dilemma facing the Labour Party. If we run away from the means we shall inevitably be forced to water down the ends. We can't be a radical party unless we realise that the whole nature of a society is dictated by the methods by which it earns—and shares—its bread. Ownership may or may not be irrelevant to the rate of growth; it is not irrelevant to the way in which society distributes its rewards and plans its priorities. I am a Socialist because I believe the good society is rooted in just and healthy economic relations. I am a "fundamentalist" because the Labour Party has now got to start the second stage of its historic task as it started the first stage—at the bottom, doing the spadework of educating people in some basic truths...

It won't be easy to bring these truths home to ordinary men and women but I believe they are more ready to listen than we think... We shall never mobilise opinion on these issues through the timid compromises which you offer us. That is why I hope that your philosophy of "revisionism" will be soundly beaten...

BARBARA CASTLE in NEW STATESMAN,
24 September.

Mr. Jo Grimond and Mr. C. A. R. Crosland belong to different political parties—but, as their latest writings show, their political views are not far apart... Mr. Grimond puts forward a programme for which he believes there is wide support. Its points include the expansion and improvement of education; reform of our political and economic methods; industrial growth; town and country planning; legal reform; new attitudes to Europe, to the United Nations, and to world help. These are not so much a fighting programme as a basis for one. When elaborated in detail, the points may reveal differences between Mr. Grimond and the moderate wing of the Labour Party. In outline, however, Mr. Grimond's suggestions are remarkably similar in context, and even more similar in tone, to those put forward in Mr. Crosland's article in the October issue of ENCOUNTER.

Mr. Crosland's article lists eleven points for which a "revisionist" Labour Party might stand. His list includes more generous provision for social welfare, and more equal distribution of wealth by means of a capital gains tax and higher legacy duties. Most of the items on his list are, however, concerned less with purely economic equality than with the traditional Radical goals of social democracy and personal liberty. Mr. Crosland advocates a democratic reform of the public schools, protection of the consumer against public and private monopoly, and libertarian reform of the laws on capital punishment, police powers, and homosexuality. At the same time, he urges a much higher allo-

cation of resources to the public sector, and higher capital investment to secure an increased rate of economic growth. Public ownership is not even mentioned—yet if that list were translated into law, by a Government determined to enforce it, the results would be revolutionary. Mr. Crosland has proved that there is nothing timid or conservative about revisionism; that it is possible to advocate changes almost as radical as those achieved by the great Liberal and Labour ministries of 1906 and 1945, without bowing down to a single dogma of the pseudo-Left.

Unfortunately, however, the pseudo-Left has entrenched itself in the commanding heights of the Labour movement. Mr. Crosland's programme might win the next election. It would almost certainly please even the existing Labour voters far more than the apocalyptic visions of Mr. Crossman or the bleak dogmatism of Mr. Cousins. But Labour voters have no voice in the making of Labour policy; even the moderate members of constituency parties are usually under-represented at party conferences. Power in the Labour Party is divided between a handful of intolerant zealots in the constituency parties, a handful of inevitably bureaucratic officials in the trade unions, and a handful of politicians manoeuvring uneasily between them. Can such a party reasonably be expected to embrace a programme which is at the same time Radical, and up-to-date? As Mr. Crosland puts it: "half the leadership is radical but not contemporary—it is discontented, but with a society which no longer exists; while the other half is contemporary but not radical—it realises that society has changed, but perfectly enjoys the present one."

The implication of Mr. Crosland's article is that the Labour Party must reform itself or split—or continue its slow decline into futility. No one can tell which course it will adopt. Labour may come to its senses: death-bed conversions are not unknown in politics. At present, however, a death-bed conversion seems unlikely, for a large section of the party seems determined on suicide. Assuming that no conversion takes place, the future of moderate members of the Labour Party is bound to be closely involved with the future of the Liberals. If the Labour Party splits down the middle, the moderate wing—however reluctantly—will have to find allies, and it may look to the Liberals. Or if Labour remains locked in inertia, and continues to lose votes at every election, its moderate members may come to feel that they have a better future elsewhere. The Liberal Party, if itself revived, could become their home. At this stage the trend of events cannot be foreseen with certainty; but the common ground between Mr. Crosland and Mr. Grimond is worth observing.

THE GUARDIAN, 19 September.

AUTHORS

Anthony Carson, whose "Off to Sicily" in our September number was the first in his series of contributions to *ENCOUNTER*, has recently published *A Rose by Any Other Name*. In a review in the *Observer* **Colin MacInnes** remarked that "it is now so apparent that the 'entertainer' we have perhaps allowed ourselves to think him is really one of the few great English humorous writers of the century..." And in an appreciation which was published in *The London Magazine*, **Evelyn Waugh** has written: "...If we are to take the narrative literally, the author is by origin a German nobleman named von Falkenhausen, whose parents became American. He was educated at Marlborough, failed to get into the University (a rare occurrence in his day), was sent to New Zealand (a common solution), and from there wandered about Australia and the Pacific, returned to Europe, did not greatly like England but found deep enjoyment in France, Italy, and Spain... Wherever he went he met the most singular eccentrics. Love-affairs and drinking sprees beguiled his leisure—and, indeed, his working hours. Always he described himself as 'a writer,' and the least credible feature of his narrative is that his talents should have passed for so long unrecognised. He seems always to have been hard-up while lesser men

were making reputations and incomes. He speaks of hundreds of editorial 'rejection slips.' Who can these obtuse editors have been? Or is it only in middle-age that he has found his *métier*? ... How many of the characters are portraits from the life? There are grounds for libel action on almost every page unless his cast is fictitious or unrecognisably disguised. Perhaps the whole work is the fruit of an exquisitely agile imagination. Fantasy and mystery surround him, but he stands clear as his own creation, a writer to rejoice in..."

Few magazine articles in recent years, certainly none of our own, have created such a stir in public opinion as **C. A. R. Crosland's** "On the Left Again," published in the October *ENCOUNTER*. We excerpt a few noteworthy critical opinions elsewhere in this number (pages 86, 87), but readers will also be interested to know that most of the British press (and not a few Continental papers), from *The Times*, *Telegraph*, and *Guardian*, to the *Herald*, *News Chronicle*, and *Daily Worker*, gave extensive summaries of Crosland's polemical article in their news columns...

Virgil Thomson is the well-known American composer and critic. His article, "Ending the Great Tradition," appeared in *ENCOUNTER*, January, 1959.

Bernard Williams is lecturer in philosophy at the University of London. His most recent contribution was a discussion of contemporary advertising, "Sages and Hucksters," in the July *ENCOUNTER*.

Arland Ussher, distinguished Irish writer, is the author of *Shaw*, *Yeats*, *Joyce*, and a study of Jewry called *The Magic People*...

Correction

Owing to an editorial oversight, we did not make it clear that the article "In the Suburban Home" by Peter Willmott and Michael Young in the October issue of *ENCOUNTER* was an extract from their book *Family and Class in a London Suburb*, shortly to be published by Routledge. The earlier research referred to was reported in *Family and Kinship in East London* by Michael Young and Peter Willmott.

The editorial and business offices of *ENCOUNTER* are at 25 Haymarket, London S.W.1. A stamped addressed envelope (English stamp) or international reply coupons should accompany MSS, otherwise they cannot be returned. For subscription details please see page 1.

ENCOUNTER is published by Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd., 7 John Street, Bloomsbury, W.C.1. for THE CONGRESS FOR CULTURAL FREEDOM, 104 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris 8, France. PRESIDENT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE: Denis de Rougemont. SECRETARY-GENERAL: Nicolas Nabokov.

The views expressed in the pages of ENCOUNTER are to be attributed to the writers, not the sponsors

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED, LONDON AND BECCLES

Frontier

Editor: John Lawrence Chairman: Sir Kenneth Grubb

YOU CAN AFFORD FRONTIER

It is only 10/- a year or 5/- if you are a full-time student, missionary or retired clergyman.

But

CAN YOU AFFORD TO MISS IT?

Frontier is concerned with the practical implications of being a Christian in the world today.

Recent writers have included:

Bishop Stephen Bayne, Alastair Buchan, V. A. Demant, Geoffrey de Freitas, F. W. Dillstone, G. S. Fraser, Martin Jarrett-Kerr, Leslie Newbigin, W. R. Niblett, J. H. Oldham, Margery Perham, the Bishop of Southwark, Donald Swann, the Archbishop of York.

Quarterly — 10/- a year

(2/6 per single copy, plus postage 6d)

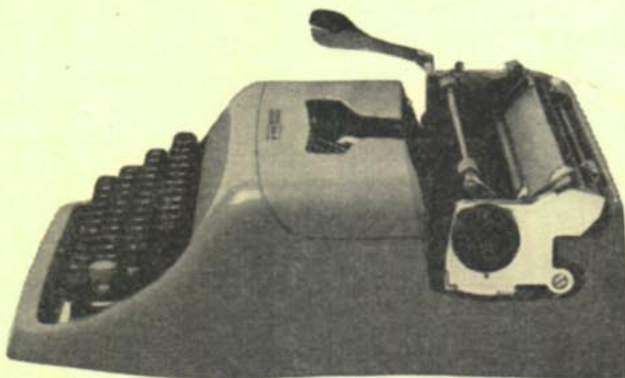
Order NOW from

FRONTIER (Despatch Dept. E)

59 Bryanston Street, London, W.1

O
L
I
V
E
T
T
I

Studio 44



Where home ends and the office begins; in the corner of your home reserved for work, or in that corner of your office where you feel most at home, there is the place for the Olivetti Studio 44. It is a machine specially designed for those who have a lot of typing to be done and need to do it themselves easily and neatly - as if to the manner born.

 **olivetti**

THREE MAJOR NOVELS THIS WINTER



ANDRÉ SCHWARZ-BART

The Last of the Just

PERHAPS THE GREATEST NOVEL
EVER TO WIN THE PRIX GONCOURT

The tragedy of Jewish martyrdom through the ages culminating with one man's fate in the gas chambers of Auschwitz. *The Last of the Just* is the celebration of a tragedy, the rehearsal of a crime—perhaps the greatest in the history of civilization—an analysis of the seeds of nobility and wickedness in the human heart. Once read, it can never be forgotten.

January

21s.



TOM STACEY

The Brothers M

This is the story of a friendship between a white man and a Ugandan, and the disaster that overtakes Daudi Mukasa on the slopes of the Ruwenzori mountains. A big novel by a new writer which penetrates into the heart of tribalism seeking a solution and pointing the problem particularly topical in Africa today.

25s.



CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE

The Dear Deceit

Was Alfred Hayley a liar, a cheat, a charmer, a reprobate, much-loved or much despised? The web of his past is fascinating.

On our journey, backward in time to the turn of the century, we learn much of him, and of a fascinating period.

18s.

FROM SECKER AND WARBURG